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KING LEAR.

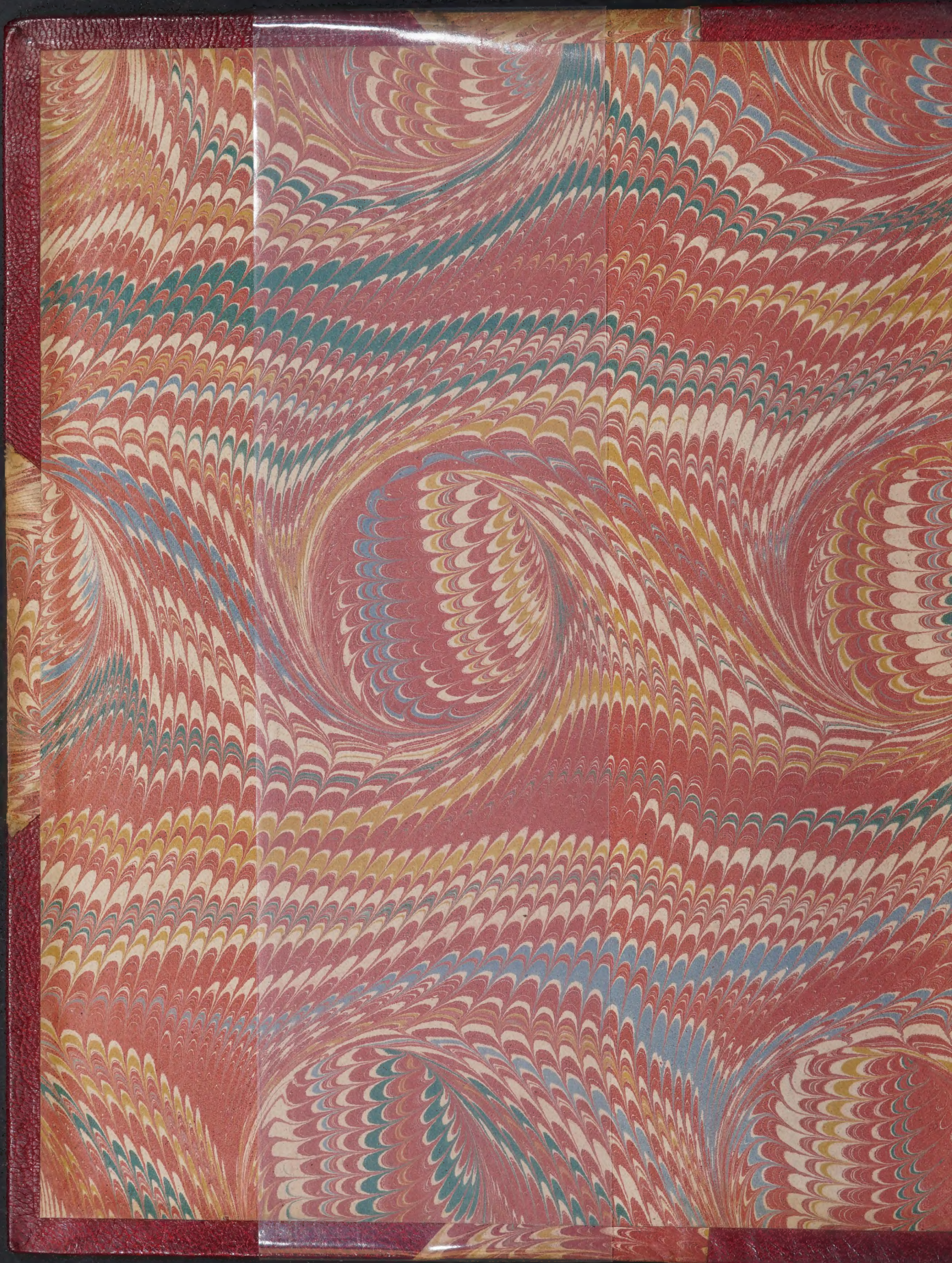


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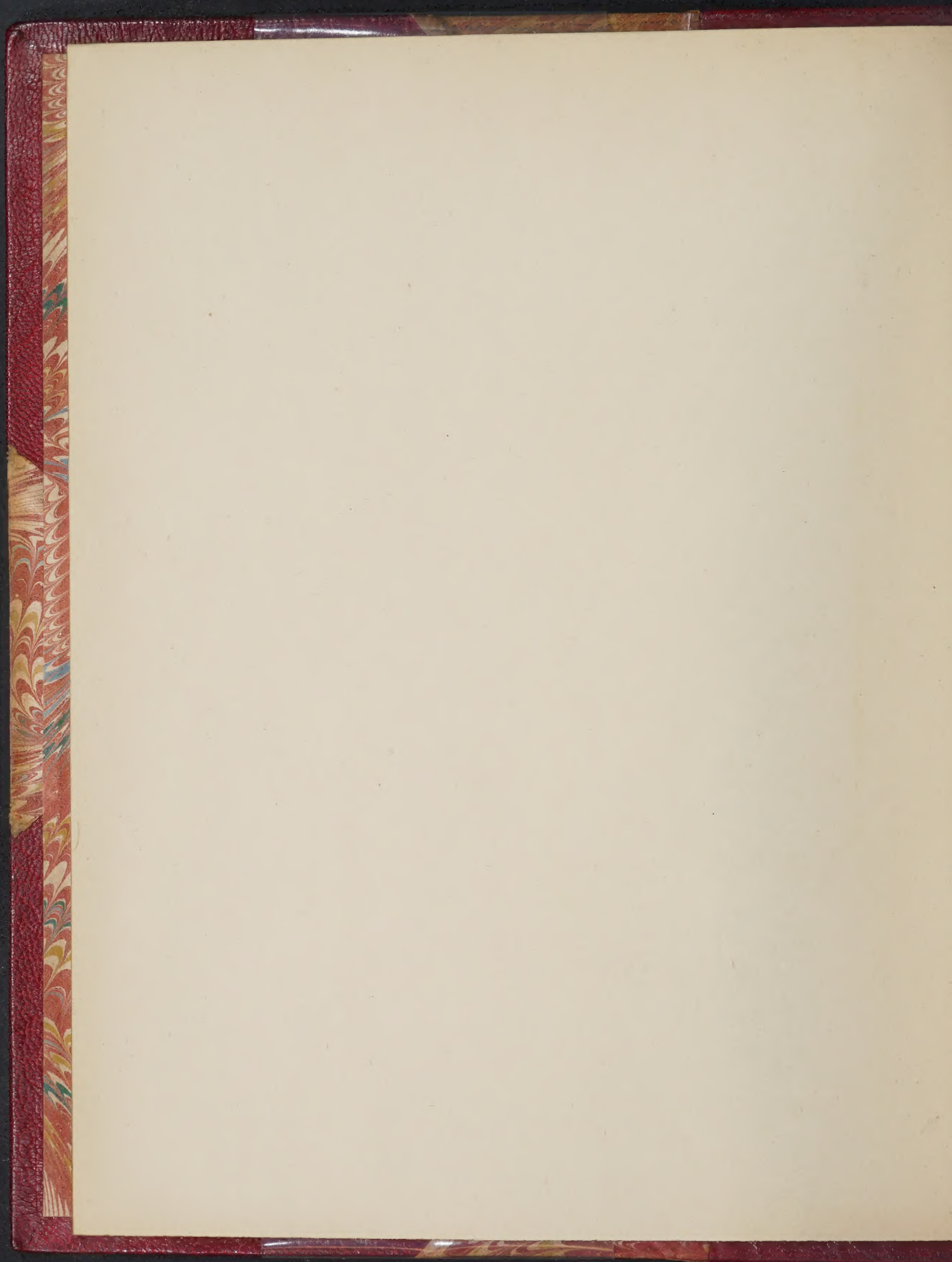




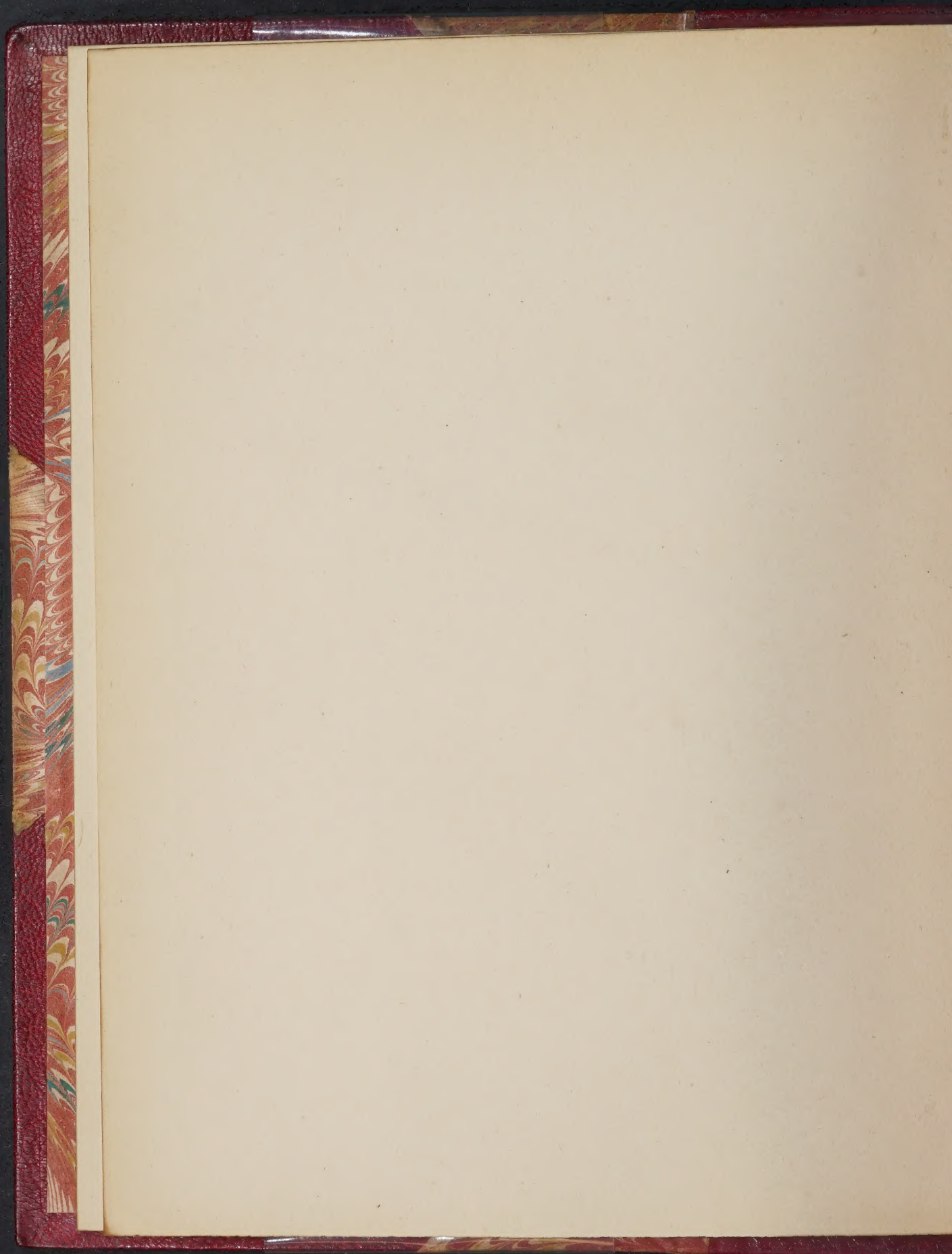








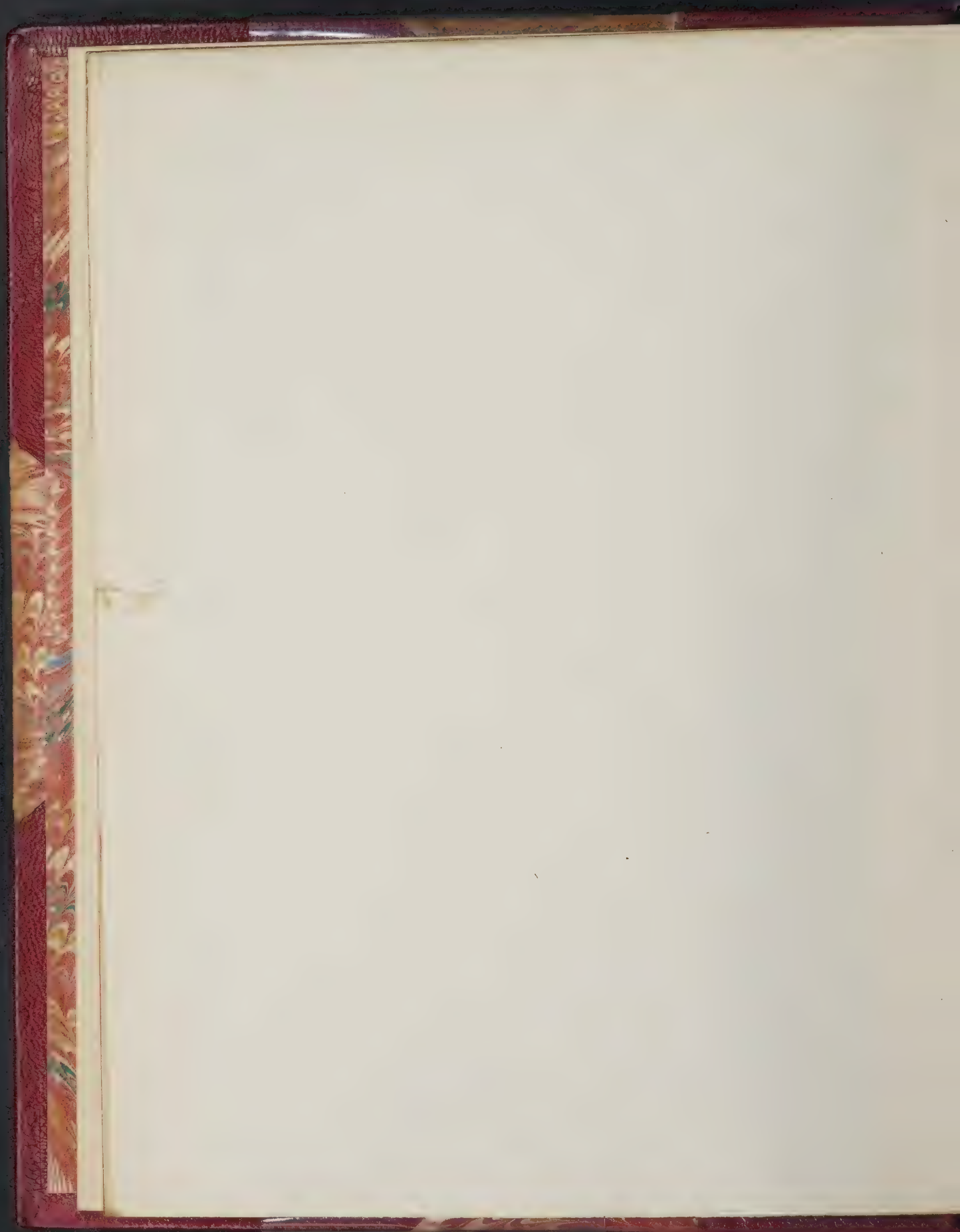
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Timon of Athens.

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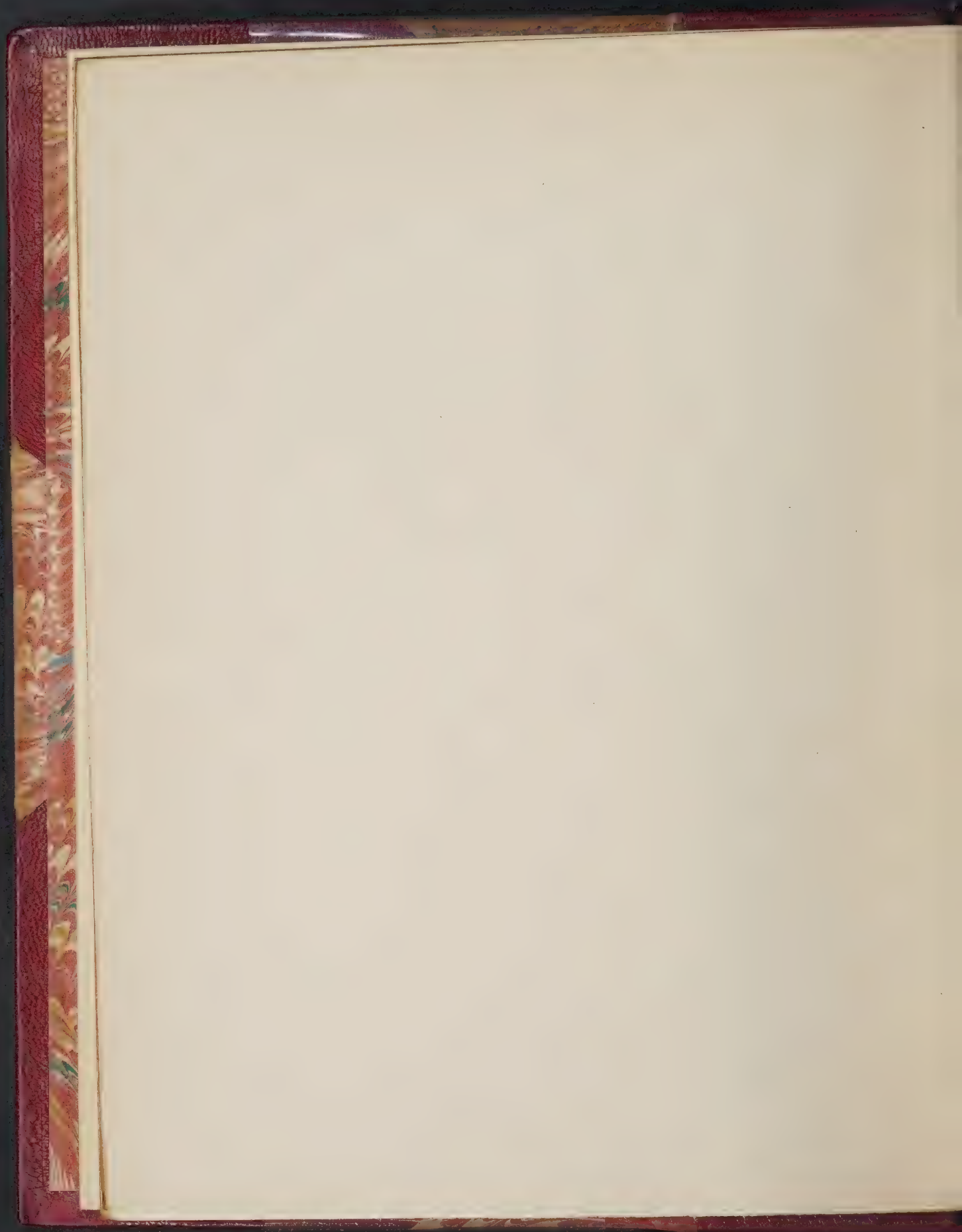
THE
PLAYS AND POEMS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,

WITH THE PUREST TEXT, AND THE
BRIEFEST NOTES.

EDITED BY
J. PAYNE COLLIER.

VOL. VI.

LONDON:
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1878.



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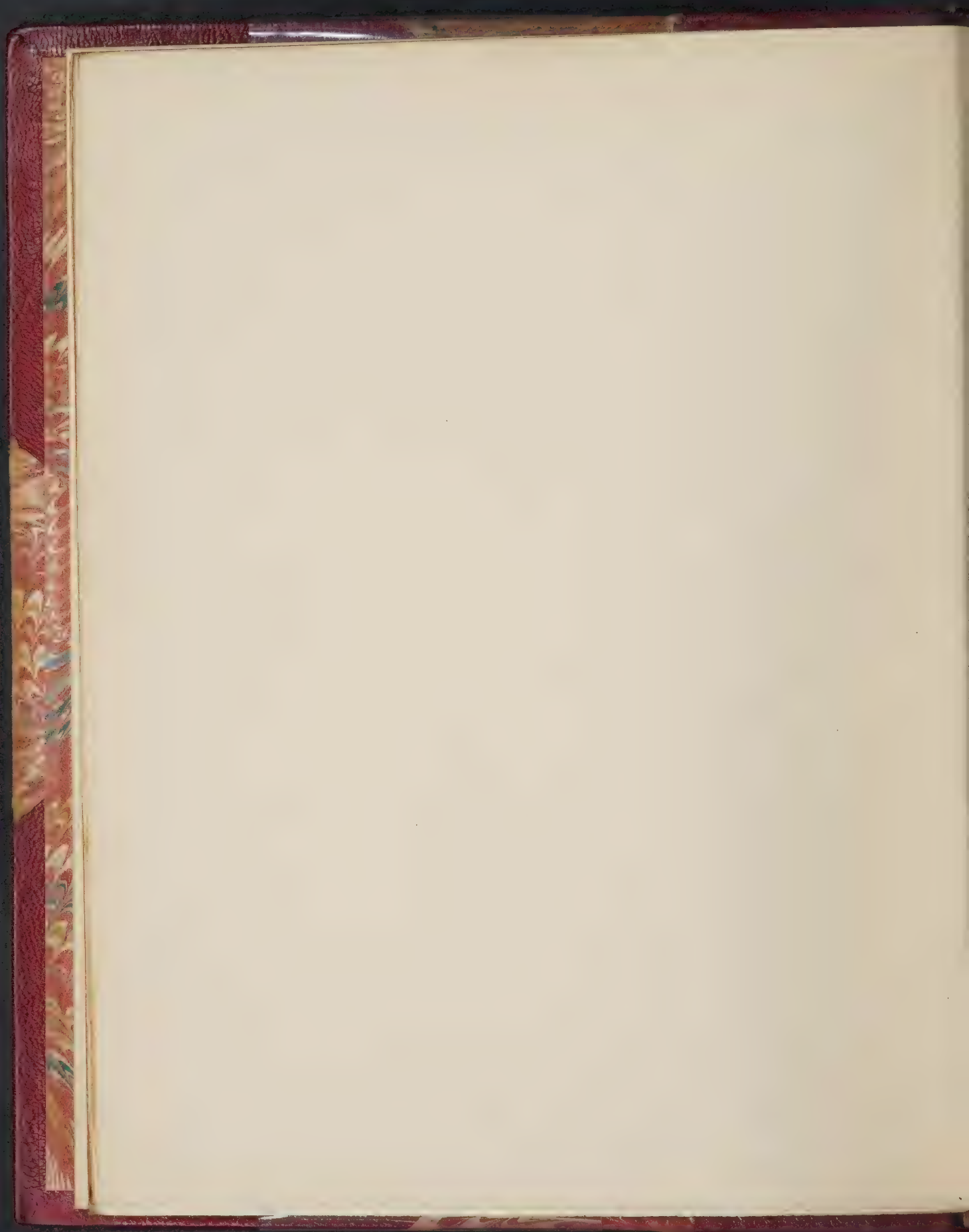
TIMON OF ATHENS.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

MACBETH.

HAMLET.

KING LEAR.



TIMON OF ATHENS.

EDITED BY

J. PAYNE COLLIER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.¹

TIMON, *a noble Athenian.*

LUCIUS,
LUCULLUS, } *Three flattering Lords.*
SEMPRONIUS, }

VENTIDIUS, *one of Timon's false Friends.*

APEMANTUS, *a churlish Philosopher.*

ALCIBIADES, *an Athenian General.*

FLAVIUS, *Steward to Timon.*

FLAMINIUS,
LUCILIUS, } *Servants to Timon.*
SERVILIUS, }

CAPHIS,
PHILOTUS, } *Servants to Timon's Creditors.*
TITUS, }
LUCIUS, }
HORTENSIUS, }

Servants of Varro, Ventidius, and Isidorè. Two of Timon's Creditors.
Cupid and Maskers.

Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.

An old Athenian. A Page. A Fool. Three Strangers.

PHRYNIA, } *Mistresses to Alcibiades.*
TIMANDRA, }

Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Banditti, and Attendants.

SCENE, Athens ; and the Woods adjoining.

¹ As far as we know, this drama was first printed in the folio 1623 ; where it was spread out in an unusual manner, as if to fill as many pages as possible, and supply a vacancy : of the two last pages one is occupied by "The Actors' names", and the other is a mere blank.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Athens. *A Hall in Timon's House.*

*Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and Others, at several doors.*²

Poet. GOOD day, sir.

Pain. I am glad y' are well.

Poet. I have not seen you long. How goes the world?

Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay, that's well known ;

But what particular rarity ? what strange,
Which manifold record not matches ? See,
Magic of bounty ! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both : th' other's a jeweller.

Mer. O ! 'tis a worthy lord.

Few. Nay, that's most fix'd.

Mer. A most incomparable man ; breath'd, as it were,
To an untirable and continue goodness :
He passes.³

Few. I have a jewel here—

² The old stage-direction ; and the stage had then usually two, and sometimes three, doors.

³ He PASSES.] As we now say, He *surpasses*.

Than to abhor himself: even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill,
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd: the base of the mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kinds of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states: amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
One do I personate of lord Timon's frame;
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her,
Whose pleasant grace⁶ to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd to scope.
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowling his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our condition.

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on.
All those which were his fellows but of late
(Some better than his value) on the moment
Follow his strides; his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink the free air.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these?

⁶ Whose PLEASANT grace] *i. e.*, The *pleasant* appearance of Fortune: the old copies have *present* in both places, which can hardly be right; but the Cor. fol. 1632, makes no change.

Poet. When Fortune, in her shift and change of mood,
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,⁷
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common :
A thousand moral paintings I can show,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of Fortune
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,
To show lord Timon that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter TIMON, attended ; and speaking to
the Servant of VENTIDIUS.⁸

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you ?

Ven. Serv. Ay, my good lord : five talents is his debt ;
His means most short, his creditors most strait :
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up ; which failing
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius !—Well ;
I am not of that feather, to shake off
My friend when he most needs me. I do know him
A gentleman that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have. I'll pay the debt, and free him.

Ven. Serv. Your lordship ever binds him.

⁷ —knees and HANDS, let him SLIP down,] The folio 1623 reads *hand* for “hands”, and *sit* for “slip.”

⁸ —*speaking to the Servant of VENTIDIUS.*] The old stage-direction is, “Trumpets sound. Enter lord Timon, addressing himself courteously to every suitor.”

Tim. Commend me to him : I will send his ransom ;
And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me.—
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.—Fare you well.

Ven. Serv. All happiness to your honour ! [Exit.]

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius.

Tim. I have so : what of him ?

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no ?—Lucilius !

Enter LUCILIUS.

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, lord Timon, this thy creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift,
And my estate deserves an heir, more rais'd
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well ; what farther ?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I ; no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got :
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love : I pr'ythee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort ;
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon :
His honesty rewards him in itself ;
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him ?

Old Ath. She is young, and apt :
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.

Tim. [To LUCILIUS.] Love you the maid ?

Luc. Ay, my good lord ; and she accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endow'd,
If she be mated with an equal husband ?

Old Ath. Three talents on the present ; in future all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long :
To build his fortune I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter ;
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee ; mine honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship. Never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you !

[*Exeunt LUCILIUS and the old Athenian.*

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship !

[*Presenting a manuscript.*

Tim. I thank you ; you shall hear from me anon :
Go not away.—What have you there, my friend ?

Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept. [Offering it.]

Tim. Painting is welcome.—
The painting is almost the natural man ;
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside : these pencill'd figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work,
And you shall find I like it : wait attendance
Till you hear farther from me.

Pain. The gods preserve you !

Tim. Well fare you, gentleman : give me your hand ;
We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord ! dispraise ?

Tim. A mere satiety of commendations ;
If I should pay you for 't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclaw me quite.

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
As those which sell would give : but you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their masters : believe 't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord ; he speaks the common tongue,
Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here.
Will you be chid ?

Enter APEMANTUS.

Jew. We 'll bear, with your lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus.

Apem. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow ;
When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves ? thou know'st
them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians ?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Few. You know me, Apemantus.

Apem. Thou know'st I do : I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing so much as that I am not like Timon.

Tim. Whither art going ?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou 'lt die for.

Apem. Right ; if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus ?

Apem. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it ?

Apem. He wrought better that made the painter ; and
yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. You're a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation : what's she, if I
be a dog ?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus ?

Apem. No, I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou shouldst, thou'dst anger ladies.

Apem. O ! they eat lords ; so they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehend'st it. Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet!

Poet. How now, philosopher!

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feigned; he is so.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour; he that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

Tim. What wouldst do then, Apemantus?

Apem. Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord.⁹—Art not thou a merchant?

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!

⁹ That I had no angry wit to be a lord.] The meaning is obscure, but it seems to be, that Apemantus would hate himself for enduring to be a lord. We adhere to the old text.

Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffic's thy god; and thy god confound thee!

Trumpet sounds. Enter a Servant.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Serv. 'Tis Alcibiades, and

Some twenty horse, all of companionship.

Tim. Pray entertain them; give them guide to us.—

[Exeunt some Attendants.

You must needs dine with me.—Go not you hence,
Till I have thank'd you; and when dinner's done
Show me this piece:—I am joyful of your sights.

Enter ALCIBIADES, his Company, etc.

Most welcome, sir!

Apem. So, so, there.—

Aches¹ contract and starve your supple joints!

That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,
And all this courtesy! The strain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey.

Alcib. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed
Most hungerly on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, sir:

Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time

In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[Exeunt all but APEMANTUS.

Enter two Lords.

First Lord. What time o' day is 't, Apemantus?

¹ ACHES] The word *Aches* is here, as again in act v, sc. 1, and in *The Tempest*, act i, sc. 2, p. 20, obviously to be pronounced as a dissyllable. Other and later poets so employed it.

Apem. Time to be honest.

First Lord. That time serves still.

Apem. The more accursed thou,² that still omitt'st it.

Second Lord. Thou art going to lord Timon's feast.

Apem. Ay ; to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

Second Lord. Fare thee well ; fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

Second Lord. Why, Apemantus ?

Apem. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

First Lord. Hang thyself.

Apem. No ; I will do nothing at thy bidding : make thy requests to thy friend.

Second Lord. Away, unpeaceable dog ! or I'll spurn thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the ass. [*Exit.*

First Lord. He's opposite to humanity.—Come, shall we in,

And taste lord Timon's bounty ? he outgoes
The very heart of kindness.

Second Lord. He pours it out ; Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his steward : no meed, but he repays
Sevenfold above itself ; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance.

First Lord. The noblest mind he carries,
That ever govern'd man.

Second Lord. Long may he live in fortunes ! Shall we in ?

First Lord. I'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*

² The MORE accursed thou,] So the Cor. fol. 1632, for "most accursed" of the old copies.

SCENE II.—*A Room of State in Timon's House.*

Hautboys play loud music. A great banquet served in ;

FLAVIUS *and others attending : then enter* TIMON, ALCIBIADES, *the States, Athenian Lords, and* VENTIDIUS, *whom TIMON redeemed from prison, and Attendants : then comes, dropping after all, APEMAN-TUS, discontentedly, like himself.*

Ven. Most honour'd Timon, it hath pleas'd the gods to remember

My father's age, and call him to long peace.

He is gone happy, and has left me rich :

Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound

To your free heart, I do return those talents,

Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help

I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O ! by no means,

Honest Ventidius : you mistake my love.

I gave it freely ever ; and there's none

Can truly say he gives, if he receives :

If our betters play at that game, we must not dare

To imitate them : faults that are rich are fair.

Ven. A noble spirit !

Tim. Nay, my lords, [*After a pause.*

Ceremony was but devis'd at first,

To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,

Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown ;

But where there is true friendship, there needs none.

³ —*discontentedly, like himself.*] We here follow, as nearly as possible, the old stage-direction, to the exclusion of the names of Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius.

Pray, sit : more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
Than my fortunes to me. [They sit down to table.]

First Lord. My lord, we always have confess'd it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confess'd it ! hang'd it, have you not ?

Tim. O, Apemantus !—you are welcome.

Apem. No ; you shall not make me welcome :
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fie ! thou 'rt a churl : you have got a humour there
Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame.—

They say, my lords, *ira furor brevis est*,

But yond' man is ever angry.⁴—

Go, let him have a table by himself ;

For he does neither affect company,

Nor is he fit for 't, indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine apperil,⁵ Timon :
I come to observe ; I give thee warning on 't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee ; thou art an Athenian ;
therefore welcome. I myself would have no power ; pr'y-
thee, let my meat make thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat ; 'twould choke me, for I should
ne'er flatter thee.—O you gods ! what a number of men eat
Timon, and he sees them not ! It grieves me to see so
many dip their meat in one man's blood ; and all the mad-
ness is, he cheers them up too.

I wonder men dare trust themselves with men :
Methinks they should invite them without knives ;
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.

⁴ But yond' man is EVER angry.] "*Very angry*" in the folios. Rowe made the change ; also found in the Cor. fol. 1632.

⁵ —at thine APPERIL.] This word occurs in the same form at least four times in Ben Jonson. We do not recollect it elsewhere.

There's much example for't ; the fellow, that sits next him now, parts bread with him, pledges the breath of him in a divided draught, is the readiest man to kill him : it has been proved. If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals ;

Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes :
Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart ; and let the health go round.

[*Drinking to him.*

Second Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way ? A brave fellow !—he keeps his tides well. Those healths will make thee and thy state look ill, Timon.

Here's that, which is too weak to be a fire,⁶
Honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire :
This and my food are equals, there's no odds ;
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

APEMANTUS'S GRACE.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf ;
I pray for no man, but myself.
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond ;
Or a harlot for her weeping ;
Or a dog that seems a sleeping ;
Or a keeper with my freedom ;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen.—So fall to't ;
Rich men sin, and I eat root. [*Eats and drinks.*

⁶ —to be a FIRE,] So the Cor. fol. 1632, misprinted "to be a sinner," in all the old copies : the rhyme detects the blunder, occasioned, in part, by confusion between the long *s* and the letter *f*.

Much good dich thy good heart,⁷ Apemantus !

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart 's in the field now.

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies than a dinner of friends.

Alcib. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there 's no meat like 'em : I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Apem. 'Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then, that then thou mightst kill 'em, and bid me to 'em⁸.

First Lord. Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

Tim. O ! no doubt, my good friends ; but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you : how had you been my friends else ? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart ? I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf ; and thus far I confirm you. O, you gods ! think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of 'em ? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for 'em ; and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits ;

⁷ Much good DICH thy good heart,] So printed in all old copies ; an apparent corruption of *d'it* for *do it*.

⁸ —and BID me to 'em.] *i.e.*, *Invite* me to 'em. To *bid* was constantly used in this sense. See *Much Ado about Nothing*, act v, sc. i, p. 83, *Merchant of Venice*, act ii, sc. 5, p. 33, etc.

and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O! what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes. O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weep'st to make them drink, Timon.

Second Lord. Joy had the like conception in our eyes, And at that instant like a babe sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

Third Lord. I promise you, my lord, you moved me much.

Apem. Much! [Tucket sounded within.

Tim. What means that trump?—How now!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies! What are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter CUPID.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon; and to all That of his bounties taste!—The five best senses Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely To gratulate thy plenteous bosom. The ear,⁹

⁹ The EAR, taste, etc.] Warburton's ingenious restoration of a difficult passage, which in the old copies runs thus:—

“*There* taste. touch. all pleas'd from thy table rise.”

Taste, touch, smell, pleas'd from thy table rise ;
They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They are welcome all. Let them have kind admittance :

Music, make their welcome. [Exit CUPID.]

First Lord. You see, my lord, how amply y' are below'd.

Music. *Re-enter CUPID, with a masque of Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing, and playing.*

Apem. Hey day ! what a sweep of vanity comes this way !

They dance ! they are mad women.
Like madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shows to a little oil and root.
We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves ;
And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,
Upon whose age we void it up again,
With poisonous spite and envy.
Who lives, that's not depraved, or depraves ?
Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves
Of their friends' gift ?
I should fear, those, that dance before me now,
Would one day stamp upon me : 't has been done.
Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

[*The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of TIMON ; and, to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, Men with Women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.*¹

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,

¹ —hautboys and cease.] The old descriptive stage-direction, here as well as above.

Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not half so beautiful and kind :
You have added worth unto 't, and lively lustre,
And entertain'd me with mine own device ;
I am to thank you for it.

First Lady. My lord, you take us even at the best.

Apen. 'Faith, for the worst is filthy ; and would not
hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet
Attends you : please you to dispose yourselves.

All Ladies. Most thankfully, my lord.

[*Exeunt CUPID and Ladies.*]

Tim. Flavius !

Flav. My lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord. [*Aside*]. More jewels yet !

There is no crossing him in his humour ;
Else I should tell him,—well,—i' faith, I should,
When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he could.
'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind,
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.

[*Exit, and returns with the casket.*]

First Lord. Where be our men ?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

Second Lord. Our horses ! [*As if departing.*]

Tim. O, my friends !

I have one word to say to you. Look you, my good lord,
I must entreat you, honour me so much
As to advance this jewel ; accept and wear it,
Kind my lord.

First Lord. I am so far already in your gifts,—

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honour,
Vouchsafe me a word : it does concern you near.

Tim. Near ? why then another time I'll hear thee :
I pr'ythee, let's be provided to show them entertainment.

Flav. I scarce know how. [*Aside.*]

Enter another Servant.

Second Serv. May it please your honour, lord Lucius,
Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses trapp'd in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly : let the presents

Enter a third Servant.

Be worthily entertain'd.—How now ! what news ?

Third Serv. Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him ; and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him ; and let them be receiv'd,
Not without fair reward.

Flav. [*Aside.*] What will this come to ?
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer :²
Nor will he know his purse ; or yield me this,

² And all out of an empty coffer.] The verse throughout this play is often so defective and corrupt, that modern editors have utterly failed to piece and patch it : it has defied all finger-counting.

To show him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good.
His promises fly so beyond his state,
That what he speaks is all in debt ; he owes
For every word : he is so kind, that he now
Pays interest for 't ; his land's put to their books.
Well, would I were gently put out of office
Before I were forc'd out !
Happier is he that has no friend to feed
Than such as do even enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my lord. [Exit.

Tim. You do yourselves
Much wrong ; you bate too much of your own merits.
Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

Second Lord. With more than common thanks I will
receive it.

Third Lord. O ! he's the very soul of bounty.

Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave
Good words the other day of a bay courser
I rode on : it is yours, because you lik'd it.

Second Lord. O ! I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in
that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord : I know no man
Can justly praise but what he does affect :
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own ;
I'll tell you true. I'll call to you.

All Lords. O ! none so welcome.

Tim. I take all, and your several visitations,
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give :
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,

Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich :
It comes in charity to thee ; for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead, and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alcib. Ay, defil'd land, my lord.³

First Lord. We are so virtuously bound,—

Tim.

And so

Am I to you.

Second Lord. So infinitely endear'd,—

Tim. All to you.—Lights ! more lights !

First Lord.

The best of happiness,

Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, lord Timon.

Tim. Ready for his friends. [*Exeunt ALCIB. Lords, etc.*]

Apem.

What a coil 's here !

Serving of becks, and jutting out of bums !

I doubt whether their legs⁴ be worth the sums

That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs :

Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.

Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,
I would be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing ; for if I should be bribed too,
there would be none left to rail upon thee, and then thou
wouldst sin the faster. Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear
me, thou wilt give away thyself in paper shortly : what
need these feasts, pomps, and vain glories ?

Tim. Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I am

³ Ay, DEFIL'D land, my lord.] Alcibiades poorly plays upon the word *pitch'd* used by Timon.

⁴ I doubt whether their LEGS—] *i.e.*, Their *bows* : to make a *leg* was formerly, as it still is, to make a *bow*.

sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell; and come
with better music. [Exit.

Apem. So;—thou wilt not hear me now;—
Thou shalt not then; I'll lock thy heaven from thee.
O, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Same. A Room in a Senator's House.*

Enter a Senator, with papers in his hand.

Sen. And late, five thousand to Varro; and to Isidore
He owes nine thousand, besides my former sum,
Which makes it five-and-twenty.—Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:
If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more⁵
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon;
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight,
A stable o' horses. No porter at his gate;
But rather one that smiles, and still invites
All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason
Can sound his state in safety. Caphis, ho!
Caphis, I say!

⁵ —and buy TWENTY more] Here modern editors alter *twenty* to *ten* merely because they think fit to improve Shakespeare's verse. We cannot say too often that our great poet wrote by the ear, not by the hand. Lower down, "*A stable o' horses*" is from the Corr. fol. 1632.

Enter CAPHIS.

Caph. Here, sir : what is your pleasure ?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord Timon ;
Importune him for my moneys ; be not ceas'd
With slight denial ; nor then silenc'd, when—
Commend me to your master—and the cap
Plays in the right hand thus ;—but tell him, sirrah,
My uses cry to me. I must serve my turn
Out of mine own : his days and times are past,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Have smit my credit. I love and honour him,
But must not break my back to heal his finger :
Immediate are my needs ; and my relief
Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,
But find supply immediate. Get you gone :
Put on a most importunate aspect,
A visage of demand ; for, I do fear,
When every feather sticks in his own wing,
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
Which flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, sir.

Sen. Ay, go, sir.—Take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in compt.

Caph. I will, sir.

Sen. Go. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Hall in Timon's House.*

Enter FLAVIUS, with many bills in his hand.

Flav. No care, no stop : so senseless of expense,

That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot! takes no account
How things go from him, no reserves, no care
What shall be done? Never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
What shall be done? He will not hear, till feel.
I must be round with him,⁶ now he comes from hunting.
Fie, fie, fie, fie!

Enter CAPHIS and the Servants of ISIDORE and VARRO.

Caph. Good even, Varro. What!
You come for money?
Var. Serv. Is't not your business too?
Caph. It is.—And yours too, Isidore?
Isid. Serv. It is so.
Caph. Would we were all discharg'd!
Var. Serv. I fear it.
Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, Lords, etc.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,
My Alcibiades.—With me! what is your will?
Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.
Tim. Dues! Whence are you?
Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.
Tim. Go to my steward.
Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days this month:

⁶ I must be ROUND with him,] *i. e.*, blunt or plain with him. We have already had the expression in *Twelfth-Night*, act ii, sc. 3, p. 34.

My master is awak'd by great occasion
To call upon his own, and humbly prays you,
That with your other noble parts you 'll suit
In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend,
I pr'ythee but repair to me next morning.

Caph. Nay, good my lord,—

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, my good lord,—

Isid. Serv. From Isidore :

He humbly prays your speedy payment,—

Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants,—

Var. Serv. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks,
and past,—

Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord ;
And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath.—

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on ;

[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES and Lords.

I 'll wait upon you instantly.—Come hither : pray you,

[*To* FLAVIUS.

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd
With clamorous demands of date-broken bonds,⁷
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour ?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business :
Your importunacy cease till after dinner,

⁷ —of DATE-broken bonds,] The old copies have “*debt*-broken bonds”; Malone's emendation.

That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends.—

See them well entertain'd. [Exit TIMON.]

Flav. Pray, draw near. [Exit FLAV.]

Caph. Stay, stay ; here comes the fool with Apemantus :
let's ha' some sport with 'em.

Var. Serv. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog !

Enter APEMANTUS and a Fool.

Var. Serv. How dost, fool ?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow ?

Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No ; 'tis to thyself.—Come away. [To the Fool.]

Isid. Serv. [To VAR. SERV.] There's the fool hangs on
your back already.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single ; thou'rt not on him yet.

Caph. Where's the fool now ?

Apem. He last asked the question.—Poor rogues and
usurers' men ; bawds between gold and want.

All Serv. What are we, Apemantus ?

Apem. Asses.

All Serv. Why ?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know
yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen ?

All Serv. Gramercies,⁸ good fool. How does your mis-
tress ?

⁸ GRAMERCIES,] This word, from the Fr. *grand merci*, is usually employed in the singular, as it is just afterwards The question "How does your mistress" was proverbial.

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth!

Apem. Good: gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

Page. [To the Fool.] Why, how now, captain! what do you in this wise company?—How dost thou, Apemantus?

Apem. Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters: I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die, then, that day thou art hanged. This is to lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go: thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelped a dog; and thou shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not; I am gone. [Exit Page.]

Apem. Even so thou outrunn'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home.—You three serve three usurers?

All Serv. I would they served us!

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman served thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think, no usurer but has a fool to his servant: my mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to

borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merrily; but they enter my mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly. The reason of this?

Var. Serv. I could render one.

Apem. Do it, then, that we may account thee a whore-master, and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whoremaster, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime it appears like a lord; sometime like a lawyer; sometime like a philosopher with two stones more than 's artificial one. He is very often like a knight; and generally, in all shapes that man goes up and down in from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All Serv. Aside, aside: here comes lord Timon.

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime, the philosopher.

[*Exeunt APEMANTUS and Fool.*]

Flav. Pray you, walk near: I'll speak with you anon.

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

Tim. You make me marvel. Wherefore, ere this time,
Had you not fully laid my state before me,
That I might so have rated my expense
As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me,
At many leasures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to :
Perchance, some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back ;
And that unaptness made you minister,
Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O, my good lord !
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you : you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When for some trifling present you have bid me
Return so much, I have shook my head, and wept ;
Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close : I did endure
Not seldom nor no slight checks, when I have
Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,
And your great flow of debts. My dear-lov'd lord,
Though you hear now (too late), yet now 's a time :
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone ;
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues. The future comes apace ;
What shall defend the interim ? and at length
How goes our reckoning ?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Flav. O, my good lord ! the world is but a word ;
Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone !

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry, or falsehood,
Call me before th' exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders ; when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine ; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy,
I have retir'd me to a wasteful nook,⁹
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'ythee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord !
How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants
This night englutted ! Who is not Timon's ?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord Timon's ?
Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon !
Ah ! when the means are gone that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made :
Feast-won, fast-lost ; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, sermon me no farther.
No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart ;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why dost thou weep ? Canst thou the conscience lack,
To think I shall lack friends ? Secure thy heart,
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,

⁹ I have retir'd me to a wasteful NOOK,] An unfrequented corner—the old copies have *cock* for “nook,” a mere misprint set right in the Corr. fol. 1632. Whatever his unreasoning eye caught at the first glance the old compositor generally printed.

Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use
As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts !

Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them blessings ; for by these
Shall I try friends. You shall perceive how you
Mistake my fortunes : I am wealthy in my friends.
Within there !—Flaminius ! Servilius !

Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other Servants.

Servants. My lord ? my lord ?—

Tim. I will dispatch you severally.—You, to lord Lucius ;
—to lord Lucullus you ; I hunted with his honour to-day :
—you, to Sempronius. Commend me to their loves ; and, I
am proud, say, that my occasions have found time to use
them toward a supply of money : let the request be fifty
talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord. [Exeunt two.]

Flav. Lord Lucius and Lucullus ? humph ! [Aside.]

Tim. Go you, sir [to another Serv.] to the senators,
(Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
Deserv'd this hearing) bid 'em send, o' the instant,
A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold,
(For that I knew it the most general way)
To them to use your signet, and your name ;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is 't true ? can't be ?

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would ; are sorry—you are honourable,—

But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wretch—would all were well—'tis pity :—
And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods,
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them !—
Pr'ythee, man, look cheerly : these old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary :
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows ;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth they are not kind,
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy.—
Go to Ventidius,—[*to a Serv.*] Pr'ythee, [*to FLAVIUS*], be
not sad ;

Thou art true and honest : ingeniously I speak,¹
No blame belongs to thee.—[*To Serv.*] Ventidius lately
Buried his father, by whose death he's stepp'd
Into a great estate : when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents : greet him from me :
Bid him suppose some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents :—that had, [*To FLAV.*] give it these
fellows

To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

¹ —INGENIOUSLY I speak,] *i. e.*, *Ingenuously*. Of old, *ingenious* was not unfrequently used for *ingenuous*. See *All's Well that ends Well*, act v, sc. 2, p. 101, where the meaning may be equivocal.

Flav. I would I could not think it: that thought is
bounty's foe;
Being free itself, it thinks all others so. [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Same. A Room in LUCULLUS'S House.*

FLAMINIUS waiting. Enter a Servant to him.

Serv. I have told my lord of you: he is coming down
to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter LUCULLUS.

Serv. Here's my lord.

Lucul. [Aside.] One of lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver bason and ewer to-night. [To him.] Flaminus, honest Flaminus, you are very respectfully welcome, sir.—Fill me some wine.—[Exit Servant.]—And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master.

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, sir. And what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminus?

Flam. 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir ; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply ; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la,—nothing doubting, says he ? alas, good lord ! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I have dined with him, and told him on 't ; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less : and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his : I have told him on 't, but I could ne'er get him from it.

Re-enter Servant, with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here 's to thee. [*Drinking.*

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit,—give thee thy due,—and one that knows what belongs to reason ; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well : good parts in thee.—Get you gone, sirrah.—[*To his Servant, who goes out.*—Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman ; but thou art wise, and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares for thee : good boy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is 't possible, the world should so much differ,

And we alive that liv'd? Fly, damned baseness,
To him that worships thee. [*Throwing the solidares back.*

Lucul. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy
master. [*Exit LUCULLUS.*

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald
thee! [*Pointing to the money on the ground.*

Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods!
I feel my master's passion. This slave
Unto his honour² has my lord's meat in him:
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?
O, may diseases only work upon't!
And, when he's sick to death, let not that part of nature,
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Public Place.*

Enter LUCIUS, and Three Strangers.

Luc. Who? the lord Timon? he is my very good friend,
and an honourable gentleman.

First Stran. We know him for no less, though we are

² Unto his HONOUR] This is the original text, and though not very intelligible, we leave it unaltered, because no proposed change is acceptable: the Corr. fol. 1632 alters *honour* to *humour*, and Pope substituted *hour*. The meaning may be, that Lucullus "to his *honour*" had often dined with Timon.

but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours: now lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fie! no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

Second Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that not long ago, one of his men was with the lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents; nay, urged extremely for 't, and showed what necessity belonged to 't, and yet was denied.

Luc. How?

Second Stran. I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that! now, before the gods, I am ashamed on 't. Denied that honourable man? there was very little honour showed in 't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses³ from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour.—My honoured lord,— [To LUCIUS.]

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well: commend me to thy honourable-virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared

³ —some SMALL kindnesses] So the old copies; but modern editors, without notice or reason, substitute *little* for *small*.

to that lord, he's ever sending: how shall I thank him, thinkest thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser. He has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

Luc. I know, his lordship is but merry with me: He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord. If his occasion were not virtuous, I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might have shown myself honourable! how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour!—Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do; the more beast, I say.—I was sending to use lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind: and tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far as to use mine own words to him?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.—

[*Exit* SERVILIUS.]

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk indeed;

And he that's once denied will hardly speed. [*Exit* LUC.]

First Stran. Do you observe this, Hostilius ?

Second Stran. Ay, too well.

First Stran. Why this

Is the world's soul ; and just of the same piece
Is every flatterer's port.⁴ Who can call him
His friend, that dips in the same dish ? for, in
My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purse,
Supported his estate ; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages : he ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip ;
And yet (O, see the monstrousness of man
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape !)
He does deny him, in respect of his,
What charitable men afford to beggars.

Third Stran. Religion groans at it.

First Stran. . . . For mine own part,
I never tasted Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend ; yet, I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have return'd to him,
So much I love his heart. But, I perceive,
Men must learn now with pity to dispense,
For policy sits above conscience.

[*Exeunt.*

⁴ Is every flatterer's PORT.] *I. e.*, Conduct, carriage. In the old editions it stands, "is every flatterer's *sport*." The emendation is from the Corr. fol. 1632, and seems self-evident.

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Room in Sempronius's House.*

Enter SEMPRONIUS, and a Servant of TIMON'S.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in 't? Humph! 'bove all others?

He might have tried lord Lucius, or Lucullus ;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison : all these
Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. My lord,
They have all been touch'd, and found base metal ;
For they have all denied him.

Sem. How! have they denied him ?
Have Ventidius and Lucullus denied him,
And does he send to me? Three? humph!
It shows but little love or judgment in him :
Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,
Thrice give him o'er! must I take the cure upon me?
He has much disgrac'd me in 't : I am angry at him,
That might have known my place. I see no sense for 't,
But his occasions might have woo'd me first ;
For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er received gift from him :
And does he think so backwardly of me now,
That I'll requite it last? No : so it may prove
An argument of laughter to the rest,
And amongst lords I be thought a fool.
I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
He had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake ;
I'd such a courage to do him good. But now return,
And with their faint reply this answer join ;
Who bates mine honour shall not know my coin. [*Exit.*

Serv. Excellent! Your lordship 's a goodly villain. The devil knew not what he did, when he made man politic; he crossed himself by't; and I cannot think, but, in the end, the villainies of man will set him clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear foul! takes virtuous copies to be wicked: like those that, under hot ardent zeal, would set whole realms on fire. Of such a nature is his politic love. This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled, Save only the gods.⁵ Now his friends are dead, Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd Now to guard sure their master: And this is all a liberal course allows; Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The Same. A Hall in Timon's House.*

Enter two Servants of VARRO, and the Servant of LUCIUS, meeting TITUS, HORTENSIUS, and other Servants to TIMON'S Creditors, waiting his coming out.

Var. Serv. Well met; good-morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius?

What! do we meet together?

Luc. Serv. Ay; and, I think,

⁵ Save only the gods.] It is a mere trifle, but why, when every old copy has this text, are modern editors to presume, because it suits their ears better, to amend the verse by printing "Save the gods only"? To what monotony would they thus reduce the ever-varied measure of Shakespeare.

One business does command us all, for mine
Is money.

Tit. So is theirs, and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

Luc. Serv. And, sir,
Philotus too!

Phi. Good day at once.

Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother.
What do you think the hour?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. Serv. So much?

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?

Luc. Serv. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on't: he was wont to shine at seven.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are waxed shorter with
him:

You must consider, that a prodigal's course
Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable.
I fear 'tis deepest winter in lord Timon's purse;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll show you how t' observe a strange event.
Your lord sends now for money.

Hor. Most true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.

Hor. It is against my heart.

Luc. Serv. Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes:
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,

And send for money for 'em.

Hor. I'm weary of this charge, the gods can witness :
I know my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

First Var. Serv. Yes, mine's three thousand crowns :
what's yours ?

Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine.

First Var. Serv. 'Tis much deep : and it should seem,
by the sum,

Your master's confidence was above mine ;
Else, surely, his had equall'd.⁶

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Tit. One of lord Timon's men.

Luc. Serv. Flaminius ! Sir, a word. Pray, is my lord
ready to come forth ?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship : pray, signify so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that ; he knows you are too
diligent. [*Exit FLAMINIUS.*

Enter FLAVIUS, muffled in a cloak.

Luc. Serv. Ha ! is not that his steward muffled so ?
He goes away in a cloud : call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, sir ?

Var. Serv. By your leave, sir,—

Flav. What do you ask of me, my friend ?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.

Flav. Ay,

⁶ Else, surely, his had equall'd.] The meaning probably is, "Your master's confidence exceeded my master's, or my master's demand had been equal to your master's."

If money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough. Why then preferr'd you not
Your sums and bills, when your false masters ate
Of my lord's meat?
Then, they could smile, and fawn upon his debts,
And take down the interest
Into their gluttonous maws. You do yourselves but
wrong,
To stir me up: let me pass quietly:
Believe't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav. If 'twill not serve,
'Tis not so base as you; for you serve knaves. [*Exit.*]

First Var. Serv. How! what does his cashier'd worship
mutter?

Second Var. Serv. No matter what: he's poor, and
that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he
that has no house to put his head in? such may rail against
great buildings.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Tit. O! here's Servilius; now we shall know some
answer.

Ser. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some
other hour, I should derive much from't; for take't of my
soul, my lord leans wondrously to discontent. His com-
fortable temper has forsook him: he's much out of health,
and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers are not sick:
And if it be so far beyond his health,

Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

Serv. Good gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for an answer, sir.

Flam. [*Within.*] Servilius, help!—my lord! my lord!

Enter TIMON, in a rage; FLAMINIUS, following.

Tim. What! are my doors oppos'd against my passage?
Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?
The place which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Serv. Here's mine.

Hor. Serv. And mine, my lord.

Both Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.

Phi. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to the girdle.

Luc. Serv. Alas! my lord,—

Tim. Cut my heart in sums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.—

What yours?—and yours?

First Var. Serv. My lord,—

Second Var. Serv. My lord,—

Tim. Tear me, take me; and the gods fall upon you!

[*Exit.*

Hor. Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps

at their money : these debts may well be called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em. [Exeunt.]

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves : Creditors ?—devils !

Flav. My dear lord,—

Tim. What if it should be so ?

Flav. My lord,—

Tim. I'll have it so.—My steward !

Flav. Here, my lord.

Tim. So fitly ? Go, bid all my friends again, Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius ; all :⁷ I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. O my lord !

You only speak from your distracted soul : There is not so much left to furnish out A moderate table.

Tim. Be't not in thy care : go, I charge thee ; invite them all : let in the tide Of knaves once more ; my cook and I'll provide. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—*The Same.*—*The Senate-House.* *The Senate sitting.*

First Sen. My lords, you have my voice to 't : the fault 's bloody ; 'tis necessary he should die. Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

Second Sen. Most true ; the law shall bruise him.

⁷ —ALL:] The strange name *Ullorxa* precedes "all" in the folio 1623, but was afterwards properly omitted, as a mere accidental and inexplicable interpolation.

Enter ALCIBIADES, attended.

Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate !

First Sen. Now, captain ?

Alcib. I am a humble suitor to your virtues ;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine ; who, in hot blood,
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth
To those that, without heed, do plunge into 't.
He is a man, setting his fault aside,⁸
Of comely virtues :
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice,
(An honour in him which buys out his fault)
But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe :
And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did reprove his anger, ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but mov'd an argument.⁹

First Sen. You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair :
Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd
To bring manslaughter into form, and set quarrelling
Upon the head of valour ; which, indeed,

⁸ —setting his FAULT aside,] *Fault* instead of *fate* is the substitution of the Corr. fol. 1632. Pope made the same emendation.

⁹ —MOV'D an argument.] It is "*prov'd* an argument" in the old copies ; and in the preceding line, "He did *reprove* his anger", for "*behave* his anger" : both changes are from the Corr. fol. 1632.

Is valour misbegot, and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born.
He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs
His outsides ; to wear them like his raiment, carelessly,
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill ?

Alcib. My lord,—

First Sen. You cannot make gross sins look clear :
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alcib. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
If I speak like a captain.
Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threats ? sleep upon 't,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy ? if there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad ? why then, women are more valiant
That stay at home, if bearing carry it,
And the ass more captain than the lion ; the fellow
Loaden with irons wiser than the judge,
If wisdom be in suffering. O, my lords !
As you are great, be pitifully good :
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood ?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust ;
But in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.
To be in anger is impiety ;
But who is man, that is not angry ?
Weigh but the crime with this.

Second Sen. You breathe in vain.

Alcib. In vain? his service done
At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

First Sen. What's that?

Alcib. Why, I say, my lords, he has done fair service,
And slain in fight many of your enemies :
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

Second Sen. He has made too much plenty with 'em ;
He's a sworn rioter : he has a sin that often
Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner.
If there were no foes, that were enough
To overcome him : in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cherish factions. 'Tis inferr'd to us,¹
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

First Sen. He dies.

Alcib. Hard fate ! he might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him,
Though his right arm might purchase his own time,
And be in debt to none, yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and join them both :
And, for I know your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories, all
My honours to you, upon his good return.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive 't in valiant gore ;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

¹ 'Tis INFERR'D to us,] *i.e.*, 'Tis brought or produced to us. Shake-
speare not unfrequently uses the verb to *infer* in this sense.

First Sen. We are for law : he dies ; urge it no more
On height of our displeasure. Friend, or brother,
He forfeits his own blood that spills another.

Alcib. Must it be so ? it must not be.—My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.

Second Sen. How !

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

Third Sen.

What !

Alcib. I cannot think but your age has forgot me ;
It could not else be, I should prove so base
To sue, and be denied such common grace.
My wounds ache at you.

First Sen. Do you dare our anger ?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect :
We banish thee for ever.

Alcib. Banish me !
Banish your dotage, banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.

First Sen. If, after two days' shine, Athens contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell our
spirit,
He shall be executed presently. [Exeunt Senators.]

Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough ; that you
may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you !
I am worse than mad : I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large interest ; I myself,
Rich only in large hurts :—all those, for this ?
Is this the balsam that the usuring senate
Pours into captains' wounds ? Ha ! banishment !

It comes not ill ; I hate not to be banish'd :
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds ;
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods. [Exit.

SCENE VI.—*A Banquet-hall in Timon's House.*

*Music. Tables set out : many Servants attending. Enter
divers Lords at several doors.*²

First Lord. The good time of day to you, sir.

Second Lord. I also wish it to you. I think this honour-
able lord did but try us this other day.

First Lord. Upon that were my thoughts tiring³ when
we encountered. I hope it is not so low with him, as he
made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

Second Lord. It should not be, by the persuasion of his
new feasting.

First Lord. I should think so. He hath sent me an
earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge
me to put off ; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and
I must needs appear.

Second Lord. In like manner was I in debt to my im-
portunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I

² —*at several doors.*] The old stage-direction is merely, "*Enter
divers friends at several doors.*"

³ —my thoughts TIRING] To *tire on* is to fasten on, like a bird of
prey *pecking at* its victim : see *Henry VI*, Pt. III, act i, sc. i, p. 13, etc.

am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

First Lord. I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

Second Lord. Every man here's so : what would he have borrowed of you ?

First Lord. A thousand pieces.

Second Lord. A thousand pieces !

First Lord. What of you ?

Third Lord. He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

Enter TIMON, and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both ;—and how fare you ?

First Lord. Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

Second Lord. The swallow follows not summer more willingly than we your lordship.

Tim. [*Aside.*] Nor more willingly leaves winter ; such summer-birds are men. [*To them.*] Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay : feast your ears with the music awhile, if they will fare so harshly o' the trumpet's sound ; we shall to't presently.

First Lord. I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I returned you an empty messenger.

Tim. O, sir ! let it not trouble you.

Second Lord. My noble lord,—

Tim. Ah ! my good friend, what cheer ?

Second Lord. My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on 't, sir.

Second Lord. If you had sent but two hours before,—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.—
Come, bring in all together. [*The banquet brought in.*]

Second Lord. All covered dishes!

First Lord. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

Third Lord. Doubt not that, if money and the season
can yield it.

First Lord. How do you? What's the news?

Third Lord. Alcibiades is banished: hear you of it?

First and Second Lord. Alcibiades banished!

Third Lord. 'Tis so; be sure of it.

First Lord. How? how?

Second Lord. I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

Third Lord. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble
feast toward!

Second Lord. This is the old man still.

Third Lord. Will 't hold? will 't hold?

Second Lord. It does; but time will—and so—

Third Lord. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would
to the lip of his mistress; your diet shall be in all places
alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere
we can agree upon the first place: sit, sit. The gods re-
quire our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness.
For your own gifts make yourselves praised, but reserve still to give,
lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one
need not lend to another; for, were your godheads to borrow of men,
men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than

the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: if there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are.—The rest of your foes, O gods!—the senators of Athens, together with the common tag⁴ of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these, my present friends,—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[The dishes uncovered are seen full of warm water.

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke and luke-warm water
Is your refection. This is Timon's last;
Who, stuck and spangled you with flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

[Throwing water at them.

Your reeking villainy. Live loath'd, and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears:
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!
Of man, and beast, the infinite maladies
Crust you quite o'er!—What! dost thou go?
Soft, take thy physic first—thou too,—and thou:—

[Throws the dishes at them and drives them out.

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—
What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,

⁴ —the common TAG of people,] So the Corr. fol. 1632, misprinted *lag* in all the folios: they have also *fees* for *foes* of the Corr. fol. 1632. We have ventured to amend *perfection* to *refection*.

Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon, man, and all humanity! [Exit.

Re-enter the Lords, with the other Guests.

First Lord. How now, my lords!

Second Lord. Know you the quality of lord Timon's
fury?

Third Lord. Push!⁵ did you see my cap?

Fourth Lord. I have lost my gown.

Third Lord. He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat:—did you see my jewel?

Third Lord. Did you see my cap?

Second Lord. Here 'tis.

Fourth Lord. Here lies my gown.

First Lord. Let's make no stay.

Second Lord. Lord Timon's mad.

Third Lord. I feel't upon my bones.

Fourth Lord. One day he gives us diamonds, next day
stones.⁶ [Exeunt.

⁵ PUSH!] Respecting this interjection, see *Much Ado about Nothing*, act v, sc. i, p. 78. It is the same as *push*.

⁶ —next day stones.] This line is supposed to refer to a different copy of this play; or to an earlier drama upon the same subject, in which Timon casts stones, and not hot water, at his guests.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Outside the walls of Athens.**Enter TIMON.*

Tim. Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves! Dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent!
Obedience fail in children! Slaves, and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads! To general filths
Convert, o' the instant, green virginity!
Do 't in your parents' eyes! Bankrupts, hold fast!
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats! Bound servants, steal!
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law: maid, to thy master's bed;
Thy mistress is o' the brothel! Son of sixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains! Piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And let confusion live!—Plagues, incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke! Thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt

As lamely as their manners! Lust and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot! Itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenian bosoms, and their crop
Be general leprosy! Breath infect breath,
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But nakedness, thou detestable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying bans!⁷
Timon will to the woods; where he shall find
Th' unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all)
The Athenians both within and out that wall!
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high and low!
Amen.

[*Exit.*SCENE II.—Athens. *A Room in Timon's house.**Enter FLAVIUS, with two or three Servants.**First Serv.* Hear you, master steward! where's our master?

Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

Flav. Alack! my fellows, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.

⁷ —with multiplying BANS!] *Bans* are curses, and *to ban* is to curse.
To *ban* is also to publish, and a *ban* is a proclamation: the *bans* of marriage are the publication, not the curse of matrimony.

First Serv. Such a house broke !
So noble a master fallen ! All gone, and not
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him !

Second Serv. As we do turn our backs
From our companion thrown into his grave,
So his familiars to his buried fortunes
Slink all away ; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd ; and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunned poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

Third Serv. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,
That see I by our faces : we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow. Leak'd is our bark ;
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat : we must all part
Into this sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
Let's yet be fellows ; let's shake our heads, and say,
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
We have seen better days. Let each take some :

[*Giving them money.*]

Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more :
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[*The Servants embrace, and part several ways.*]

O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us !
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt ?
Who would be so mock'd with glory as to live
But in a dream of friendship ?
To have his pomp, and all state comprehends,⁸
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends ?
Poor honest lord ! brought low by his own heart ;
Undone by goodness. Strange, unusual blood,⁹
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good !
Who, then, dares to be half so kind again ?
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
My dearest lord,—bless'd, to be most accurs'd,
Rich, only to be wretched,—thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord !
He's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat
Of monstrous friends ;
Nor has he with him to supply his life,
Or that which can command it.
I'll follow, and inquire him out :
I'll ever serve his mind with my best will ;
Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. [Exit.

⁸ —and all state COMPREHENDS,] In the folios it stands, “and all *what* state compounds”; but we confidently adopt the text of the old Corrector of the folio 1632.

⁹ Strange, unusual BLOOD,] Steevens adduced a passage in *The Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1608, to show that *blood* was formerly, as here, used for *disposition*. Possibly, *blood* ought to be *mood*.

SCENE III.—*The Woods.*

Enter TIMON from his cave, with a spade.

Tim. O, blessed breeding sun ! draw from the earth
Rotten humidity ; below thy sister's orb
Infect the air. Twinn'd brothers of one womb,
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarce is dividant, touch them with several fortunes,
The greater scorn the lesser : not nature
(To whom all sores lay siege) can bear great fortune,
But by contempt of nature.
Raise me this beggar, and decline that lord ;¹
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.
It is the pasture lards the rother's sides,²
The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,
In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say, *This man's a flatterer* ? if one be,
So are they all ; for every grise of fortune³
Is smooth'd by that below : the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool. All is oblique ;
There's nothing level in our cursed natures,

¹ —DECLINE that lord ;] It is "*deny't* that lord" in all the old editions, amended plausibly to "*decline* that lord" in the Corr. fol. 1632. Warburton printed "*denude* that lord"; but *denude* is not found elsewhere in Shakespeare.

² It is the pasture lards the ROTHER'S sides,] "*Brother's* sides" is the old text, but *rother's* must be right : it means red, horned cattle, and in Stratford-upon-Avon there was a *rother* market. *Rother* is the word in the Corr. fol. 1632.

³ —every GRISE of fortune] *i. e.*, Every *step* or *degree* of fortune. We have had the word in *Twelfth Night*, act iii, sc. I, p. 55.

But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhorr'd
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men !
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains :
Destruction fang mankind !—Earth, yield me roots !

[Digging.

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison—What is here ?
Gold ? yellow, glittering, precious gold ? No, gods,
I am no idol votarist.⁴ Roots, you clear heavens !
Thus much of this will make black, white ; foul, fair ;
Wrong, right ; base, noble ; old, young ; coward, valiant.
Ha ! you gods, why this ? What this, you gods ! Why,
this

Will lug your priests and servants from your sides,
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads :
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions ; bless th' accurs'd ;
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd ; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench : this is it,
That makes the wappen'd widow⁵ wed again :
She, whom the spital-house, and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To the April day again. Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'st odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature.—[March sounded afar off.]—Ha ! a
drum ?—Thou 'rt quick,

⁴ I am no IDOL votarist.] So the Corr. fol. 1632, incontrovertibly, for "*idle* votarist" of the old copies.

⁵ —the WAPPEN'D widow] It may mean the *worn* or *weakened* widow ; or it may be a misprint for *wap-eyed*, i.e., *weep-eyed* widow.

But yet I'll bury thee : thou 'lt go, strong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand.—
Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [*Reserving some gold.*]

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with drum and fife, in warlike manner;*
PHRYNIA and TIMANDRA.

Alcib. What art thou there ?
Speak.

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,
For showing me again the eyes of man !

Alcib. What is thy name ? Is man so hateful to thee,
That art thyself a man ?

Tim. I am *Misanthropos*, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.

Alcib. I know thee well ;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

Tim. I know thee too ; and more, than that I know
thee,

I not desire to know. Follow thy drum ;
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules :
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel ;
Then, what should war be ? This fell whore of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.

Phyr. Thy lips rot off !

Tim. I will not kiss thee ; then, the rot returns
To thine own lips again.

Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this change ?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give :
But then, renew I could not, like the moon ;
There were no suns to borrow of.

Alcib. Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee ?

Tim. None, but to
Maintain my opinion.

Alcib. What is it, Timon ?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none : if thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for thou art a man ! if thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou art a man !

Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

Alcib. I see them now ; then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Timan. Is this th' Athenian minion, whom the world
Voic'd so regardfully.

Tim. Art thou Timandra ?

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still ! they love thee not, that use thee :
Give them diseases, leaving thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt hours ; season the slaves
For tubs and baths ; bring down rose-cheeked youth
To the tub-fast, and the diet.

Timan. Hang thee, monster !

Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra, for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.—
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band : I have heard and griev'd,
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them,—

Tim. I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alcib. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

Tim. How dost thou pity him whom thou dost trouble?
I had rather be alone.

Alcib. Why, fare thee well :
Here is some gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have cause.

Tim. The gods confound them all in thy conquest ;
And thee after, when thou hast conquered :

Alcib. Why me, Timon ?

Tim. That, by killing of villains,
Thou wast born to conquer my country.
Put up thy gold : go on,—here's gold,—go on ;
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
In the sick air : let not thy sword skip one.
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard ;
He is an usurer. Strike me the counterfeit matron ;
It is her habit only that is honest,
Herself's a bawd. Let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword ; for those milk-paps,
That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
But set them down horrible traitors. Spare not the babe,
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy :
Think it a bastard, whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,
And mince it sans remorse : swear against abjects ;
Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes,

Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers :
Make large confusion ; and thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself ! Speak not, be gone.

Alcib. Hast thou gold yet ? I'll take the gold thou
giv'st me,
Not all thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon
thee !

Phr. and Timan. Give us some gold, good Timon : hast
thou more ?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
And to make whores abhorr'd.⁶ Hold up, you sluts,
Your aprons mountant : you are not oathable,—
Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,
Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues,
The immortal gods that hear you ;—spare your oaths,
I'll trust to your conditions : be whores still ;
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up ;
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turncoats. Yet may your pains, six months,
Be quite contrary : and thatch your poor thin roofs
With burdens of the dead ;—some that were hang'd,
No matter :—wear them, betray with them : whore still ;
Paint till a horse may mire upon your face :
A pox of wrinkles !

Phr. and Timan. Well, more gold.—What then ?—
Believe 't, that we'll do anything for gold.

⁶ —ABHORR'D.] *Abhorr'd*, of the Corr. fol. 1632, is misprinted
a bawd in the old impressions, because misheard.

Tim. Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man : strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quilllets shrilly : hoar the flamen,
That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself : down with the nose,
Down with it flat ; take the bridge quite away
Of him that, his particular to foresee,
Smells from the general weal : make curl'd-pate ruffians
bald ;
And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you. Plague all,
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection.—There's more gold :
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all !

Phr. and Timan. More counsel with more money, bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first ; I have given you earnest.

Alcib. Strike up the drum ! towards Athens ! Farewell, Timon :

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alcib. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alcib. Call'st thou that harm ?

Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee away,
And take thy beagles with thee.

Alcib.

We but offend him.—

Strike! [*The drum beats. Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, PHRYNIA,
and TIMANDRA.

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry!—Common mother, thou, [*Digging.*
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all the human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!
Ensear thy fertile and conception womb;
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented!—O! a root,—dear thanks!
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips——

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man? Plagué! plague!

Apem. I was directed hither: men report
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis, then, because thou dost not keep a dog
Whom I would imitate. Consumption catch thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but infected;

A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade ? this place ?
This slave-like habit, and these looks of care ?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft,
Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee : hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou 'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap ; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent. Thou wast told thus ;
Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters that bade welcome,
To knaves and all approachers : 'tis most just
That thou turn rascal ; hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have 't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself ;
A madman so long, now a fool. What ! think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm ? Will these moist trees,
That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'st out ? Will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit ? call the creatures,—
Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven, whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer mere nature,—bid them flatter thee ;
O ! thou shalt find—

Tim. A fool of thee. Depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not, but say thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.

Dost please thyself in 't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too?

Apem. If thou didst put this sour cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well; but thou
Dost it enforcedly: thou 'dst courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before:
The one is filling still, never complete;
The other, at high wish: best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst content.

Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miserable.
Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasp'd, but bred a dog.
Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath, proceeded
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive dugs of it⁷
Freely command, thou wouldst have plung'd thyself

⁷ —the passive DUGS of it] So the Corr. fol. 1632, for "*drugs* of it"
of the folios—a mere misprint.

In general riot ; melted down thy youth
 In different beds of lust ; and never learn'd
 The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
 The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
 Who had the world as my confectionary ;
 The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
 At duty, more than I could frame employment ;
 That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
 Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
 Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
 For every storm that blows ;—I, to bear this,
 That never knew but better, is some burden :
 Thy nature did commence in sufferance ; time
 Hath made thee hard in 't. Why shouldst thou hate men ?
 They never flatter'd thee : what hast thou given ?
 If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,
 Must be thy subject ; who, in spite, put stuff
 To some she beggar, and compounded thee
 Poor rogue hereditary. Hence ! be gone !—
 If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
 Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet ?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was

No prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now :

Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,
 I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—
 That the whole life of Athens were in this !
 Thus would I eat it.

[*Gnawing a root.*]

Apem.

Here ; I will mend thy feast.

[*Offering him something.*]

Tim. First mend my company ; take away thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd ;

If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldst thou have to Athens ?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold : look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best, and truest ;
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where liest o' nights, Timon ?

Tim. Under that 's above me.
Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus ?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat ; or, rather, where
I eat it.

Tim. Would poison were obedient, and knew my mind !

Apem. Where wouldst thou send it ?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but
the extremity of both ends. When thou wast in thy gilt,
and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too much curiosity :
in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despised for the
contrary. There 's a medlar for thee ; eat it.

Tim. On what I hate I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar ?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou
shouldst have loved thyself better now. What man didst
thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his means ?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talkest of, didst
thou ever know beloved ?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee : thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers ?

Tim. Women nearest ; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, *Ape-mantus*, if it lay in thy power ?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts ?

Apem. Ay, *Timon*.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to. If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee : if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee : if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accused by the ass : if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee ; and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf : if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner : wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury : wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed by the horse : wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seized by the leopard : wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life ; all thy safety were remotion, and thy defence absence. What beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to a beast ? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation.

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me,

thou mightst have hit upon it here : the commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city ?

Apem. Yonder come a poet and a painter, The plague of company light upon thee ! I will fear to catch it, and give way. When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon !

Apem. A plague on thee ! thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee,—

I'd beat thee, but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off !

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog !

Choler does kill me, that thou art alive ;

I swoon to see thee.

Apem. Would thou wouldst burst !

Tim. Away,

Thou tedious rogue ! I am sorry I shall lose

A stone by thee. [*Throwing a stone at him.*]

Apem. Beast !

Tim. Slave !

Apem. Toad !

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue !

[*APEMANTUS steps backward, as if to go.*]

I am sick of this false world, and will love nought
 But even the mere necessities upon 't.
 Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave :
 Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat
 Thy grave-stone daily ; make thine epitaph,
 That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
 O, thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

[*Looking on the gold.*

'Twixt natural son and sire ! thou bright defiler
 Of Hymen's purest bed ! thou valiant Mars !
 Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
 Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
 That lies on Dian's lap ! thou visible god,
 Thou solder'st close impossibilities,
 And mak'st them kiss ! that speak'st with every tongue,
 To every purpose ! O thou touch of hearts !⁸
 Think, thy slave man rebels ; and by thy virtue
 Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
 May have the world in empire !

Apem. [*Advancing.*] Would 'twere so !

But not till I am dead.—I 'll say, thou 'st gold :
 Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to ?

Apem.

Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee.

Apem. Live, and love thy misery !

Tim. Long live so, and so die !—

I am quit.—

[*Exit APEMANTUS.*

⁸ O thou TOUCH of hearts !] *i. e.*, *Touchstone*, or *trier* of hearts.
 See *Richard III.*, act iv, sc. 2, p. 95 : "Now do I play the *touch*", etc.

More things like men?—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

[*Gnawing the root.*

Enter Banditti.

First Band. Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder. The mere want of gold, and the falling-from him⁹ of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

Second Band. It is noised he hath a mass of treasure.

Third Band. Let us make the essay upon him: if he care not for 't, he will supply us easily; if he covetously reserve it, how shall 's get it?

Second Band. True; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.

First Band. Is not this he?

All. Where?

Second Band. 'Tis his description.

Third Band. He; I know him.

All. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves?

All. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both two; and women's sons.

All. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.
Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;
Within this mile break forth a hundred springs;
The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips;
The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush
Lays her full mess before you. Want! why want?

⁹ the falling from HIM of his friends,] The Corr. fol. 1632 supplies the pronoun *him*, which we may feel sure the old compositor accidentally omitted.

First Band. We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,
As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes :
You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,¹
That you are thieves profess'd, that you work not
In holier shapes ; for there is boundless theft
In limited professions. Rascal thieves,
Here's gold. Go ; suck the subtle blood o' the grape,
Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,
And so 'scape hanging : trust not the physician ;
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
More than you rob : take wealth and lives together ;
Do villainy, do, since you protest to do't,
Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery :
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea : the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun :
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears : the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrement : each thing's a thief ;
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves ; away !
Rob one another. There's more gold : cut throats ;
All that you meet are thieves. To Athens go :
Break open shops ; nothing can you steal,
But thieves do lose it. Steal no less,² for this

¹ Yet thanks I must you CON,] We have had this idiomatic expression before, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, act iv, sc. 3, p. 86.

² Steal NO less,] *No* is wanting in the folios ; but, seems necessary both to the sense and measure : it is from the Corr. fol. 1632, but Rowe preferred *not*.

I give you ; and gold confound you howsoe'er ! Amen.

[*Retiring to his cave.*]

Third Band. He has almost charmed me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

First Band. 'Tis in the malice of mankind that he thus advises us ; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

Second Band. I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

First Band. Let us first see peace in Athens : there is no time so miserable, but a man may be true.

[*Exeunt Banditti.*]

Enter FLAVIUS.

Flav. O you gods ! [Seeing TIMON in his cave.
Is yond' despis'd and ruinous man my lord ?
Full of decay and failing ? O monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd !
What an alteration of honour has desperate want made !
What viler thing upon the earth, than friends
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends !
How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
When man was wish'd to love his enemies !
Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me, than those that do !
He has caught me in his eye : I will present
My honest grief unto him ; and, as my lord,
Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master !

[TIMON comes forward.]

Tim. Away ! what art thou ?

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir ?

Tim. Why dost ask that ? I have forgot all men ;
Then, if thou grant'st thou 'rt man, I have forgot thee.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not :

I never had honest man about me, I ;
All I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

Flav. The gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What! dost thou weep?—Come nearer :—then, I
love thee,

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind ; whose eyes do never give,
But thorough lust, and laughter. Pity's sleeping :
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping !

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
T' accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts,
To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward
So true, so just, and now so comfortable ?
It almost turns my dangerous nature mild.
Let me behold thy face. Surely, this man
Was born of woman.—
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
Perpetual-sober gods !³ I do proclaim
One honest man,—mistake me not,—but one ;
No more, I pray,—and he's a steward.—
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'st thyself : but all, save thee,

³ Perpetual-sober gods !] Here modern editors are content to spoil a complete verse, by thrusting *you* into the line : they seem to take any liberties with the old and genuine text, sometimes, as here, not allowing the poet even to write measure.

I fell with curses.
Methinks thou art more honest now, than wise ;
For by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou might'st have sooner got another service ;
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,
(For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure)
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
If not a usuring kindness ; and as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one ?

Flav. No, my most worthy master ; in whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas ! are plac'd too late.
You should have fear'd false times when you did feast :
Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living : and, believe it,
My most honour'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange it
For this one wish,—that you had power and wealth
To requite me by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so.—Thou singly honest man,
Here, take :—the gods out of my misery
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and happy ;
But thus condition'd :—thou shalt build from men ;
Hate all, curse all ; show charity to none,
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar : give to dogs
What thou deny'st to men ; let prisons swallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em to nothing. Be men like blasted woods,

And may diseases lick up their false bloods !
And so, farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O ! let me stay,
And comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hatest
Curses, stay not : fly, whilst thou 'rt bless'd and free.
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt severally ; TIMON to his cave.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Same. Before Timon's Cave.*

*Enter Poet and Painter.*⁴

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

Poet. What 's to be thought of him ? Does the rumour hold for true, that he is so full of gold ?

⁴ *Enter Poet and Painter.*] Johnson noticed the inconvenience of commencing Act v here, as the Poet and Painter were in sight of Apemantus before he quitted the scene. He suspected some transposition of the scenes ; but the difficulty is to arrange them otherwise than at present, and to begin Act v at any other point. The divisions are merely modern, not being marked in any of the folios ; and the whole drama, especially the conclusion, has come down to us very imperfectly. Modern editors have spent pages of notes upon this trifling point, which only seems to require the exercise of a little imagination.

Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him: he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity. 'Tis said, he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.

Pain. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore 'tis not amiss we tender our loves to him, in this supposed distress of his: it will show honestly in us, and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travail for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation; only, I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time: it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will, or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

Enter TIMON, behind, from his cave.

Tim. Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself. [Aside.]

Poet. I am thinking what I shall say I have provided for him. It must be a personating of himself: a satire against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so; I have gold for thee. [Aside.]

Poet. Nay, let's seek him:
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True;
When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn. What a god is gold,
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple, [Aside.]
Than where swine feed!

'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plough'st the foam;
Settlest admired reverence in a slave:
To thee be worship; and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!
Fit I meet them. [Advancing toward them.]

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!

Pain. Our late noble master.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir,
Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures—O, abhorred spirits!
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—
What! to you,
Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being! I am rapt, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked ; men may see 't the better :
You, that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen, and known.

Pain. He and myself
Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honest men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men ! Why, how shall I requite you ?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water ? no.

Both. What we can do, we 'll do, to do you service.

Tim. You are honest men : you have heard that I have
gold ;
I am sure you have : speak truth ; you are honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord ; but therefore
Came not my friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honest men !—Thou draw'st a counterfeit⁵
Best in all Athens : thou art indeed the best ;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So so, my lord.

Tim. Even so, sir, as I say.—And, for thy fiction,
Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,
That thou art even natural in thine art.—
But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,
I must needs say you have a little fault :
Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you ; neither wish I
You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your honour
To make it known to us.

⁵ —COUNTERFEIT] *Counterfeit* was the old word for a *portrait*.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's never a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom; yet remain assur'd
That he's a made-up villain.

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies:
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord; let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this; but two is company:⁶
Each man apart, all single and alone,
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.
If, where thou art, two villains shall not be, [*To the Painter.*
Come not near him.—If thou wouldst not reside

[*To the Poet.*
But where one villain is, then him abandon.—

⁶ —but two is company:] The meaning has been said to be, "although you go separately, still there are two in company—the *arch-villain* and yourself." What follows in the text makes this explanation doubtful; and "but two *is* company" is the emendation of the Corr. fol. 1632. The passage has been much questioned.

Hence! pack! there's gold; ye came for gold, ye slaves:
You have done work for me, there's payment: hence!
You are an alchymist, make gold of that.
Out, rascal dogs!

[Beating them out, and returning to his cave.]

SCENE II.—*The Same.*

Enter FLAVIUS, and two Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with Timon;
For he is set so only to himself,
That nothing but himself, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

First Sen. Bring us to his cave:
It is our pact,⁷ and promise to the Athenians,
To speak with Timon.

Second Sen. At all times alike
Men are not still the same. 'Twas time and griefs
That fram'd him thus: time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him. Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave.—
Peace and content be here! lord Timon! Timon!
Look out, and speak to friends. Th' Athenians,
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee:
Speak to them, noble Timon.

⁷ It is our PACT,] *i. e.*, Our compact, bargain, or agreement: it is *part* in the old copies; but in *The Taming of the Shrew*, act ii, sc. 1, p. 46, we have already seen *pact* misprinted *part*, and, as here, amended in the Corr. fol. 1632.

Enter TIMON, from his cave.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn!—Speak, and be hang'd:

For each true word, a blister; and each false
Be as a cauterising to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!

First Sen. Worthy Timon,—

Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

Second Sen. The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

Tim. I thank them; and would send them back the
plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

First Sen. O! forget
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
The senators, with one consent of love,
Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.

Second Sen. They confess
Toward thee forgetfulness, too general, gross;
And now the public body, which doth seldom
Play the recanter, feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
Of its own fail, restraining aid to Timon;
And send forth us, to make their sorrow'd render,
Together with a recompense, more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;
Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it ;
Surprise me to the very brink of tears :
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
And I'll bewEEP these comforts, worthy senators.

First Sen. Therefore, so please thee to return with us,
And of our Athens, thine and ours, to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority :—so soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades th' approaches wild ;
Who, like a boar, too savage doth root up
His country's peace.

Second Sen. And shakes his threat'ning sword
Against the walls of Athens.

First Sen. Therefore, Timon,—

Tim. Well, sir, I will ; therefore, I will, sir, thus,—
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war,
Then let him know,—and tell him Timon speaks it,
In pity of our aged and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him,—that I care not,
And let him take 't at worst ; for their knives care not,
While you have throats to answer : for myself,
There's not a whittle in th' unruly camp,
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous gods,

As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not ; all 's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph ;
It will be seen to-morrow. My long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go ; live still :
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough !

First Sen. We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country ; and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit⁸ doth put it.

First Sen. That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

First Sen. These words become your lips as they pass
through them.

Second Sen. And enter in our ears like great triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them ;

And tell them, that to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them :
I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

Second Sen. I like this well : he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it : tell my friends,

⁸ —BRUIT] *i. e.*, *Report*, *rumour* : see *Henry VI*, Pt. III, act i, sc. 7, p. 93. So used till Churchill's day, and hardly yet obsolete.

Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his halter,⁹
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself.—I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no farther; thus you still shall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again; but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Who once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover: thither come,
And let my gravestone be your oracle.—
Lips, let sour words go by, and language end:
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works, and death their gain.
Sun, hide thy beams: Timon hath done his reign.

[*Exit TIMON to his cave.*]

First Sen. His discontents are unremovably coupled to nature.

Second Sen. Our hope in him is dead. Let us return,
And strain what other mean is left unto us
In our dear peril.

First Sen. It requires swift foot. [Exeunt.]

⁹—let him take his HALTER.] So the Corr. fol. 1632, and no doubt rightly, the old compositor having misread "halter" *haste*. The expression "take his haste", as it stands in the folios, is unprecedented in our language; and that *halter* was the true word we may be said to have the testimony of Burton in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, 1621, where he tells us (pt. i, sect. 4), "Socrates his cicuta, Lucretia's dagger, Timon's *halter*, are yet to be had." Sense, grammar, history, and what some affectedly classical critics call the *ductus literarum*, are all in favour of the emendation.

SCENE III.—*Beneath the walls of Athens.**Enter two Senators, and a Messenger.*

First Sen. Thou hast painfully discover'd : are his files
As full as thy report ?

Mess. I have spoke the least ;
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

Second Sen. We stand much hazard, if they bring not
Timon.

Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend,
Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And bade us speak like friends :¹—this man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter the Senators from TIMON.

First Sen. Here come our brothers.

Third Sen. No talk of Timon ; nothing of him expect.—
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choke the air with dust. In, and prepare :
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare. [Exeunt.]

¹ And BADE us speak like friends :] A passage that has troubled commentators ; but altering *made*, of the old editions, to *bade*, removes all difficulty : it was a very easy misprint.

SCENE IV.—*The Woods. Timon's Cave, and a rude tombstone seen.*

Enter a Soldier, seeking TIMON.

Sold. By all description this should be the place.
Who's here? speak, ho!—No answer?—What is this?
Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span:
Some beast rear'd this;² there does not live a man.
Dead, sure, and this his grave!—What's on this tomb
I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax:
Our captain hath in every figure skill;
An aged interpreter, though young in days.
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*Before the Walls of Athens.*

Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES, and Forces.

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach. [*A parley sounded.*

Enter Senators on the walls.

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice: till now, myself, and such
As slept within the shadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our travers'd arms, and breath'd

² Some beast REAR'D this;] The old copies have *read* for *rear'd*—the emendation in the Corr. fol. 1632: Theobald and Warburton also saw that a letter had been carelessly omitted.

Our sufferance vainly. Now the time is flush,
When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
Cries of itself, *No more* : now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease ;
And pursy insolence shall break his wind
With fear and horrid flight.

First Sen. Noble, and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of fear,
We sent to thee ; to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratiitudes with loves
Above their quantity.

Second Sen. So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love
By humble message, and by promis'd means :
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

First Sen. These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands from whom
You have receiv'd your griefs : nor are they such,
That these great towers, trophies, and schools should fall
For private faults in them.

Second Sen. Nor are they living
Who were the motives that you first went out ;
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread :
By decimation, and a tithed death,
(If thy revenges hunger for that food
Which nature loaths) take thou the destin'd tenth ;
And by the hazard of the spotted die,

Let die the spotted.

First Sen. All have not offended ;
For those that were, it is not square to take,
On those that are, revenges : crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage :
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin,
Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall
With those that have offended. Like a shepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull th' infected forth,
But kill not altogether.

Second Sen. What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Than hew to 't with thy sword.

First Sen. Set but thy foot
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope,
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before
To say, thou 'lt enter friendly.

Second Sen. Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alcib. Then, there's my glove :
Descend, and open your uncharged ports.
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more ; and,—to atone your fears³

³ —to ATONE your fears] *i. e.*, To *at one* or *reconcile* your fears :
see *As you like it*, act v, sc. 4, p. 99, etc.

With my more noble meaning,—not a man
 Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
 Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
 But shall be rendered to your public laws⁴
 At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.

[*The Senators descend: the gates are opened.*]

*Enter a Soldier.*⁵

Sold. My noble general, Timon, is dead;
 Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea;
 And on his gravestone this insculpture, which
 With wax I brought away; whose soft impression
 Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alcib. [*Reads.*] *Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched
 soul bereft:*

*Seek not my name. A plague consume you wicked caitiffs
 left!*

*Here lie I, Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate:
 Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay not here thy
 gait.*⁶

⁴ —RENDERED to your public laws] *Rendered* is absurdly mis-
 printed *remedied* in all the folios: Mason's emendation.

⁵ *Enter a Soldier.*] This is the same soldier who had taken a wax
 impression of the inscription on the tomb of Timon; but here, in the
 old stage-direction, he is called "a Messenger."

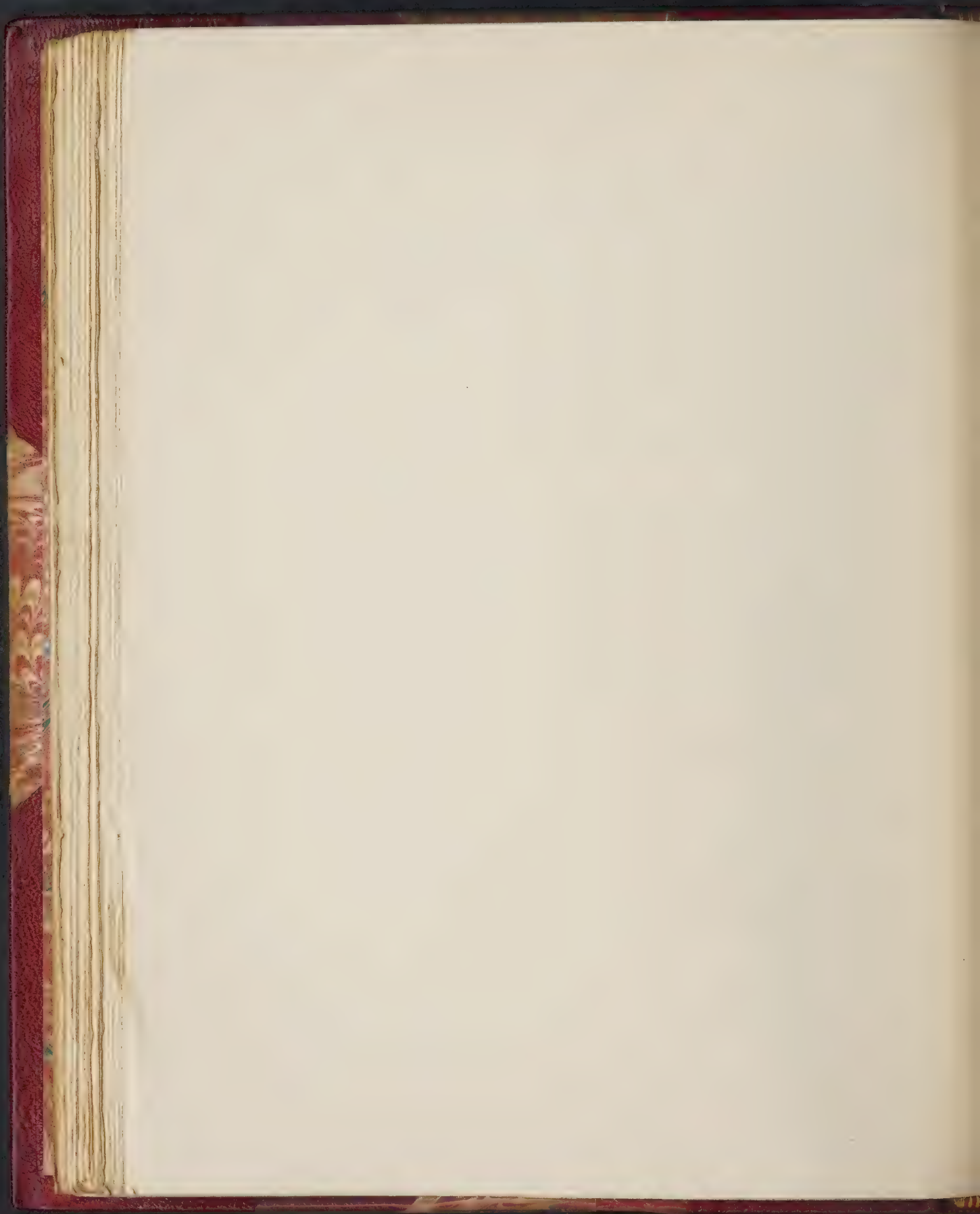
⁶ —and stay not here thy gait.] This, which in the folios, is given
 as one epitaph, is in fact two; this is evident, because in the first
 couplet the reader is told, "Seek not my name", and yet in the next
 line we read, "Here lie I, Timon", etc. They stand separately in

These well express in thee thy latter spirits :
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow, and those our droplets which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave on faults forgiven.⁷ Dead
Is noble Timon ; of whose memory
Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword :
Make war breed peace ; make peace stint war ; make each
Prescribe to other, as each other's leech.—
Let our drums strike.

[*Exeunt.*

Plutarch's Lives, by Sir Thomas North, fol. 1579, p. 1003, and so we have reprinted them.

⁷ —ON faults forgiven.] The conclusion of this drama is especially and irretrievably corrupt : some commentators would here read "*one* fault's forgiven", but we may doubt if the second *on* ought not to be *o'er*, the old compositor having misread *on*, which he had just composed, for *o'er*. We have little doubt that *Timon of Athens* was originally omitted in the folio 1623, because Heminge and Condell, the actor-editors, could not procure a copy of it : when they did procure one, it was most defective and unsatisfactory.



JULIUS CÆSAR.

EDITED BY

J. PAYNE COLLIER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.¹

JULIUS CÆSAR.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,

MARCUS ANTONIUS,

M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS,

} *Triumvirs, after the death of Julius Cæsar.*

CICERO, PUBLIUS, POPILIUS LENA, *Roman Senators.*

MARCUS BRUTUS,

CASSIUS,

CASCA,

TREBONIUS,

LIGARIUS,

DECIUS BRUTUS,

METELLUS CIMBER,

CINNA,

} *Conspirators against Julius Cæsar.*

FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, *Tribunes of the Roman people.*

ARTEMIDORUS, *a Sophist of Cnidos.*

A Soothsayer.

CINNA, *a Poet.* Another Poet.

LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, *young CATO, and VOLUMNIUS ;*
Friends to Brutus and Cassius.

VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS, DARDANIUS, *Servants to Brutus.*

PINDARUS, *Servant to Cassius.*

CALPHURNIA, *Wife to Cæsar.*

PORTIA, *Wife to Brutus.*

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, etc.

SCENE, during the greater part of the Play, at Rome : afterwards at
Sardis ; and near Philippi.

¹ This drama was not printed until it was included in the folio 1623 ; but it was, perhaps, acted before 1601, and certainly before 1603. A list of the principal persons engaged in it was originally made out by Rowe, for his first edition of 1709.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A Street.*

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and a body of Citizens.

Flav. HENCE! home, you idle creatures, get you home.
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day without the sign
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

First Cit. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—
You, sir; what trade are you?

Second Cit. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I
am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

Second Cit. A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a
safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad
soles.

Flav. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave,
what trade?

Second Cit. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me:
yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Flav. What mean'st thou by that? Mend me, thou
saucy fellow?

Second Cit. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Second Cit. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl :
I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters,
but with all. I am, indeed sir, a surgeon to old shoes ;
when they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As proper
men as ever trod upon neat's-leather have gone upon my
handiwork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day ?
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets ?

Second Cit. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get my-
self into more work. But, indeed sir, we make holiday, to
see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice ? What conquest brings he
home ?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels ?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things !
O ! you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey ? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome :
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tyber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores ?
And do you now put on your best attire ?

And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen; and for this fault
Assemble all the poor men of your sort:
Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all. [*Exeunt* Citizens.
See whe'r² their basest metal be not mov'd;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol:
This way will I. Disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so?
You know, it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing,
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*

² —WHE'R] Printed *where* in the old copies, to indicate, perhaps, that it was to be considered a monosyllable. Words of two syllables are often, in Shakespeare's verse, to be pronounced as one; such is the case with *towards*, only two lines lower: finger-counting critics often make this mistake—time, ear, and taste were Shakespeare's guides.

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Public Place.*

Enter, in procession, with music, CÆSAR ; ANTONY, for the course ; CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA ; a great crowd following, among them a Soothsayer.

Cæs. Calphurnia,—

Casca. Peace, ho ! Cæsar speaks. [*Music ceases.*

Cæs.

Calphurnia,—

Cal. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course.—Antonius,—

Ant. Cæsar, my lord.

Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Caphurnia ; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.

Ant.

I shall remember :

When Cæsar says *Do this*, it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on ; and leave no ceremony out.

[*Music.*

Sooth. Cæsar !

Cæs. Ha ! who calls ?

Casca. Bid every noise be still.—Peace yet again !

[*Music ceases.*

Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me ?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry, *Cæsar !* Speak : Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs.

What man is that ?

Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

Cæs. Set him before me ; let me see his face,

Cas. Fellow, come from the throng : look upon Cæsar.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now ? Speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer ; let us leave him :—pass.

[*Sennet. Exeunt all but BRU. and CAS.*]

Cas. Will you go see the order of the course ?

Bru. Not I.

Cas. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome : I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires ;
I'll leave you.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late ;
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And show of love, as I was wont to have :
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd : if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours ;
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one)
Nor construe any farther my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion ;

By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself
But by reflection by some other thing.

Cas. 'Tis just;
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirror, as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortal Cæsar) speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear;
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laughèr, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself, in banqueting,
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[Flourish, and a multitudinous shout.]

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently;
For, let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, *Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?*—Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,

And stemming it, with hearts of controversy ;
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cried, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink !*
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man
Is now become a god ; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake : 'tis true, this god did shake !
His coward lips did from their colour fly ;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose his lustre : I did hear him groan ;
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas ! it cried, *Give me some drink, Titinius,*
As a sick girl. Ye gods ! it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. [Shout, and flourish.]

Bru. Another general shout !

I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus ; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates :

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Brutus, and *Cæsar* : what should be in that *Cæsar* ?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours ?

Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;
Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.

Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great ? Age, thou art sham'd :
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods !

When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man ?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man ?

Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.

O ! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
Th' eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous ;
What you would work me to, I have some aim ;
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter : for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any farther mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider ; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things.

Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this :—
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions, as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad
That my weak words have struck but thus much show
Of fire from Brutus. [Shouts.]

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Re-enter CÆSAR, and his Train.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve ;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Bru. I will do so.—But, look you, Cassius ;
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train.
Calphurnia's cheek is pale ; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. Antonius !

Ant. Cæsar ?

Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fat ;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights.
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look ;
He thinks too much : such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar ; he's not dangerous :
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. 'Would he were fatter ; but I fear him not :

Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much ;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men : he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony ; he hears no music :
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at anything.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves ;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear ; for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train : CASCA stays behind.]

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak ; would you speak
with me ?

Bru. Ay, Casca ; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him,
Were you not ?

Bru. I should not, then, ask Casca what hath chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him ; and being
offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus ;
and then the people fell a-shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for ?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice : what was the last cry for ?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice ?

Casca. Ay, marry, was 't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other ; and at every putting by mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offered him the crown ?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hanged, as tell the manner of it : it was mere foolery ; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown :—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets ;—and, as I told you, he put it by once ; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again ; then he put it by again ; but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time : he put it the third time by ; and still as he refused it, the rabblement shouted, and clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath, because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar ; for he swooned, and fell down at it. And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you. What ! did Cæsar swoon ?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like ; he hath the falling-sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not ; but you, and I, And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that ; but I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased

them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offered them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues :—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, *If he had done or said anything amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity.* Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, *Alas, good soul!*—and forgave him with all their hearts. But there's no heed to be taken of them : if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came thus sad away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say anything?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again : but those that understood him smiled at one another, and shook their heads ; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news, too : Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well : there was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No ; I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good ; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so. Farewell, both.

[*Exit.*

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be.
He was quick mettle when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you :
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you ; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so :—till then, think of the world.

[*Exit* BRUTUS.

Well, Brutus, thou art noble ; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd : therefore, 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes ;
For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd ?
Cæsar doth bear me hard, but he loves Brutus :
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name ; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at :
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure,
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Street in Rome.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, with his sword drawn, and CICERO.

Cic. Good even, Casca. Brought you Cæsar home ?
Why are you breathless, and why stare you so ?

Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm ? O, Cicero !

I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks ; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds ;
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful ?

Casca. A common slave (you know him well by sight)
Held up his left hand, which did flame, and burn
Like twenty torches join'd ; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides (I have not since put up my sword)
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me : and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear, who swore they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit,

Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
These are their reasons,—they are natural ;
For I believe they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed it is a strange-disposed time :
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow ?

Casca. He doth ; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca : this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [Exit CICERO.]

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there ?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this !

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so ?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night ;
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone :
And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens ?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca ; and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and case yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens ;
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind ;
Why old men, fools, and children calculate ;
Why all these things change from their ordinance,
Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,
To monstrous quality ; why, you shall find
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning,
Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night ;
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol :
A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
In personal action ; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean ; is it not, Cassius ?

Cas. Let it be who it is : for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors ;
But, woe the while ! our fathers' minds are dead,

And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits :
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed they say, the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king ;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy,

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger, then ;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius :
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong ;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat.
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit ;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure. *[Thunder still.]*

Casca. So can I :
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant, then ?
Poor man ! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep :
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak straws : what trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar ? But, O grief !
Where hast thou led me ? I, perhaps, speak this

Before a willing bondman : then I know
My answer must be made ; but I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca ; and to such a man
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand :
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence ;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch : for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir, or walking in the streets,
And the complexion of the element,
In favour's like the work³ we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

Enter CINNA.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait :
He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so ?

Cin. To find out you. Who's that ? Metellus Cimber ?

Cas. No, it is Casca ; one incorporate
To our attempt. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna ?

³ In FAVOUR'S like the work—] *i. e.*, In *appearance*, or, more strictly, in *countenance*, is like the work, etc. The folios all read, "*Is favour's*". Rowe printed *Is fev'rous*.

Cin. I am glad on 't.—What a fearful night is this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not stay'd for? Tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are.

O, Cassius! if you could but win the noble Brutus
To our party—

Cas. Be you content. Good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber, and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre. [*Exit CIN.*]
Come, Casca, you and I will yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already; and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

Casca. O! he sits high in all the people's hearts;
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

Cas. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rome. Brutus's Orchard.

*Enter BRUTUS.**Bru.* What, Lucius! ho!—

I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say: what, Lucius!

*Enter LUCIUS.**Luc.* Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord.*[Exit.*

Bru. It must be by his death; and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder,
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—that;
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
Th' abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power; and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,

Whereto the climber-upward turns his face ;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may :
Then, lest he may, prevent : and, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus ; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these, and these extremities ;
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up ; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

[Giving a letter to BRUTUS.]

Bru. Get you to bed again ; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March ?⁴

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir.

[Exit.]

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light that I may read by them.

[Opens the letter, and reads.]

*Brutus, thou sleep'st : awake, and see thyself,
Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress !*

⁴ —the IDES of March ?] All the folios read, "the first of March", a decided error, corrected by Theobald.

Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake!—

Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.

Shall Rome, etc. Thus must I piece it out;
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What! Rome?
My ancestor did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
Speak, strike, redress!—Am I entreated
To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.⁵

[Knocking within.

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.

[Exit LUCIUS.

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The genius, and the mortal instruments,
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

⁵ Sir, March is wasted FOURTEEN days.] "*Fifteen* days" in all editions before that of Theobald. Just above, "ancestor" is misprinted *ancestors* in the old copies; and neither error, though obvious, is set right in the Corr. fol. 1632.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius⁶ at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.

Bru. Let them enter.— [*Exit* LUCIUS.]
They are the faction. O conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O! then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy:
Hide it in smiles, and affability;
For if thou put⁷ thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS
CIMBER, and TREBONIUS.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour; awake, all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?

⁶ Sir, 'tis your BROTHER Cassius—] Cassius was brother to Brutus by reason of the marriage of the former with the sister of the latter.

⁷ For if thou PUT,] *Put* is *path* in the folios—probably a misprint, though *path* is used in a similar way by Drayton.

Cas. Yes, every man of them ; and no man here
But honours you : and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This Casca ; this Cinna ;
And this Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night ?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word ? [BRU. and CAS. *whisper.*

Dec. Here lies the east : doth not the day break here ?

Casca. No.

Cin. O ! pardon, sir, it doth ; and yond' grey lines,
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceived.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises ;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire ; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. [To them.] Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath : if not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed ;

So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,
What need we any spur, but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? what other bond,
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word
And will not palter? and what other oath,
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs: unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor th' insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think that, or our cause, or our performance,
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin.

No, by no means.

Met. O! let's have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;

Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O ! name him not ; let us not break with him,
For he will never follow anything
That other men begin.

Cas. Then, leave him out:

Casca. Indeed he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd, but only Cæsar ?

Cas. Decius, well urg'd : I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar : we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver ; and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all ; which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards ;
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar,
And in the spirit of men there is no blood :
O, that we, then, could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar ! But, alas !
Cæsar must bleed for it. And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully ;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds :
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make

Our purpose necessary, and not envious ;
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him,
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet, I fear him.

For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar,—

Bru. Alas ! good Cassius, do not think of him.

If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself,—take thought, and die for Cæsar :
And that were much he should ; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him ; let him not die ;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter. [*Clock strikes.*]

Bru. Peace ! count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet

Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no ;
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies.
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that : if he be so resolv'd,
I can o'ersway him ; for he loves to hear,
That unicorns may be betrayed with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,

Lions with toils, and men with flatterers ;
 But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
 He says he does, being then most flattered.
 Let me work ;

For I can give his humour the true bent,
 And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour : is that the uttermost ?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
 Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey :
 I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him :⁸
 He loves me well, and I have given him reason ;
 Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon 's : we'll leave you,
 Brutus.—

And, friends, disperse yourselves ; but all remember
 What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily.
 Let not our looks put on our purposes ;
 But bear it as our Roman actors do,
 With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy :
 And so, good-morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but BRUTUS.*

Boy ! Lucius !—Fast asleep ? It is no matter ;
 Enjoy the heavy honey-dew of slumber :⁹

⁸ —go along by him :] *i. e.*, By his house. The expression seems equivalent to the Fr. *chez lui*.

⁹ Enjoy the HEAVY HONEY-DEW of slumber :] So the Corr. fol. 1632, for *honey-heavy dew*, of all the old, as well as modern, editions.

Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men ;
Therefore, thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord !

Bru. Portia, what mean you ? Wherefore rise you now ?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You have ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed : and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across ;
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks.
I urg'd you farther ; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot :
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not ;
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
Which seem'd too much enkindled ; and, withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep ;
And, could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do.—Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick, and is it physical
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What! is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night,
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: and upon my knees
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy? and what men to-night
Have had resort to you? for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort, or limitation;
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman ; but, withal,
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife :
I grant I am a woman ; but, withal,
A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd, and so husbanded ?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them.
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh : can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets ?

Bru. O ye gods !
Render me worthy of this noble wife. [*Knocking within.*
Hark, hark ! one knocks. Portia, go in a while ;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows.
Leave me with haste. [*Exit PORTIA.*

Enter LUCIUS and LIGARIUS.

Lucius, who's that knocks ?

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—

Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius ! how ? [*Exit LUC.*

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O ! what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief ! Would you were not sick !

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins,
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

Lig. But are not some whole that we must make sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you,
To do I know not what; but it sufficeth,
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me, then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. An Apartment in Cæsar's Palace.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR, in his nightgown.

Cæs. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace to-
night:

Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
Help, ho! They murder Cæsar!—Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord.

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord.

[*Exit* Servant.]

Enter CALPHURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: the things that threaten'd me
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of battle hurtled in the air;
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths;

The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear ;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Re-enter the Servant.

What say the augurers ?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice :
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not : Danger knows full well,
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We are two lions¹ litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible ;
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas ! my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day : call it my fear,
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house,
And he shall say you are not well to-day :
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this. *[Kneeling.]*

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not well ;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIUS,

Here's Decius Brutus ; he shall tell them so.

¹ We ARE two lions] All the folios, "We *heare* two lions."

Dec. Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Cæsar :
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day :
Cannot is false ; and that I dare not, falser :
I will not come to-day. Tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie ?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell grey-beards the truth ?
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will ; I will not come :
That is enough to satisfy the senate ;
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know,
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home.
She dream'd to-night she saw my statue,²
Which, like a fountain with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood ; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it :
And these does she apply for warnings and portents,
And evils imminent ; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted :
It was a vision, fair and fortunate.

² —STATUE,] The word *statue* in the time of Shakespeare, we know, was frequently printed and pronounced as a trisyllable : see *Henry VI*, Pt. II, act iii, sc. 2, p. 64. Farther on it is a dissyllable.

Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood ; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say ;
And know it now :—the senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock,
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
*Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.*
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
Lo ! Cæsar is afraid ?

Pardon me, Cæsar ; for my dear dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this,
And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia !
I am ashamed I did yield to them.—
Give me my robe, for I will go :—

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA,
TREBONIUS, and CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.—

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too ?—

Good-morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,

Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean.—
What is 't o'clock ?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis stricken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See ! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up.—Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within :

I am to blame to be thus waited for.—

Now, Cinna :—Now, Metellus.—What, Trebonius !

I have an hour's talk in store for you ;

Remember that you call on me to-day :

Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will :—and so near will I be, [*Aside.*
That your best friends shall wish I had been farther.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me,
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. That every like is not the same, O Cæsar !

The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Street near the Capitol.*

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper.

Art. Cæsar, beware of Brutus : take heed of Cassius ; come not
near Casca : have an eye to Cinna : trust not Trebonius ; mark well
Metellus Cimber : Decius Brutus loves thee not : thou hast wronged
Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is
bent against Cæsar. If thou be'st not immortal, look about you :

security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee !
Thy lover,

ARTEMIDORUS.

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæsar ! thou mayst live ;
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The Same. Another part of the Street, before
the House of Brutus.*

Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house :
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why dost thou stay ?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.—
O, constancy ! be strong upon my side ;
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue.
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel !—
Art thou here yet ?

Luc. Madam, what should I do ?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else ;
And so return to you, and nothing else ?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth : and take good note
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.

Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Pr'ythee, listen well:

I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow.

Which way hast thou been?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

Sooth. Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar, as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards
him?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear may
chance.³

Good morrow to you.—Here the street is narrow:

³ —MAY CHANCE.] Some editors have pronounced these two words "an interpolation"; but they are in every old copy as a line of twelve syllables: many such came from the poet's pen, and why are critics to curtail them? They are part of Shakespeare's style, in opposition to the old unvarying and tedious form of ten-syllable verses, as it existed before his better day.

The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death :
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along.

[*Exit.*

Por. I must go in.—Ah me ! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is. O Brutus !
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise !
Sure, the boy heard me :—Brutus hath a suit,
That Cæsar will not grant.—O ! I grow faint.—
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord ;
Say I am merry : come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Near the Capitol ; the Senate sitting.*

*A crowd of people in the street leading to the Capitol ;
among them ARTEMIDORUS, and the Soothsayer.*

*Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA,
DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY,
LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and Others.*

Cæs. The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar ; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar ! Read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O, Cæsar! read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: read it, great Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us? ourself shall be last serv'd.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæs. What! is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cas. What! urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

*CÆSAR enters the Capitol, the rest following. All the
Senators rise.*

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well.

[Advancing towards CÆSAR.]

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

Cas. He wish'd, to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: mark him.

Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant:

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purpose;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

*[Exeunt ANTONY and TREBONIUS. CÆSAR
and the Senators take their seats.]*

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is address'd:⁴ press near, and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

Casca. Are we all ready?⁵

Cæs. What is now amiss,
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart:— [Kneeling.

Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These crouchings, and these lowly courtesies,
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance, and first decree,
Into the law of children. Be not fond
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
Low-crouched curtesies, and base spaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished:
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

⁴ He is ADDRESS'D:] *i. e.*, He is *ready*. So in *King Henry VI*, Pt. II, act iv, sc. 4, p. 88, "Our navy is *address'd*", etc.

⁵ Are we all ready?] This question certainly belongs to Casca, and to him it is assigned in Corr. fol. 1632.

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar ;
Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus !

Cas. Pardon, Cæsar ; Cæsar, pardon :
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you ;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me ;
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true, fix'd, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine ;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place :
So, in the world ; 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive ;
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion : and, that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this,
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar !—

Cæs. Hence ! Wilt thou lift up Olympus ?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel ?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me.

[CASCA stabs CÆSAR in the neck. CÆSAR catches hold of his arm : he is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and last by MARCUS BRUTUS.]

Cæs. *Et tu, Brute?*—Then fall, Cæsar. [Dies.
[*The Senators and People retire in confusion.*

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!

Bru. People, and senators! be not affrighted.
Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
Should chance—

Bru. Talk not of standing.—Publius, good cheer:
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else; so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so:—and let no man abide this deed,
But we, the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where's Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house, amaz'd.
Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures.—
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Casca. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit :
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords ;
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, *Peace, Freedom, and Liberty !*

Cas. Stoop then, and wash.—How many ages hence,
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown !

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust !

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What ! shall we forth ?

Cas. Ay, every man away :
Brutus shall lead ; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Bru. Soft ! who comes here ? A friend of Antony's.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel ;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down,
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say :
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest ;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving ;
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him ;
Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.

*If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
With all true faith.* So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman:
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit Servant.*]

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish we may; but yet have I a mind,
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Bru. But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,

Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die :
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony ! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do ; yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done :
Our hearts you see not ; they are pitiful ;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity)
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony :
Our arms, in strength of manhood,⁶ and our hearts,
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand :

⁶ —in strength of MANHOOD,] *Manhood* is *malice* in the old copies, no doubt misheard, and misprinted for *manhood*, which clears the sense of a much-disputed passage.

First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you ;—
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand ;—
Now, Decius Brutus, yours ;—now yours, Metellus ;—
Yours, Cinna ;—and, my valiant Casca, yours ;—
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas ! what shall I say ?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.—
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O ! 'tis true :
If, then, thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble ! in the presence of thy corse ?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius ! Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart ;
Here didst thou fall ; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy death.⁷
O world ! thou wast the forest to this hart ;
And this, indeed, O world ! the heart of thee.—
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie ?

Cas. Mark Antony !—

Ant.

Pardon me, Caius Cassius :

⁷ and crimson'd in thy DEATH.] *Death* is *lethe* in the folios, but Theobald considered it a misprint for *death*, spelt *dethe*, and so it is amended in Corr. fol. 1632.

The enemies of Cæsar shall say this ;
Then, in a friend it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so,
But what compact mean you to have with us ?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you ?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands ; but was, indeed,
Sway'd from the point by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why, and wherein, Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle.
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That 's all I seek :
And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place ;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.—
You know not what you do : do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral.
Know you how much the people may be moved
By that which he will utter ?

Bru. By your pardon ;
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death :
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission ;

And that we are contented, Cæsar shall
Have all due rites, and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall : I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar ;
And say you do 't by our permission,
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral : and you shall speak,
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so ;

I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body, then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but ANTONY.*]

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers !
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood !
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy
(Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue)
A curse shall light upon the loins of men ;⁸
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy :
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,

⁸ —the LOINS of men ;] So the Corr. fol. 1632 ; for "the limbs of men" of the old copies, referring, of course, to posterity.

That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war,
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds :
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry *Havoc* ! and let slip the dogs of war ;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not ?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming,
And bid me say to you by word of mouth,——

O Cæsar ! *[Seeing the dead body.]*

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching ; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Begin to water. Is thy master coming ?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath
chanc'd.

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet :
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay a while ;
Thou shalt not back, till I have borne this corpse
Into the market-place : there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men ;

According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt, with the body of CÆSAR.*]

SCENE II.—*The Roman Forum.*

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, with a throng of Citizens.

Cit. We will be satisfied : let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.—
Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here ;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him ;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

First Cit. I will hear Brutus speak.

Second Cit. I will hear Cassius ; and compare their
reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens : BRUTUS
mounts the rostrum.*]

Third Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended. Silence !

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers ! hear me for my cause,
and be silent that you may hear : believe me for mine
honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may
believe : censure me in your wisdom, and awake your
senses that you may the better judge. If there be any
in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say,
that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then,

that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then, none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY and Others, with CÆSAR'S body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart; that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus! live! live!

First Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Second Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Cit. Let him be Cæsar.

Fourth Cit. Cæsar's better parts

Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

First Cit. We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen,—

Second Cit. Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

First Cit. Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone;

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:

Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech

Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony,

By our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [Exit.

First Cit. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

Third Cit. Let him go up into the public chair:

We'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up. [ANT. ascends.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

Fourth Cit. What does he say of Brutus?

Third Cit. He says, for Brutus' sake,

He finds himself beholding to us all.

Fourth Cit. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

First Cit. This Cæsar was a tyrant.

Third Cit. Nay, that's certain:

We are bless'd that Rome is rid of him.

Second Cit. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

Cit. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears :
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones ;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious :
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honourable man,
So are they all, all honourable men)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me :
But Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept ;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause :
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him ?

O judgment ! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason.—Bear with me ;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Cit. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

Second Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

Third Cit. Has he, masters ?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

Fourth Cit. Mark'd ye his words ? He would not take
the crown :

Therefore, 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

First Cit. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

Second Cit. Poor soul ! his eyes are red as fire with
weeping.

Third Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome than
Antony.

Fourth Cit. Now mark him : he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world : now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters ! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men :
I will not do them wrong : I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar ;
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will :
Let but the commons hear this testament,

(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

Fourth Cit. We'll hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will ! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends ; I must not read it :
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men ;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs ;
For if you should, O ! what would come of it ?

Fourth Cit. Read the will ! we'll hear it, Antony ;
You shall read us the will : Cæsar's will !

Ant. Will you be patient ? Will you stay a while ?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it :
I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar ; I do fear it.

Fourth Cit. They were traitors : honourable men !

All. The will ! the testament !

Second Cit. They were villains, murderers. The will !
read the will.

Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the will ?—
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend ? and will you give me leave ?

All. Come down.

Second Cit. Descend.

[ANTONY comes down.

Third Cit. You shall have leave.

Fourth Cit. A ring : stand round.

First Cit. Stand from the hearse ; stand from the body.

Second Cit. Room for Antony ;—most noble Antony !

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me ; stand far off.

All. Stand back ! room ! bear back !

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle : I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;

'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,

That day he overcame the Nervii.

Look ! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through :

See, what a rent the envious Casca made :

Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd ;

And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,

Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,

As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd

If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no ;

For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him !

This was the most unkindest cut of all ;

For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,

Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,

Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his mighty heart ;

And in his mantle muffling up his face,

Even at the base of Pompey's statue,⁹

Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !

⁹ 'Even at the base of Pompey's STATUE,] *Statue* is here to be pronounced as a trisyllable.

Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O! now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls! what! weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

First Cit. O piteous spectacle!

Second Cit. O noble Cæsar!

Third Cit. O woful day!

Fourth Cit. O traitors! villains!

First Cit. O most bloody sight!

Citizens. We will be revenged: revenge! about,—seek,
—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay!—let not a traitor live!

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

First Cit. Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

Second Cit. We'll hear him; we'll follow him; we'll die
with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honourable:

What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,

That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:

I am no orator, as Brutus is;

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,

That love my friend; and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him:

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood : I only speak right on ;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know ;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me : but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We 'll mutiny.

First Cit. We 'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Cit. Away then ! come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen ; yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho ! Hear Antony ; most noble Antony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves ?

Alas ! you know not :—I must tell you, then.

You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true ;—the will : let 's stay, and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

Second Cit. Most noble Cæsar !—we 'll revenge his death.

Third Cit. O royal Cæsar !

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho !

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tyber : he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever ; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar : when comes such another ?

First Cit. Never, never!—Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

Second Cit. Go, fetch fire.

Third Cit. Pluck down benches.

Fourth Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, anything.

[*Exeunt Citizens confusedly, with the body.*]

Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art a-foot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!—How now, fellow!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him:
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us anything.

Serv. I heard them say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Street.*

Enter CINNA, the poet.

Cin. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unlucky charge my fantasy.
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter several Citizens.

First Cit. What is your name?

Second Cit. Whither are you going?

Third Cit. Where do you dwell?

Fourth Cit. Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

Second Cit. Answer every man directly.

First Cit. Ay, and briefly.

Fourth Cit. Ay, and wisely.

Third Cit. Ay, and truly; you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly, and briefly, wisely, and truly: wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

Second Cit. That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry:—you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

First Cit. As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

Second Cit. That matter is answered directly.

Fourth Cit. For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

Third Cit. Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

First Cit. Tear him to pieces: he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet; I am Cinna the poet.

Fourth Cit. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

Second Cit. It is no matter; his name's Cinna: pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

Third Cit. Tear him, tear him! Come: brands, ho! firebrands! To Brutus,' to Cassius'; burn all! Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius'. Away! go! [Exeunt.

ACT IV.SCENE I.—*A Room in Antony's House.*

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a table.

Ant. These many, then, shall die; their names are prick'd.

Oct. Your brother, too, must die: consent you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent.

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live: look, with a spot I damn him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we will determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. [Exit LEPIDUS.

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,

The threefold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it ?

Oct. So you thought him ;
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you :
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way ;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will ;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius ; and for that
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit :
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so ;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth :
A barren-spirited fellow ; one that feeds
On abject orts and imitations,¹
Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion : do not talk of him,

¹ On ABJECT ORTS, and imitations,] Theobald's emendation for
"objects, arts, and imitations." We are not quite satisfied with the
change, but *abject* has been several times misprinted.

But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things. Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers : we must straight make head :
Therefore, let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out ;²
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so ; for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies ;
And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before Brutus' Tent, in the Camp near Sardis.*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and Soldiers :
TITINIUS and PINDARUS meet them.

Bru. Stand, ho !

Luc. Give the word, ho ! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius ? Is Cassius near ?

Luc. He is at hand ; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

[PINDARUS gives a letter, and BRUTUS reads it.]

Bru. He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone ; but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

² —and our BEST means stretch'd OUT ;] The words *best* and *out*
are from the second folio.

Pin. I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius :
How he receiv'd you let me be resolv'd.

Luc. With courtesy, and with respect enough ;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.

Bru. Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith ;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle ;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on ?

Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd :
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [March within.

Bru. Hark ! he is arriv'd.—
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho !

Bru. Stand, ho ! Speak the word along.

Within. Stand !

Within. Stand !

Within. Stand !

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods ! Wrong I mine enemies ?
And if not so, how should I wrong a brother ?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs ;
And when you do them——

Bru. Cassius, be content,
Speak your griefs softly ; I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle : bid them move away ;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucius, do you the like ; and let no man
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.
Let Lucilius and Titinius guard the door. [Exeunt.²

SCENE III.—*Within the Tent of Brutus.*

LUCIUS and TITINIUS stand far behind.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this :
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;

² *Exeunt.*] To be supposed by the audience. Modern editors (after long notes upon such a trifling error) very properly make the names of Lucius and Lucilius change places : the old copies err in this respect. In fact, Brutus and Cassius *manent*, while the rest go out of sight, or hearing.

Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius;³ you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember.
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.*

³ Let me tell you, Cassius; you yourself] Into this line some modern editors have thrust *and*, others *yet*, neither of them in the old copies. We leave it as probably Shakespeare left it, with a pause after, "Let me tell you, Cassius." Cassius is strictly a trisyllable; so that either way they are wrong, and do injustice to the poet.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me,⁴
I'll not endure it : you forget yourself,
To hedge me in : I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself,
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to ; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more ; I shall forget myself :
Have mind upon your health ; tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, slight man !

Cas. Is't possible ?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler ?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares ?

Cas. O ye gods ! ye gods ! Must I endure all this ?

Bru. All this ? ay, more. Fret, till your proud heart
break :

Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge ?
Must I observe you ? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour ? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you ; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth ; yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this ?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier :
Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,

⁴ Brutus, BAY not me,] "*Bait* not me" in the folios, but it seems most probable that the angry Cassius retorted the word of Brutus.

And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of abler men.⁵

Cas. You wrong me every way ; you wrong me, Brutus ;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better :
Did I say, better ?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar liv'd he durst not thus have mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace ! you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not ?

Bru. No.

Cas. What ! durst not tempt him ?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love :
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me ;
For I can raise no money by vile means :
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me : was that done like Cassius ?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so ?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,

⁵ —of ABLER men.] So the Corr. fol. 1632, for "*noble* men" of all the folios : the emendation is inevitable.

To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods ; with all your thunderbolts
Dash him to pieces !

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not : he was but a fool that brought
My answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd my heart :
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they did appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come !
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is a-weary of the world :
Hated by one he loves ; brav'd by his brother ;
Check'd like a bondman ; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O ! I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes.—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast ; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold :
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth ;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart.
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar ; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger.

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius ! you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire ;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him ?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much ?—Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart, too.

Cas. O Brutus !—

Bru. What 's the matter ?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour, which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful ?

Bru. Yes, Cassius ; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He 'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[*Noise within.*

Poet. [*Within.*] Let me go in to see the generals.
There is some grudge between them ; 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Luc. [*Within.*] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [*Within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet.

Cas. How now ! What 's the matter ?

Poet. For shame, you generals ! What do you mean ?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be ;
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha ! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme.

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah : saucy fellow, hence.

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus ; 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time.
What should the wars do with these jiggling fools ?
Companion, hence.⁶

Cas. Away, away ! be gone. [Exit Poet.]

Enter LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you,
Immediately to us. [Exeunt LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.]

Bru. Lucius ! a bowl of wine.

Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Bru. O Cassius ! I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better.—Portia is dead.

Cas. Ha ! Portia ?

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How scap'd I killing when I cross'd you so ?—
O, insupportable and touching loss !—
Upon what sickness ?

Bru. Impatient of my absence ;
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong ;—for with her death
That tidings came :—with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

⁶ COMPANION, hence.] *Companion* here, as in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act iii, sc. 1, p. 50, and in various other places, is used as a term of contempt, or reproach.

Cas. And died so ?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O, ye immortal gods !

Enter LUCIUS, with wine and a lighted taper.

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine :
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. *[Drinking.]*

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.—
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup ;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. *[Drinking.]*
[Exit LUCIUS.]

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

Bru. Come in, Titinius.—Welcome, good Messala.—
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia, art thou gone ?

Bru. No more, I pray you.—
Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenor.

Bru. With what addition ?

Mes. That by proscription, and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree :
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one ?

Mes. Cicero is dead.

And by that order of proscription.—

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord ?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her ?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you ? Hear you aught of her in yours ?

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then, like a Roman bear the truth I tell :

For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Messala :
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive.—What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently ?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason ?

Cas. This it is.

'Tis better that the enemy seek us :
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence ; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,
Do stand but in a forc'd affection ;
For they have grudg'd us contribution :
The enemy marching along by them,

By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-hearted, and encourag'd;⁷
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note beside,
That we have tried the utmost of our friends;
Our legions are brimful, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on:
We will along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity,
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?

Cas. No more. Good night:
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

⁷ Come on refresh'd, new-HEARTED, and encourag'd;] The old text is, "Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd"; but the old compositor mistook, or misheard, new-added for new-hearted. The emendation is from the Corr. fol. 1632.

Bru. Lucius, my gown. [*Exit LUCIUS.*] Farewell, good Messala :—

Good night, Titinius.—Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O, my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night.
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Everything is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit., Mes. Good night, lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one.
[*Exeunt CAS., TIT., and MES.*]

Re-enter LUCIUS, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What! thou speak'st drowsily:
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.
Call Claudius, and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro, and Claudius!

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep:
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so ; lie down, good sirs :
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.—
Look, Lucius, here 's the book I sought for so ;
I put it in the pocket of my gown. [*Attendants lie down.*

Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy ; I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two ?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an 't please you.

Bru. It does, my boy.
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might :
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again ;
I will not hold thee long : if I do live,
I will be good to thee.

[*Music and a song. LUCIUS gradually falls asleep.*

This is a sleepy tune. O murderous slumber !
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music ?—Gentle knave, good night ;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument :
I 'll take it from thee ; and, good boy, good night.—
Let me see, let me see : is not the leaf turn'd down,
Where I left reading ?—Here it is, I think.

[*He sits down to read.*

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns.—Ha ! who comes here ?—

I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me.—Art thou anything?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me, what thou art?

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well; then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest: [*Ghost vanishes.*]

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—

Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!

Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false. [*Waking.*]

Bru. He thinks he is still at his instrument.—

Lucius, awake!

Luc. My lord.

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou see anything?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!

Fellow thou, awake!

Var. My lord.

Clau. My lord.

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Var., Clau. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay: saw you anything?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau.

Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius :

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,

And we will follow.

Var., Clau.

It shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Plains of Philippi.*

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered.

You said the enemy would not come down,

But keep the hills and upper regions ;

It proves not so : their battles are at hand :

They mean to warn us⁸ at Philippi here,

Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut ! I am in their bosoms, and I know

Wherefore they do it : they could be content

To visit other places ; and come down

With fearful bravery, thinking by this face

To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage ;

But tis not so.

⁸ —WARN us] To *warn* is to *summon*. The use of the word in this sense was common : see *King John*, act ii, sc. 1, p. 21, etc.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals ;
The enemy comes on in gallant show :
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I ; keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent ?

Oct. I do not cross you ; but I will do so.⁹

Drum. *Enter* BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and their Army* ; LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, *and Others.*

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius : we must out and talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle ?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth ; the generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows ; is it so, countrymen ?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words :
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, *Long live ! hail, Cæsar !*

Cas. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown ;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

⁹ —but I will do so.] The old copies here put *March* in the margin, but they stand to parley.

Ant. Not stingless, too.

Bru. O! yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains! you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O, you flatterers!¹

Cas. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.

Oct. Come, come, the cause: if arguing makes us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look! I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?—
Never, till Cæsar's three-and-thirty wounds²
Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So; I hope
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

¹ O, YOU flatterers!] Here modern editors cut out the emphatic pronoun, as if the poet had not meant by *you* to give especial application and force to the word *flatterers*: Cassius instantly felt it.

² —three-and-THIRTY wounds] This is the reading of all the old copies. Theobald changed it to three-and-*twenty*, and he was certainly supported by Plutarch, Suetonius, etc.; but we are not thereby warranted in changing the text as it has come down to us, and as it was written by Shakespeare. It was the poet's error.

Bru. O ! if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

Ant. Old Cassius still.

Oct. Come, Antony ; away !—
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth :
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field ;
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt* OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and *their Army.*]

Cas. Why now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark !
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho ! Lucilius ; hark, a word with you.

Luc.

My lord.

[*BRUTUS and LUCILIUS talk aside.*]

Cas. Messala,—

Mes.

What says my general ?

Cas.

Messala :

This is my birthday ; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala :
Be thou my witness, that against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compelled to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know, that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion : now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign
Two mighty eagles fell ; and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands ;
Who to Philippi here consorted us :
This morning are they fled away, and gone,

And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites,
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey : their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly,
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age !
But since the affairs of men rest still incertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together :
What are you then determined to do ?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy,
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself, I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life,—arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of those high powers,³
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,

³ —of THOSE high powers.] So the Corr. fol. 1632, for "some high powers" of the folios : Brutus was in no condition of mind to distinguish *some* from other high powers. In the preceding line we might possibly read, "The *term* of life."

You are contented to be led in triumph
Through the streets of Rome ?

Bru. No, Cassius, no : think, not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome ;
He bears too great a mind : but this same day
Must end that work the ides of March began,
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore, our everlasting farewell take :—
For ever and for ever, farewell, Cassius.
If we do meet again, why we shall smile :
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus.
If we do meet again, we 'll smile indeed ;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why, then lead on.—O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come !
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is known.—Come, ho ! away ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Same. The Field of Battle.*

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills⁴
Unto the legions on the other side. [*Loud alarum.*]
Let them set on at once ; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,

⁴ —and give these bills] Shakespeare here followed Plutarch very exactly, who tells us that Brutus, at this point, “sent little bills to the colonels and captains of private bands” instructing them to come down to give this sudden onset.

And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala : let them all come down. [Exit.

SCENE III.—*The Same. Another Part of the Field.*

Alarum. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.

Cas. O look, Titinius, look ! the villains fly !
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy :
This ensign here of mine was turning back ;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius ! Brutus gave the word too early ;
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly : his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly farther off, my lord, fly farther off ;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord :
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius ;
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire ?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again ; that I may rest assur'd
Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought. [Exit.

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill :
My sight was ever thick ; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field. [Exit PIN.

This day I breathed first : time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end ;
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news ?

Pin. [*Above.*] O my lord !²

Cas. What news ?

Pin. Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur ;—
Yet he spurs on :—now they are almost on him.
Now, Titinius !—now some 'light :—O ! he 'lights too :—
He's ta'en : and, hark ! [*Shout*] they shout for joy.

Cas. Come down ; behold no more.—
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face !

Enter PINDARUS, descending.

Come hither, sirrah.
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner ;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come, now keep thine oath :
Now be a freeman ; and with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer : here, take thou the hilts ;
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword. [*CASSIUS falls on his sword.*]—
Cæsar, thou art revenged,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*]

Pin. So, I am free : yet would not so have been,

² [*Above.*] O my lord !] Pindarus was supposed to be standing on an eminence in some way rudely represented on our old stage : it could hardly have been in the balcony at the back.

Durst I have done my will. O Cassius !
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius ; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him ?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus, his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he, that lies upon the ground ?

Tit. He lies not like the living.—O my heart !

Mes. Is not that he ?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala ;
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun !
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set :
The sun of Rome is set. Our day is gone ;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come ; our deeds are done.
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child !
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not ? O error ! soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What, Pindarus ! Where art thou, Pindarus ?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report

Into his ears : I may say, thrusting it ;
For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [*Exit* MESSALA.
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius ?
Did I not meet thy friends ? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee ? Didst thou not hear their
shouts ?

Alas ! thou hast misconstrued everything.
But hold thee ; take this garland on thy brow :
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—
By your leave, gods :—this is a Roman's part :
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

[*Stabs himself, and dies.*

Alarum. *Re-enter* MESSALA, *with* BRUTUS, *young* CATO,
STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, *and* LUCILIUS.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie ?

Mes. Lo ! yonder ; and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Cæsar ! thou art mighty yet :
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*

Cato. Brave Titinius !

Look, wher he have not crown'd dead Cassius !

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?—
The last of all the Romans,³ fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.—
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—
Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body:
His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—
Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on:—
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night,
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both Armies; then
BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, and Others.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O! yet hold up your heads.

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field.—
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho! [Charging the enemy.
A foe to tyrants and my country's friend;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

³ THE last of all the Romans,] So every old copy; and there has been much contention as to *The* or *Thou*: we follow the folios where the meaning cannot be mistaken. The *prima facie* evidence is that Shakespeare wrote "The last of all the Romans", and surely it is not worth while to disturb the old text, where, in fact, nothing is gained by it. The Corr. fol. 1632 reads as we have given the passage.

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I ;
Brutus, my country's friend : know me for Brutus.

[*Exit, charging the enemy. CATO is overpowered, and falls.*]

Luc. O, young and noble Cato ! art thou down ?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius,
And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son.

First Sold. Yield, or thou diest.

Luc. Only I yield to die :
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight.

[*Offering money.*]

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

First Sold. We must not.—A noble prisoner !

Second Sold. Room, ho ! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

First Sold. I'll tell the news :—Here comes the general.—

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he ?

Luc. Safe, Antony ; Brutus is safe enough.
I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus :
The gods defend him from so great a shame !
When you do find him, or alive, or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend ; but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe ;
Give him all kindness : I had rather have
Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
And see whe'r Brutus be alive or dead ;
And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,
How everything is chanc'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and
VOLUMNIUS.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Cli. Statilius show'd the torch-light ; but, my lord,
He came not back : he is or ta'en or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus : slaying is the word ;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.—

[*Whispering him.*]

Cli. What ! I, my lord ? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then ! no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius ! [*Whispering him.*]

Dar. Shall I do such a deed ?

Cli. O, Dardanius !

Dar. O, Clitus !

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee ?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius : list a word.

Vol. What says my lord ?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius.

The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night : at Sardis once ;
And, this last night, here in Philippi field.

I know my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes ;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit : [Low alarums.
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together ;
Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts whilst I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[Alarum still.]

Cli. Fly, fly, my lord ! there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewell to you ;—and you ;—and you, Volumnius.—

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep ;
Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy that yet, in all my life,
I found no man but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once ; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history.
Night hangs upon mine eyes ; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[Alarum. Cry within, Fly, fly, fly !

Cli. Fly, my lord, fly !

Bru.

Hence ! I will follow.

[Exeunt CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VOLUMNIUS.]

I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord.

Thou art a fellow of a good respect ;

Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it :

Hold, then, my sword, and turn away thy face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Stra. Give me your hand first: fare you well, my lord.

Br. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still:

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his sword, and dies.*]

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA,
LUCILIUS, and their Army.*

Oct. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:

The conquerors can but make a fire of him;

For Brutus only overcame himself,

And no man else hath honour by his death.

Luc. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato?

Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He, only, in a generous honest thought,⁴

⁴ He, only, in a GENEROUS honest thought,] It is "general honest" in the folios, but amended to our text in the Corr. fol. 1632. How could it be thought a credit to Brutus, that he was "general-honest" in his intentions: perhaps *And*, in the next line, should be *Of*.

And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle ; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, *This was a man !*

Oct. According to his virtue, let us use him
With all respect, and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—
So, call the field to rest ; and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day.

[*Exeunt.*

M A C B E T H.

EDITED BY

J. PAYNE COLLIER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.¹

DUNCAN, *King of Scotland.*

MALCOLM, }
DONALBAIN, } *his Sons.*

MACBETH, }
BANQUO, } *Generals of his Army.*

MACDUFF, }
LENNOX, }
ROSSE, }
MENTEITH, } *Thanes of Scotland.*
ANGUS, }
CAITHNESS, }

FLEANCE, *Son to Banquo.*

SIWARD, *Earl of Northumberland, General of the English Forces.*

Young SIWARD, *his Son.*

SEYTON, *an Officer attending Macbeth.*

Son to Macduff, *a Boy.*

An English Doctor. A Scotch Doctor.

A Soldier. A Porter. An old Man.

Lady MACBETH.

Lady MACDUFF.

Gentlewoman attending Lady Macbeth.

HECATE, and Witches.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.

The Ghost of Banquo, and other Apparitions.

SCENE, in the end of Act iv, in England; through the rest of the Play, in Scotland.

¹ *Macbeth* was first printed by the Player-editors in their folio 1623; and considering its popularity, it is singular that there is no early 4to. of it. It is divided into acts and scenes, but without any list of characters: that was furnished by Rowe in 1709.

MACBETH.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An open Place.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

First Witch. WHEN shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

Second Witch. When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

Third Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.

First Witch. Where the place?

Second Witch. Upon the heath:

Third Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.

First Witch. I come, Graymalkin!

All. Paddock calls:²—anon.—

Fair is foul, and foul is fair:

Hover through the fog and filthy air. [Witches vanish.]

SCENE II.—*A Camp near Fores.*

Alarum within. Enter King DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain.

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,

² PADDOCK calls:] *Paddock* is the old word for a *toad*, supposed to be one of the familiars of the Witches; like the cat, Graymalkin, in the preceding line.

As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the sergeant,
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity.—Hail, brave friend !
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

Capt. Doubtful it stood ;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald
(Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him) from the western isles
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied ;³
And fortune, on his damned quarry⁴ smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore : but all's too weak ;
For brave Macbeth (well he deserves that name),
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion, carved out his passage,
Till he fac'd the slave ;
And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O, valiant cousin ! worthy gentleman !

³ Of KERNES and GALLOWGLASSES is supplied ;] We have had *kerns* and *gallowglasses* mentioned in *King Henry VI*, Pt. II, act iv, sc. 9, p. 103.

⁴ —damned QUARRY—] *i.e.*, His army doomed, or condemned, to become the *quarry*, or *prey*, of his enemies. This is the intelligible reading of the old copies, although the Corr. fol. 1632 improperly substitutes *quarrel* for *quarry*.

Capt. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break,
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark :
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping kernes to trust their heels,
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo ?

Capt. Yes ;
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks ;
So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe :
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorise another Golgotha,
I cannot tell.—
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds :
They smack of honour both.—Go, get him surgeons.

[*Exit Captain, attended.*]

*Enter ROSSE and ANGUS.*⁵

Who comes here ?

Mal. The worthythane of Rosse.

⁵ *Enter ROSSE and ANGUS.*] Rosse only speaks, and is spoken of and to ; but they both enter, and subsequently execute the commission they had in charge from the king : *comes*, in the second line of our next page, is from the Corr. fol. 1632, instead of *seems*, the old and clearly erroneous reading.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes !
So should he look that comes to speak things strange.

Rosse. God save the king !

Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane ?

Rosse. From Fife, great king ;
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky,
And fan our people cold.
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict ;
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point, rebellious arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit ; and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us ;—

Dun. Great happiness !

Rosse. That now
Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition ;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
Till he disbursed at St. Colmes' Inch
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest.—Go, pronounce his present death,⁶
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Rosse. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁶ Go, pronounce his PRESENT death,] It may seem strange that modern editors (such sticklers sometimes for the monotonous ten-syllable line) did not here omit *present*: it might certainly be spared for the mere measure, but surely not for the emphasis of *instant* execution. The line, like many others, was purposely redundant.

SCENE III.—*A Heath.**Thunder. Enter the three Witches.**First Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister ?*Second Witch.* Killing swine.*Third Witch.* Sister, where thou ?*First Witch.* A sailor's wife had chesnuts in her lap,
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd : *Give me,*
quoth I :—*Aroint thee, witch !*⁷ the rump-fed ronyon⁸ cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master of the *Tiger* ;
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.*Second Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.*First Witch.* Thou art kind.*Third Witch.* And I another.*First Witch.* I myself have all the other ;
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card to show.⁹
I will drain him dry as hay :
Sleep shall, neither night nor day,
Hang upon his pent-house lid ;

⁷ AROINT thee, witch !] The meaning of the word is quite obvious ; viz., *begone*, or *stand off* ; and it is still used in the north of England.

⁸ —RONYON] *i. e.*, *Scabby*, or *mangy* woman. Fr. *rogneux*, *rogne*, scurvy and scurf.

⁹ I' the shipman's card TO SHOW.] The rhyme, certainly here intended, and required by the sense, is from the Corr. fol. 1632.

He shall live a man forbid.
 Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,
 Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine :
 Though his bark cannot be lost,
 Yet it shall be tempest-toss'd.
 Look what I have.

Second Witch. Show me, show me.

First Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
 Wreck'd as homeward he did come. [Drum within.]

Third Witch. A drum ! a drum !
 Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird¹ sisters, hand in hand,
 Posters of the sea and land,
 Thus do go about, about :
 Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
 And thrice again, to make up nine.
 Peace !—the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO, followed by Soldiers.

Mach. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is 't call'd to Forres ?—What are these,
 So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,
 That look not like th' inhabitants o' the earth,
 And yet are on 't ? Live you ? or are you aught
 That man may question ?—You seem to understand me,
 By each at once her chappy finger laying
 Upon her skinny lips :—you should be women,
 And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
 That you are so.

¹ —WEIRD sisters,] All authorities agree that *weird* (spelt *wey-ward* in the folio 1623), is of Saxon origin, viz., from *wyrd*, which has the same meaning as the Latin *fatum* ; *weird* is *fatal*.

Macb. Speak, if you can.—What are you ?

First Witch. All hail, Macbeth ! hail to thee, thane of Glamis !

Second Witch. All hail, Macbeth ! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor !

Third Witch. All hail, Macbeth ! that shalt be king hereafter.

Ban. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear Things that do sound so fair ?—I' the name of truth, Are ye fantastical,¹ or that indeed Which outwardly ye show ? My noble partner You greet with present grace, and great prediction Of noble having, and of royal hope, That he seems rapt withal : to me you speak not. If you can look into the seeds of time, And say which grain will grow, and which will not, Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear, Your favours, nor your hate.

First Witch. Hail !

Second Witch. Hail !

Third Witch. Hail !

First Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

Second Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

Third Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none : So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo !

First Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail !

¹ Are ye FANTASTICAL,] *i.e.*, Creatures of *fantasy* or *imagination*. In Holinshed (to whom Shakespeare was, here and elsewhere in this tragedy, so much indebted) it is stated that Macbeth and Banquo at first reputed the appearance of the witches "some vain, *fantastical* illusion."

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more.
By Sinel's death, I know I am thane of Glamis ;
But how of Cawdor ? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman ; and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence ? or why,
Upon this blasted heath, you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting ?—Speak, I charge you.
[Witches *vanish*.]

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them.—Whither are they vanish'd ?

Macb. Into the air ; and what seem'd corporal melted
As breath into the wind.—'Would they had stay'd !

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak about,
Or have we eaten on the insane root,
That takes the reason prisoner ?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too : went it not so ?

Ban. To the self-same tune, and words. Who's here ?

Enter ROSSE and ANGUS.

Rosse. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The news of thy success ; and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine, or his. Silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,

Strange images of death. As thick as tale
Came post with post ; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent
To give thee from our royal master thanks ;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Rosse. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me from him call thee thane of Cawdor :
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane,
For it is thine.

Ban. What ! can the devil speak true ? [*Aside.*

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives : why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes ?

Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet ;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combin'd
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not ;
But treasons capital, confess'd and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor :
The greatest is behind [*Aside.*—Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children shall be kings, [*To BAN.*
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me
Promis'd no less to them ?

Ban. That, thrust home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange :

And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths ;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.—

Cousins, a word, I pray you. [Talk apart.]

Macb. [Aside.] Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
This supernatural soliciting [Aside.]
Cannot be ill ; cannot be good :—if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth ? I am thane of Cawdor :
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature ? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings :
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smother'd in surmise ; and nothing is,
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt. [To ROSSE.]

Macb. If chance will have me king, why chance may
crown me,
Without my stir. [Aside.]

Ban. New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use.

Macb. Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day. [Aside.]

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Mach. Give me your favour : my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten.—Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them.—Let us toward the king.—
[*To BANQUO.*] Think upon what hath chanc'd ; and at
more time,

The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Mach. Till then, enough.—Come, friends. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN,
LENNOX, and Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor ? are not
Those in commission yet returned ?

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back ; but I have spoke
With one that saw him die, who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,
Implor'd your highness' pardon, and set forth
A deep repentance. Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it : he died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

Dun. There's no art,
To find the mind's construction in the face :
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE, *and* ANGUS.

O worthiest cousin !

The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee : 'would thou hadst less deserv'd,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine ! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties ; and our duties
Are to your throne and state children, and servants ;
Which do but what they should, by doing everything
Safe toward your love and honour.

Dun. Welcome hither :
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so ; let me infold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estates upon
Our eldest, Malcolm ; whom we name hereafter
The prince of Cumberland : which honour must
Not unaccompanied invest him only,

But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,
And bind us farther to you.

Macb. The rest is labour,
Which is not us'd for you : I'll be myself
The harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach ;
So, humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor !

Macb. The prince of Cumberland !—That is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap, [*Aside.*
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires !
Let not light see my black and deep desires ;
The eye wink at the hand ; yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*

Dun. True, worthy Banquo : he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations I am fed ;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome :
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Inverness. *A Room in Macbeth's Castle.*

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. [*Reading a letter.*—

They met me in the day of success ; and I have learned, by the
perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge.
When I burned in desire to question them farther, they made them-
selves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the
wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me,
Thane of Cawdor ; by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted

me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with, *Hail, king that shalt be!*—This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor ; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd.—Yet do I fear thy nature :
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great ;
Art not without ambition ; but without
The illness should attend it : what thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily ; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win : thou 'dst have, great Glamis,
That which cries, *Thus thou must do, if thou have it ;*
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear ;
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crowned withal.

Enter an Attendant.

What is your tidings ?

Atten. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou 'rt mad to say it.

Is not thy master with him ? who, were 't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Atten. So please you, it is true : our thane is coming.
One of my fellows had the speed of him ;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more

Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him ten ding :
He brings great news. [*Exit Attendant.*] The raven him-
self is hoarse,

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty ! make thick my blood ;
Stop up th' access and passage to remorse ;
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
Th' effect and it ! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief ! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,³
To cry, *Hold, hold !*—

Enter MACBETH.

Great Glamis ! worthy Cawdor !

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter !
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

² —the BLANKET of the dark,] The emendation in the Corr. fol. 1632, is "*blankness* of the dark", which probably was the true reading, although we do not here disturb the old and long-received text.

Lady M. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady M. O! never

Shall sun that morrow see.

Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters: to beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it. He that's coming
Must be provided for; and you shall put
This night's great business into my despatch,
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak farther.

Lady M. Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear:

Leave all the rest to me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—*The Same. Before the Castle of Macbeth.*

*Hautboys and torches. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DON-
ALBAIN, BANQUO, LENNOX, MACDUFF, ROSSE, ANGUS,
and Attendants.*

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat: the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutting, frieze,

Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed, and procreant cradle :
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd,
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Dun. See, see! our honour'd hostess.—
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love : herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God yield us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our service,
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honours, deep and broad, wherewith
Your majesty loads our house. For those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.

Dun. Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor ; but he rides well,
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand ;
Conduct me to mine host : we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*The Same. A Room in the Castle.*

Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over the stage, a Sewer,³ and divers Servants with dishes and service. Then enter MACBETH.

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly : if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success ;⁴ that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here upon this bank and shoal of time,⁵
We 'd jump the life to come.—But in these cases,
We still have judgment here ; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague th' inventor. Thus even-handed justice
Commends th' ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust :
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject ;
Strong both against the deed : then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been

³ *Enter—a SEWER, etc.]* This is the old stage-direction. A *sewer* (says Steevens) was an *officer*, so called from his placing the dishes upon the table. *Asseour*, French ; from *asseoir*, to *place*.

⁴ With his SURCEASE success ;] To *surcease* is to finish or conclude, and the meaning, we need hardly say, is, "and catch success with its *termination*."

⁵ — and SHOAL of time,] The old reading is *schoole*, which Theobald properly altered to *shoal*. "We 'd *jump* the life to come", means We would take the chance of, or *risk*, the life to come.

So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead, like angels trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off ;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,
And falls on the other—

Enter Lady MACBETH.

How now ! what news ?

Lady M. He has almost supp'd. Why have you left the
chamber ?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me ?

Lady M. Know you not he has ?

Macb. We will proceed no farther in this business :
He hath honour'd me of late ; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself ? hath it slept since,
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely ? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire ? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,

And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*,
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace.

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more⁶ is none.

Lady M. What beast was 't, then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail,—

Lady M. We fail?⁷

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey

⁶ —DO more] The old folios, instead of "*do more*", read "*no more*." The correction was made by Southern, in his folio 1685: it is also found in the Corr. fol. 1632.

⁷ We fail?] This is the punctuation of the folios 1623, 1632, 1664, and 1685, and in this case, perhaps, we may take it as some evidence of the ancient mode of delivering the two words, "*We fail?*" interrogatively. Malone substituted a mark of admiration, "*We fail!*" and Steevens only made a full stop.

Soundly invite him) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel so convince,⁸
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only : when in a swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
Th' unguarded Duncan ? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell ?⁹

Mach. Bring forth men-children only !
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have done 't ?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death ?

Mach. I am settled ; and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show :
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*

⁸ —so CONVINCCE,] *i.e.*, so *overcome* : see *Love's Labour's Lost*, act v, sc. 2, p. 104. In *Troilus and Cressida*, act ii, sc. 2, p. 43, *convince* means *convict*.

⁹ Of our great QUELL ?] To *quell* and to *kill* are in fact the same word in their origin, from the Saxon *cwellan*.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Inverness. *A Court within Macbeth's Castle.*

Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE carrying a torch before him.

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take 't, 'tis later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword.—There's husbandry in heaven;

Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me;

And yet I would not sleep.—Merciful powers,

Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature

Gives way to in repose!—Give me my sword.—

Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch.

Who's there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir! not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your officers:
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess, and shut up
In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect,
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters :
To you they have show'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them ;
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.
Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good repose, the while !

Ban. Thanks, sir : the like to you.

[*Exeunt* BANQUO and FLEANCE.

Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.—

[*Exit* Servant.

Is this a dagger, which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand ? Come, let me clutch thee :—
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight ? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain ?—
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.—
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going ;
And such an instrument I was to use.

Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
 Or else worth all the rest :—I see thee still ;
 And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,¹
 Which was not so before.—There 's no such thing :
 It is the bloody business, which informs
 Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtain'd sleeper : witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings ; and wither'd murder,
 Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl 's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
 With Tarquin's ravishing strides² towards his design
 Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
 Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat, he lives :
 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[*A bell rings.*]

I go, and it is done : the bell invites me.
 Hear it not, Duncan ; for it is a knell,
 That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The Same.*

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk hath made
 me bold :

¹ —and DUDGEON GOUTS of blood,] The *dudgeon* is the handle or
 haft of a dagger, only used here by Shakespeare : *gouts* of blood are
 drops of blood, from the Fr. *goutte*, also found only here.

² —STRIDES] The folios have *sides*, but Pope altered it to *strides* :

What hath quench'd them hath given me fire.—Hark!—
Peace!

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night.—He is about it.
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd their
possets,

That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live, or die.

Macb. [*Within.*] Who's there?—what, ho!

Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done:—the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us.—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss them.—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done 't.—My husband!

Enter MACBETH, with two daggers.

Macb. I have done the deed.—Didst thou not hear a
noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark!

Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight. [*Looking on his hands.*]

it was most likely a mere misprint, as well as *sowre* for *sure* in the
next line, and *they may* for *way they*—all pure carelessness.

Lady M. A foolish thought to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried
Murder!

That they did wake each other : I stood and heard them ;
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cried *God bless us!* and, *Amen*, the other,
As they had seen me, with these hangman's hands,
Listening their fear : I could not say *Amen*,
When they did say *God bless us*.

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce *Amen* ?
I had most need of blessing, and *Amen*
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways : so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more!*
Macbeth does murder sleep,—the innocent sleep :
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast ;—

Lady M. What do you mean ?

Macb. Still it cried, *Sleep no more!* to all the house :
Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more ; Macbeth shall sleep no more !

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried ?—Why, worthy
thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things. Go, get some water,

And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place ?
They must lie there : go, carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more :
I am afraid to think what I have done ;
Look on 't again, I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose !
Give me the daggers. The sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures : 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt. [*Exit—Knocking within.*]

Macb. Whence is that knocking ?—
How is 't with me, when every noise appals me ?
What hands are here ! Ha ! they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand ? No ; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green, one red.

Re-enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour ; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking.*] I hear a knocking
At the south entry :—retire we to our chamber.
A little water clears us of this deed :
How easy is it then ! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.—[*Knocking.*] Hark ! more
knocking.
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers.—Be not lost

So poorly in your thoughts.

Mach. To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.

[*Louder knocking.*]

Wake Duncan with thy knocking : I would thou couldst !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Same.*

Enter a Porter. [*Knocking within.*]

Porter. Here's a knocking, indeed ! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key.³

[*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock ! Who's there, i' the name of Beelzebub ?—Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty : come in time ; have napkins enow about you ; here you'll sweat for't.

[*Knocking.*] Knock, knock ! Who's there, in the other devil's name ?—'Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale ; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven : O ! come in, equivocator. [*Knocking.*]

Knock, knock, knock ! Who's there ?—'Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose : come in, tailor ; here you may roast your goose. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock ! Never at quiet ! What are you ?—But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no farther : I had thought to have let in some of all professions that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [*Knocking.*] Anon, anon ! I pray you, remember the porter.

[*Opening the gate.*]

³ —OLD turning the key.] The word *old*, was a very common augmentative in Shakespeare's time : see *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act i, sc. 4, p. 19.

Enter MACDUFF and LENNOX.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?

Port. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock :
and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery,
sir, it provokes, and unprovokes : it provokes the desire,
but it takes away the performance. Therefore, much drink
may be said to be an equivocator with lechery : it makes
him, and it mars him ; it sets him on, and it takes him off ;
it persuades him, and disheartens him ; makes him stand
to, and not stand to : in conclusion, equivocates him in a
sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat o' me : but I
requited him for his lie ; and I think, being too strong for
him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a
shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?—

Enter MACBETH, in his gown.

Our knocking has awak'd him : here he comes.

Len. Good-morrow, noble sir!

Macb. Good-morrow, both!

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him :
I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you ;

But yet, 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in physics pain.
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service. [Exit MACDUFF.]

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb. He does :—he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly : where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down ; and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air ; strange screams of death,
And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woeful time. The obscure bird
Clamour'd the live-long night : some say the earth
Was feverous, and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror ! horror ! horror ! Tongue, nor heart,
Cannot conceive, nor name thee !

Macb., Len. What's the matter ?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-piece.
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.

Macb. What is't you say ? the life ?

Len. Mean you his majesty ?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon.—Do not bid me speak :

See, and then speak yourselves.—Awake ! awake !—

[*Exeunt* MACBETH and LENNOX.

Ring the alarum-bell.—Murder and treason !

Banquo and Donalbain ! Malcolm, awake !

Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,

And look on death itself !—up, up, and see

The great doom's image !—Malcolm ! Banquo !

As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites

To countenance this horror.—Ring the bell !⁴ [*Bell rings.*

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house ? speak, speak !

Macd. O, gentle lady !
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak :
The repetition, in a woman's ear,

Enter BANQUO.

Would murder as it fell.—O Banquo ! Banquo !
Our royal master's murder'd !

Lady M. Woe, alas !
What ! in our house ?

Ban. Too cruel, anywhere.
Dear Duff, I pr'ythee contradict thyself,
And say, it is not so.

⁴ Ring the bell.] Modern editors have omitted these words, on the ground that they were a stage direction. If "Ring the bell" had been a stage-direction, it would hardly have been followed by "*Bell rings*", as it stands in all the old copies: the command was necessary, or the bell would not have been rung. "Ring the bell" completes the verse.

Re-enter MACBETH, ROSSE, *and* LENNOX.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time, for from this instant
There's nothing serious in mortality ;
All is but toys : renown and grace is dead ;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM *and* DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss ?

Macb. You are, and do not know't :
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd ; the very source of it is stopp'd.

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal. O ! by whom ?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't,
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood ;
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows : they star'd, and were distracted.
No man's life was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O ! yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so ?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment ? No man :
The expedition of my violent love
Out-ran the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood ;
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance : there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers

Unmannerly breech'd with gore : who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make 's love known ?

Lady M.

Help me hence, ho !

Macd. Look to the lady.

[*She seems to swoon.*

Mal.

Why do we hold our tongues,

That most may claim this argument for ours ?

Don. What should be spoken

Here, where our fate, hid in an auger-hole,

May rush, and seize us ? Let 's away : our tears

Are not yet brew'd.

Mal.

Nor our strong sorrow

Upon the foot of motion.

Ban.

Look to the lady.—

[*Lady MACBETH is borne out.*

And when we have our naked frailties hid,

That suffer in exposure, let us meet,

And question this most bloody piece of work,

To know it farther. Fears and scruples shake us :

In the great hand of God I stand ; and, thence,

Against the undivulg'd pretence⁵ I fight

Of treasonous malice.

Macd.

And so do I.

All.

So all.

Macb.

Let 's briefly put on manly readiness,

And meet i' the hall together.

All.

Well contented.

[*Exeunt all but MAL. and DON.*

⁵ Against the undivulg'd PRETENCE] "Pretence" is *intention*, *design*, a sense in which the word was then often used.

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with them :
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I : our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer ; where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles : the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim : therefore to horse ;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away. There's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Outside Macbeth's Castle.*

Enter ROSSE and an old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well ;
Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange, but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse. Ah ! good father,
Thou seest the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage : by the clock 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp.
Is 't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
When living light should kiss it ?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,

A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd.

Rosse. And Duncan's horses (a thing most strange and
certain),

Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
Make war with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said they eat each other.

Rosse. They did so ; to th' amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon 't. Here comes the good Macduff.—

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now ?

Macd. Why, see you not ?

Rosse. Is 't known who did this more than bloody deed ?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Rosse. Alas, the day !

What good could they pretend ?

Macd. They were suborn'd :

Malcolm, and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled ; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst nature still :

Thriftless ambition, that will ravin up⁶
Thine own life's means !—Then, 'tis most like,
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

⁶ —that will RAVIN UP] We have had *ravin down* used precisely
in the same manner in *Measure for Measure*, act i, sc. 3, p. 11,

“Like rats that *ravin down* their proper bane.”

Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone
To be invested.

Rosse. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colme-kill,
The sacred store-house of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Rosse. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, cousin ; I'll to Fife.

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there—
adieu—

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

Rosse. Farewell, father.

Old M. God's benison go with you ; and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Forres. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter BANQUO.

Ban. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promis'd ; and, I fear,
Thou play'st most foully for't : yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity ;

But that myself should be the root, and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine),
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But, hush; no more.

Sennet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as king; Lady MACBETH, as queen; LENNOX, ROSSE, Lords, Ladies, Officers, and Attendants.

Mach. Here's our chief guest.

Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all thing unbecoming.

Mach. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Lay your highness'
Command upon me; to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Mach. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Mach. We should have else desir'd your good advice
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous)
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour, or twain.

Mach. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England, and in Ireland ; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention. But of that to-morrow ;
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse : adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you ?

Ban. Ay, my good lord : our time does call upon us.

Macb. I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot ;
And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farewell.—

[*Exit BANQUO.*]

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night. To make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone : while then, God be with you.

[*Exeunt all but MACBETH, and an Attendant.*]

Sirrah, a word with you. Attend those men
Our pleasure ?

Atten. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

Macb. Bring them before us.—[*Exit Attendant.*] To be
thus is nothing ;

But to be safely thus.—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd : 'tis much he dares ;
And to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear, and under him
My genius is rebuk'd ; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,

When first they put the name of king upon me,
 And bade them speak to him ; then, prophet-like,
 They hail'd him father to a line of kings.
 Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
 And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
 Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
 No son of mine succeeding. If't be so,
 For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind,⁷
 For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd ;
 Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
 Only for them ; and mine eternal jewel
 Given to the common enemy of man,
 To make them kings,—the seed of Banquo kings !
 Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
 And champion me to the utterance!⁸—Who's there ?

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now, go to the door ; and stay there till we call.

[Exit Attendant.]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together ?

First Murd. It was, so please your highness.

Macb.

Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches ? Know,
 That it was he, in the times past, which held you
 So under fortune ; which, you thought, had been
 Our innocent self : this I made good to you
 In our last conference ; pass'd in probation with you,

⁷ —have I FIL'D my mind:] *i. e.*, *Defil'd* my mind. To *file* is here used for to *defile*, by elision of the preposition.

⁸ —the UTTERANCE !] *i. e.*, To *extremity* ; *à l'outrance*, Fr.

How you were borne in hand ; how cross'd ; the instruments ;

Who wrought with them ; and all things else, that might,
To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd,

Say, *Thus did Banquo.*

First Murd. You made it known to us.

Mach. I did so ; and went farther, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go ? Are you so gospell'd,
To pray for this good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever ?

First Murd. We are men, my liege.

Mach. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men ;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are clep'd
All by the name of dogs : the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The house-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd ; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike ; and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say it,
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off,
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

Second Murd. I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do, to spite the world.

First Murd. And I another,
So wearied with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.

Second Murd. True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine ; and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life : and though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Whom I myself struck down : and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.

Second Murd. We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

First Murd. Though our lives—

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour,
at most,
I will advise you where to plant yourselves ;
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on't ; for 't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace ; always thought,

That I require a clearness : and with him,
(To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work)
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart :
I'll come to you anon.

Second Murd. We are resolv'd, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight : abide within.

[*Exeunt Murderers.*]

It is concluded ! Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*The Same. Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter Lady MACBETH and a Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court ?

Serv. Ay, madam ; but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [Exit.]

Lady M. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content :
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord ! why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making ?
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have died

With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake,⁹ not kill'd it:
She'll close, and be herself, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint,
Both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,
That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead,
Whom we to gain our peace have sent to peace,¹
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him farther!

Lady M.

Come on:

Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial 'mong your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you.
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo:
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:
Unsafe the while, that we must lave our honours
In these flattering streams, and make our faces

⁹ —SCOTCH'D the snake,] *i. e.*, *Wounded* it. This word is well illustrated by a passage in *Coriolanus*, act iv, sc. 5, p. 104,

"He *scotched* him and notched him, like a carbonado."

¹ —our PEACE] The second folio poorly substitutes *place* for *peace* in the first instance, perhaps by a misprint: "to gain our *peace*", of course, means *security* in possession of the throne.

Vizards to our hearts, disguising what they are.

Lady M. You must leave this.

Macb. O ! full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife.
Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance live.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet ; they are assailable :
Then, be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight ; ere to black Hecate's summons
The shard-borne beetle,² with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What's to be done ?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed.—Come, seeling night,³
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale !—Light thickens ; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood :
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.—
Thou marvell'st at my words ; but hold thee still :
Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill.
So, pr'ythee, go with me. [Exeunt.]

² The SHARD-borne beetle,] *Shard* is synonymous with *scale* ; and the allusion here is to the scaly wings of the beetle, which bear him through the air.

³ Come, SEELING night,] *i. e.*, *Blinding*. "Seeling" is a term in falconry, meaning to close the eyes of a hawk, in order to make the bird tractable : it is probably the same word as *seal*—Fr. *scellé*.

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Park, with a road leading to the Palace.*

Enter three Murderers.

First Mur. But who did bid thee join with us ?

Third Mur.

Macbeth.

Second Mur. He needs not our mistrust ; since he delivers

Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.

First Mur. Then stand with us.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day :
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn ; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

Third Mur. Hark ! I hear horses.

Ban. [*Within.*] Give us a light there, ho !

Second Mur. Then 'tis he : the rest
That are within the note of expectation
Already are i' the court.

First Mur. His horses go about.

Third Mur. Almost a mile ; but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

Second Mur. A light, a light !

Third Mur. 'Tis he.

First Mur. Stand to 't.

Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, who carries a torch.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

First Mur. Let it come down. [*Assaults BANQUO.*]

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou mayst revenge.—O slave! [*Dies.* FLEANCE escapes.]

Third Mur. Who did strike out the light?

First Mur. Was't not the way?

Third Mur. There's but one down: the son is fled.

Second Mur. We have lost best half of our affair.

First Mur. Well, let's away, and say how much is done.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Room of State in the Palace.*

*A banquet set out. Enter MACBETH, Lady MACBETH,
ROSSE, LENNOX, Lords, and Attendants.*

Mach. You know your own degrees; sit down: at first
And last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Mach. Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host:
Our hostess keeps her state; but in best time
We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer, to the door.

Mach. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.
Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst.
Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure
The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Mach. 'Tis better thee without, than he within.
Is he dispatch'd?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut ; that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats ;
Yet he is good, that did the like for Fleance :
If thou didst it, thou art the nonpareil.

Mur. Most royal sir, Fleance is 'scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my fit again : I had else been perfect :
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock ;
As broad and general as the casing air :
But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears.—But Banquo's safe ?

Mur. Ay, my good lord ; safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head,
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that.—
There the grown serpent lies : the worm, that's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone : to-morrow
We'll hear, ourselves, again. [Exit Murderer.

Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer : the feast is sold,
That is not often vouch'd while 'tis a-making,
'Tis given with welcome. To feed were best at home ;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer !—
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both !

Len. May it please your highness sit ?
[The Ghost of BANQUO enters, and sits in
MACBETH'S place.

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,

Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present ;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance !

Rosse. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness
To grace us with your royal company ?

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here is a place reserv'd, sir.

Macb. Where ?

Len. Here, my good lord. What is 't that moves your
highness ?

Macb. Which of you have done this ?

Lords. What, my good lord ?

Macb. Thou canst not say I did it : never shake
Thy gory locks at me. [To the Ghost.]

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise ; his highness is not well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends : my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth : pray you, keep seat.
The fit is momentary ; upon a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion :
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man ?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

Lady M. O, proper stuff ! [Aside to MACBETH.]
This is the very painting of your fear :
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O ! these flaws, and starts,
(Impostors to true fear) would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself !

Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

Macb. Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say
you?—

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.—

[*To the Ghost.*

If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send

Those that we bury back, our monuments

Shall be the maws of kites. [*The Ghost disappears.*

Lady M. What! quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fie! for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' th' olden time,
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That when the brains were out the man would die,
And there an end; but now, they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools. This is more strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget.—
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then, I'll sit down.—Give me some wine: fill full.—
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;

Would he were here ! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Re-enter the Ghost.

Macb. Avaunt ! and quit my sight. Let the earth hide
thee !

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold ;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,
Which thou dost glare with.

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom : 'tis no other ;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare :
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger ;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble : or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword ;
If trembling I inhabit,⁴ then protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow !

[*Ghost disappears.*]

Unreal mockery, hence !—Why, so ;—being gone,
I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good
meeting,
With most admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,

⁴ If trembling I INHABIT,] This passage has occasioned much dispute ; and supposing the arguments equally balanced, we prefer the reading of all the old copies. Malone would alter "inhabit then", to *inhibit thee*, or *forbid thee*. It is just possible that the true word is *exhibit* ; but we give the ancient, unvaried text.

And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange,
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear.

Rosse. What sights, my lord?

Lady M. I pray you speak not: he grows worse and worse;

Question enrages him. At once, good night:
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night; and better health
Attend his majesty.

Lady M. A kind good night to all!

[*Exeunt Lords, Attendants, etc.*]

Macb. It will have blood: they say, blood will have blood:

Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
Augurs, and understood relations,⁵ have
By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person,
At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

⁵ Augurs, and UNDERSTOOD relations,] Possibly, "*indistinct* relations"; but the text may mean "relations" when "understood". The old compositor may easily have read *indistinct* "understood": *Augurs* may also have been a misreading of *auguries*: the last has been suggested, and perhaps ought to be adopted: the line would then run, "*Auguries* and *indistinct* relations have."

Macb. I hear it by the way ; but I will send :
There's not a one of them, but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow
(And betimes I will) to the weird sisters :
More shall they speak ; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good,
All causes shall give way : I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand,
Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use :
We are yet but young in deed. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—*The open Heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, HECATE meeting them.

First Witch. Why, how now, Hecate ? you look angrily.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy, and overbold ? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth
In riddles, and affairs of death ;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art ?
And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,

Spiteful and wrathful ; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now : get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' the morning : thither he
Will come to know his destiny.
Your vessels, and your spells, provide,
Your charms, and every thing beside.
I am for the air ; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end :
Great business must be wrought ere noon.
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound ;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground :
And that, distill'd by magic sleights,
Shall raise such artificial sprites,
As by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his confusion.
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear ;
And, you all know, security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy,

*Song. [Within.] Come away, come away, etc.*⁶

Hark ! I am call'd : my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [Exit.

First Witch. Come, let's make haste : she'll soon be
back again. [Exeunt.

⁶ *Come away, come away, etc.* Most likely the same known song as in Middleton's *Witch*, act 4, sc. 3. Dyce's edition, iii, 303.

SCENE VI.—Forres. *A Room in the Palace.**Enter LENNOX, and another Lord.*

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret farther : only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth :—marry, he was dead ;
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late ;
Whom, you may say, if 't please you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.
Who can but want⁷ the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain,
To kill their gracious father ? damned fact !
How it did grieve Macbeth ! did he not straight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep ?
Was not that nobly done ? Ay, and wisely, too ;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive,
To hear the men deny 't. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well ; and I do think,
That had he Duncan's sons under his key
(As, an 't please heaven, he shall not), they should find
What 'twere to kill a father : so should Fleance.
But, peace !—for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself ?

Lord. The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,

⁷ Who CAN BUT want] In the old copies *can but* is here apparently misprinted *cannot* : *but* and *not* were often confounded.

Lives in the English court ; and is receiv'd
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff
Is gone, to pray the holy king, upon his aid
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward ;
That by the help of these (with Him above
To ratify the work) we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives,⁸
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours ;
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath so exasperate the king, that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff ?

Lord. He did : and with an absolute, *Sir, not I*,
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums, as who should say, *You'll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer.*

Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England, and unfold
His message ere he come ; that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accurs'd !

Lord. I'll send my prayers with him ! [*Exeunt.*

⁸ Free FROM our feasts and banquets bloody knives,] *i. e.*, Free our feasts and banquets *from* bloody knives, the preposition having been inserted in the wrong place. In the next line *free* ought, perhaps, to be *fair* : it was caught from the line above.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Cave. In the middle, a boiling cauldron.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

Second Witch. Thrice and once the hedge-pig whin'd.

Third Witch. Harpy cries!⁹—'Tis time, 'tis time.

First Witch. Round about the cauldron go ;

In the poison'd entrails throw.—
Toad, that under the cold stone,
Days and nights has thirty-one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

All. Double, double toil and trouble ;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

Second Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake :
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble ;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

⁹ HARPER cries,] In all the old folios it is spelt *Harpier* : probably it was a misprint for *Harpy*, then spelt *Harpie*. In Marlowe's *Tamberlaine*, 1590, *Harpie* is misprinted *Harper*.

Third Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf ;
Witches' mummy ; maw, and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark ;
Root of hemlock, digg'd i' the dark ;
Liver of blaspheming Jew ;
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse ;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips ;
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab :
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,¹
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble ;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

Second Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood ;
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE, and other Witches.

Hec. O, well done ! I commend your pains,
And every one shall share i' the gains :
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

[*Music and a song. "Black spirits," etc.*² [*Exit HECATE.*

Second Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.— [*Knocking.*
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

¹ —a tiger's CHAUDRON,] *i. e.*, A part of a tiger's *entrails*.

² Black spirits, *etc.*] See, for this song, Middleton's *Witch*, act v, sc. 2. Edit. Dyce, iii, 328.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags !
What is 't you do ?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it) answer me :
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches ; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up ;
Though bleaded corn be lodg'd,³ and trees blown down ;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads ;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations ; though the treasure
Of nature's germins⁴ tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken, answer me
To what I ask you.

First Witch. Speak.

Second Witch. Demand.

Third Witch. We'll answer.

First Witch. Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our
mouths,
Or from our masters' ?

Macb. Call 'em : let me see 'em.

First Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow ; grease, that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

³ Though BLEADED corn be lodg'd,] "*Bleaded* corn" is ripe corn, ready for reaping : A. S. *blædan* ; so the Corr. fol. 1632, for *bladed* of the folios : corn in the *blade*, i.e., when *green*, is never lodged.

⁴ Of nature's GERMINS] *Germins* are seeds which have begun to *germinate* or *sprout*.

All. Come high, or low ;
Thyself and office deftly show.⁵

Thunder. *First Apparition, an armed Head.*

Mach. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

Second Witch. He knows thy thought :
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

First App. Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth ! beware Mac-
duff ;

Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me :—enough.

Mach. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution thanks :
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright.—But one word more :—

[*Descends.*

First Witch. He will not be commanded. Here 's
another,
More potent than the first,

Thunder. *Second Apparition, a bloody Child.*

App. Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth !—

Mach. Had I three ears, I 'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute : laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth.

[*Descends.*

Mach. Then live, Macduff : what need I fear of thee ?
But yet I 'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate : thou shalt not live ;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is this,

⁵ —DEFTLY show.] *i. e.*, *Dexterously*, or *fittingly*, from the Sax.
daft, seasonable. *Daft, i. e.*, *foolish*, is a different word.

*Thunder. Third Apparition, a Child crowned, with a tree
in his hand.*

That rises like the issue of a king ;
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty ?

All. Listen, but speak not to 't.

App. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are :
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. *[Descends.]*

Macb. That will never be :
Who can impress the forest ; bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root ? sweet bodements ! good !
Rebellion's head, rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise ; and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal custom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing : tell me (if your art
Can tell so much), shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom ?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied : deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you ! Let me know.—
Why sinks that cauldron ? and what noise is this ?

[Hautboys sound.]

First Witch. Show ! *Second Witch.* Show ! *Third
Witch.* Show !

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart ;
Come like shadows, so depart.

*[A show of eight Kings ; and BANQUO last, crowned,
with a mirror in his hand.]*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo : down !
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls :—and thy hair,⁶
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first :—
A third is like the former.—Filthy hags !
Why do you show me this ?—A fourth ?—Start, eyes !
What ! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom ?—
Another yet ?—A seventh ?—I 'll see no more :—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
Which shows me many more ; and some I see,
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry.
Horrible sight !—Now, I see, 'tis true ;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.—What ! is this so ?

First Witch. Ay, sir, all this is so : but why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly ?—
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
And show the best of our delights.
I 'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antic round ;
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The Witches dance, and vanish.*

Macb. Where are they ? Gone ?—Let this pernicious
hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar !—
Come in ! without there !

Enter LENNOX.

Len. What 's your grace 's will ?

⁶ —and thy HAIR,] Perhaps, because it was "blood-boltered"; or it may be a misprint for *heir*, as the first of Banquo's progeny.

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters ?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you ?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them !—I did hear
The galloping of horse : who was 't came by ?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word
Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England ?

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits :
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it : from this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done :
The castle of Macduff I will surprise ;
Seize upon Fife ; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool ;
This deed I'll do before this purpose cool :
But no more flights.⁷—Where are these gentlemen ?
Come ; bring me where they are. [Exeunt.

⁷ But no more FLIGHTS.] So the Corr. fol. 1632, for *sights* of the old copies, referring to the unlooked-for escape of Macduff, not to the visions Macbeth has been shown by the supernatural agents. The old compositor mistook the letter *f* for the long *s* : he was thinking only of the apparitions.

SCENE II.—Fife. *A Room in Macduff's Castle.**Enter Lady MACDUFF, her Son, and ROSSE.**L. Macd.* What had he done to make him fly the land ?*Rosse.* You must have patience, madam.*L. Macd.* He had none :

His flight was madness. When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Rosse. You know not

Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom ! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly ? He loves us not :
He wants the natural touch ; for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love :
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Rosse. My dearest coz,

I pray you school yourself : but, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much farther :
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know 't ourselves ; when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea,
Each way and move.—I take my leave of you :
Shall not be long but I'll be here again.
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward

To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you ! [To the boy.

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.

I take my leave at once. [Exit ROSSE.

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead :

And what will you do now ? How will you live ?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies ?

Son. With what I get, I mean ; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird ! thou'dst never fear the net, nor lime,
The pitfall, nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother ? Poor birds they are not
set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead : how wilt thou do for a father ?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband ?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit ;
And yet, i' faith, with wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother ?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor ?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so ?

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must
be hanged.

Son. And must they all be hanged that swear and lie ?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools; for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him; if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler, how thou talkest!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame. I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. *[Exit Messenger.]*

Lady Macd. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm: but I remember now
I am in this earthly world, where, to do harm
Is often laudable; to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say I have done no harm?—What are these faces?

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou mayst find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd villain.

Mur. What! you egg, [*Stabbing him.*
Young fry of treachery!

Son. He has killed me, mother:
Run away, I pray you. [*Dies.*⁸

[*Exit Lady MACDUFF, crying Murder; and
pursued by the Murderers.*

SCENE III.—England. *Near the King's Palace.*

Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade; and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom. Each new morn,
New widows howl, new orphans cry; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.

⁸ *Dies.*] There is no such stage-direction in the old copies, which have only "*Exit, crying murder*"; but the meaning probably is, that Lady Macduff goes out exclaiming, leaving the boy dying. She is, of course, followed by the assassins.

What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest : you have lov'd him well ;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young ; but something
You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb
To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon :
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose ;
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell :
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking ?—I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties : you may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country !
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee ! wear thou thy wrongs ;
Thy title is affeer'd !⁹—Fare thee well, lord :
I would not be the villain that thou think'st,

⁹ Thy title is AFFEER'D.] The old copies spell the law term
“affeer'd” *affeared*. To *affeer*, in the proceedings of manor courts, is
to *confirm*, to *establish*.

For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And in the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended :
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke ;
It weeps, it bleeds ; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds : I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right ;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands ; but, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer, and more sundry ways, than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be ?

Mal. It is myself I mean : in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow ; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name ; but there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness : your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up

The cistern of my lust ; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'erbear,
That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth,
Than such a one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny : it hath been
Th' untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours : you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.
We have willing dames enough : there cannot be
That vulture in you to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows,
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands ;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house :
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more ; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root,
Than summer-seeming lust ; and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings : yet do not fear ;
Scotland hath foisons¹ to fill up your will,

¹ Scotland hath FOISONS] *i.e.*, plenty. We have had *foison* in *Measure for Measure*, act i, sc. 5, p. 17, where it is accompanied by

Of your mere own. All these are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none. The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them ; but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland !

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak :
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern ?
No, not to live.—O, nation miserable !
With an untitled tyrant, bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
And does blaspheme his breed ?—Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king : the queen, that bore thee,
Oft'ner upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well.
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O, my breast !
Thy hope ends here.

the epithet *teeming*, thus giving its full meaning ; and making it probable that "summer-seeming", just above, ought to be "summer-teeming". Still we dare not alter the old text.

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste ; but God above
Deal between thee and me, for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction ; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman ; never was forsworn ;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own ;
At no time broke my faith ; would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No less in truth than life : my first false speaking
Was this upon myself. What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command :
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men
Already at a point, was setting forth.
Now, we 'll together ; and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel.—Why are you silent ?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well ; more anon.—Comes the king forth, I pray
you ?

Doct. Ay, sir : there are a crew of wretched souls,

That stay his cure : their malady convinces²
The great assay of art : but at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor. [*Exit* Doctor.]

Macd. What's the disease he means ?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil :³

A most miraculous work in this good king,
Which often, since my here remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows ; but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures ;
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers : and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

Enter ROSSE.

Macd. See, who comes here ?

Mal. My countryman ; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good God, betimes remove

² —their malady CONVINCES] *i. e.*, Overcomes. We have already had it in the same sense in act i, sc. 7, p. 23 of this tragedy.

³ 'Tis call'd the evil ;] It is said that Edward the Confessor was the first who *touched* for the cure of the king's evil, and the power was supposed to descend with the crown.

The means that make us strangers !

Rosse. Sir, amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did ?

Rosse. Alas, poor country !

Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave ; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile :
Where sighs and groans, and shrieks that rend the air,
Are made, not mark'd ; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy : the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd for whom ; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.

Macd. O, relation,
Too nice, and yet too true !

Mal. What is the newest grief ?

Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker :
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife ?

Rosse. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children ?

Rosse. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace ?

Rosse. No, they were well, at peace, when I did leave
them.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech : how goes it ?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out ;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot.

Now is the time of help. Your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be it their comfort,
We are coming thither. Gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men :
An older, and a better soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.

Rosse. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like ! But I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.⁴

Macd. What concern they ?
The general cause, or is it a fee-grief,⁵
Due to some single breast ?

Rosse. No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe, though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me ; quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Humph ! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your castle is surpris'd ; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughter'd : to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,⁶

⁴ —should not LATCH them.] To *latch* signifies to *catch* : the *latch* of a door is a catch to it.

⁵ —FEE-grief,] A grief that has a single owner.

⁶ Were, on the QUARRY of these murder'd deer,] A *quarry* was a heap of dead game. See p. 4 of this tragedy.

To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven!—
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows:
Give sorrow words; the grief, that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too?

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence!
My wife kill'd too?

Rosse. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted:
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children.—All my pretty ones?
Did you say, all?—O, hell-kite!—All?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff!
They were all struck for thee. Naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O! I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue.—But, gentle Heaven,

Cut short all intermission ; front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself ;
Within my sword's length set him ; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too !

Mal. This tune goes manly.⁷

Come, go we to the king : our power is ready ;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may ;
The night is long that never finds the day. [Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Dunsinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter a Doctor of Physic, and a waiting Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked ?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed ; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

⁷ This TUNE goes manly.] The folios read, *time*, which Rowe rightly altered to *tune*.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching. In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what at any time have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may, to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady MACBETH, with a lighted taper.

Lo you! here she comes. This is her very guise, and upon my life fast asleep. Observe her: stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see her eyes are open,

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark! she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One; two: why, then 'tis time to do 't.—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now?—What! will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord; no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to: you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. Pray God it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale.—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on 's grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand: what's done cannot be undone: to bed, to bed, to bed.

[*Exit Lady MACBETH.*]

Doct. Will she go now to-bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad. Unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles : infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine, than the physician.—
God, God forgive us all ! Look after her ;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her.—So, good night :
My mind she has mated,⁴ and amaz'd my sight.
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Country near Dunsinane.*

*Enter, with drum and colours, MENTEITH, CAITHNESS,
ANGUS, LENNOX, and Soldiers.*

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.
Revenge burns in them ; for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them : that way are they coming.

Caith. Who knows, if Donalbain be with his brother ?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not. I have a file
Of all the gentry : there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths, that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant ?

⁴ My mind she has MATED,] *i. e.*, Astonished, confounded, bewildered. The word has occurred in this sense several times before : see *Comedy of Errors*, act v, sc. 1, p. 66, "I think you all are *mated*, or stark mad", etc.

Caith. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies.
Some say he 's mad : others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury ; but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd course⁵
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands ;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach :
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love : now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who, then, shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there ?

Caith. Well ; march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly owed :
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal ;
And with him pour we in our country's purge
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam. [*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE III.—Dunsinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, *and* Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports ; let them fly all :

⁵ —his distemper'd COURSE] *Course* is *cause* in the folios, but amended to *course* in the Corr. fol. 1632.

Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits, that know
All mortal consequences, have pronounc'd me thus:—
*Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee.*—Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures:
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sag with doubt,⁶ nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!
Where gott'st thou that goose look?

Serv. There is ten thousand—

Mach. Geese, villain?

Serv. Soldiers, sir.

Mach. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?⁷
Death of thy soul! these linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

Serv. The English force, so please you.

Mach. Take thy face hence. [*Exit Servant.*—Seyton!—

I am sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will chair me ever,⁸ or dis-seat me now.

⁶ Shall never SAG with doubt,] *Sag* is the old form of *swag*.

⁷ —PATCH?] An appellation of contempt in frequent use, alluding to the *patched* or particoloured dress of fools at that period.

⁸ Will CHAIR me ever,] It is "*cheer* me ever" in the old copies, but fitly amended to *chair* in the Corr. fol. 1632.

I have liv'd long enough : my May of life⁹
 Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf ;
 And that which should accompany old age,
 As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
 I must not look to have ; but, in their stead,
 Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
 Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.—
 Seyton !—

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure ?

Mach. What news more ?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

Mach. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.
 Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Mach. I'll put it on.—

Send out more horses, skirr the country round ;
 Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine armour.—
 How does your patient, doctor ?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
 As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
 That keep her from her rest.

Mach. Cure her of that.
 Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,
 Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
 Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
 And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,

⁹ —my MAY of life] Johnson suggested that we ought to read *May* for *way*; and so the Corr. fol. 1632.

SCENE IV.—*The Country near Dunsinane. Birnam Wood in sight.*

Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, old SIWARD, his Son, MACDUFF, MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, ROSSE, and Soldiers marching.

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand,
That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him : thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Soldiers. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope ;
For where there is advantage to be gotten,
Both more and less have given him the revolt ;
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.

Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,
 But certain issue strokes must arbitrate :
 Towards which advance the war. [*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE V.—Dunsinane. *Within the Castle walls.*

*Enter, with drum and colours, MACBETH, SEYTON, and
 Soldiers.*

Mach. Hang out our banners on the outward walls !
 The cry is still, *They come !* Our castle's strength
 Will laugh a siege to scorn : here let them lie,
 Till famine and the ague eat them up.
 Were they not farc'd with those that should be ours,
 We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
 And beat them backward home. What is that noise ?

[*A cry of Women, within.*

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord. [*Exit.*

Mach. I have almost forgot the taste of fears.
 The time has been, my senses would have quail'd³
 To hear a night-shriek ; and my fell of hair⁴
 Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir,
 As life were in 't. I have supp'd full with horrors :
 Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
 Cannot once start me.—

Re-enter SEYTON.

Wherefore was that cry ?

³ —my senses would have QUAIL'D] It is *cool'd* in the folios, and indisputably amended to *quail'd* in the Corr. fol. 1632.

⁴ —and my FELL of hair] *Fell* is *skin*, and is still in use in the word *fellmonger* : “my *fell* of hair” is the *skin* of the hair.

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.⁵

Macb. She should have died hereafter :
There would have been a time for such a word.—
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time ;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !
Life's but a walking shadow ; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more : it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue ; thy story, quickly.

Mess. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam ; and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and slave !

Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so :
Within this three mile may you see it coming ;
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,

⁵ The queen, my lord, is dead.] It is, we think, quite right that Seyton should return to the scene with this information, though we formerly held a contrary opinion.

Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee:⁶ if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.—
I pull in resolution ; and begin
To doubt th' equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth : *Fear not, till Birnam wood*
Do come to Dunsinane ;—and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out !—
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is no flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish th' estate o' the world were now undone.—
Ring the alarum bell !—Blow, wind ! come, wrack !
At least we 'll die with harness on our back.

[*Exeunt. The alarum bell rings.*]

SCENE VI.—*The Same. A Plain before the Castle.*

*Enter, with drums and colours, MALCOLM, old SIWARD,
MACDUFF, etc., their Army carrying boughs.*

Mal. Now near enough : your leafy screens throw down,
And show like those you are.—You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle : worthy Macduff, and we,
Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siv. Fare you well.—
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

⁶ Till famine CLING thee:] *i.e.*, probably, till famine shrink, or dry thee up : to *cleng* is still so used in the north of England.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak ; give them all
breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.
[*Exeunt. Alarums.*]

SCENE VII.—*The Same. Another Part of the Plain.*

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake : I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—What's he,
That was not born of woman ? Such a-one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young SIWARD.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name ?

Macb. Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No ; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name,
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant : with my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*They fight, and young SIWARD is slain.*]

Macb. Thou wast born of woman :—
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. [Exit.]

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noise is.—Tyrant, show thy face !

If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kerns,⁷ whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves: either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be;
By this great clatter one of greatest note
Seems bruited.⁸ Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [Exit. Alarums.

Enter MALCOLM and old SIWARD.

Siw. This way, my lord.—The castle's gently render'd:
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war.
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle.
[Exeunt into the castle. Alarums.

Re-enter MACBETH.

Mac. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn!

⁷ —wretched KERNS.] The word *kerns* seems here used with greater licence than usual, as mere mercenaries.

⁸ Seems BRUITED.] *i. e.*, Noised or reported, as often before.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee :
But get thee back ; my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words ;
My voice is in my sword : thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out ! [They fight, and pause.

Macb. Thou lovest labour :
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed :
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests ;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm ;
And let the angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man :
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense ;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then, yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time :
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
Here you may see the tyrant.

Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,

And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body
I throw my warlike shield : lay on, Macduff ;
And damn'd be him that first cries, *Hold enough !*

[*Exeunt, fighting.*⁹

Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with drum and colours,
MALCOLM, old SIWARD, ROSSE, Thanes, and Soldiers.

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.

Siw. Some must go off ; and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Rosse. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt :
He only liv'd but till he was a man ;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd,
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

Siw. Then he is dead ?

Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field. Your cause of
sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before ?

Rosse. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why, then, God's soldier be he !
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death :
And so his knell is knoll'd.

⁹ *Exeunt, fighting.*] According to the stage-direction of all the folios, Macbeth and Macduff re-enter fighting, and Macbeth is slain before the audience. Perhaps the scene was sometimes so represented.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

Siw. He's worth no more :
They say he parted well, and paid his score ;
And so, God be with him !—Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH'S head on a pole.

Macd. Hail, king ! for so thou art. Behold, where
stands
The usurper's cursed head : the time is free.
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds ;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, king of Scotland !

All. Hail, king of Scotland ! [*A long flourish.*]

Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time,
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls ; the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny ;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen,
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life ;—this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place.
So, thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

H A M L E T.

EDITED BY

J. PAYNE COLLIER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.¹

CLAUDIUS, *King of Denmark.*

HAMLET, *Son to the former, and Nephew to the present, King.*

HORATIO, *Friend to Hamlet.*

POLONIUS, *Lord Chamberlain.*

LAERTES, *his Son.*

VOLTIMAND,

CORNELIUS,

ROSENCRANTZ,

GUILDENSTERN,

OSRICK, *a Courtier.*

Another Courtier.

A Priest.

MARCELLUS,

BERNARDO,

FRANCISCO, *a Soldier.*

REYNALDO, *Servant to Polonius.*

A Captain. Ambassadors from England.

Ghost of Hamlet's Father.

FORTINBRAS, *Prince of Norway.*

Two Gravediggers.

GERTRUDE, *Queen of Denmark, and Mother to Hamlet.*

OPHELIA, *Daughter to Polonius.*

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Players, Sailors, Messengers,
and Attendants.

¹ There were 4to. editions of *Hamlet* in 1603, 1604, 1605, 1611, 1637, besides two undated impressions: the earliest was the most imperfect and incomplete. The tragedy was also included in the folio of 1623, and it occupies the same place in the three later folios. Rowe in 1709 first gave a list of the characters.

H A M L E T,
PRINCE OF DENMARK.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Elsinore. *A Platform before the Castle.*

FRANCISCO *on guard.* Enter to him BERNARDO.

Ber. WHO'S there?

Fran. Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold
Yourself.

Ber. Long live the king!

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis new struck twelve: get thee to bed, Francisco.

Fran. For this relief much thanks. 'Tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Fran. I think I hear them.—Stand, ho! Who is there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good night.

Mar. O ! farewell, honest soldier :

Who hath reliev'd you ?

Fran. Bernardo has my place.

Give you good night. [Exit FRANCISCO.]

Mar. Holla ! Bernardo !

Ber. Say.

What ! is Horatio there ?

Hor. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, Horatio : welcome, good Marcellus.

Hor. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night ?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. Horatio says, 'tis but our fantasy,

And will not let belief take hold of him,

Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us :

Therefore, I have entreated him along

With us, to watch the minutes of this night ;

That, if again this apparition come,

He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.

Hor. Tush, tush ! 'twill not appear.

Ber. Sit down awhile :

And let us once again assail your ears,

That are so fortified against our story,

What we two nights have seen.

Hor. Well, sit we down,

And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all,

When yond' same star, that's westward from the pole,

Had made his course t' illume that part of heaven

Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
The bell then beating one,— [Bell strikes one.

Mar. Peace ! break thee off : look, where it comes again !

Enter Ghost.

Ber. In the same figure, like the king that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholar ; speak to it, Horatio.

Ber. Looks it not like the king ? mark it, Horatio.

Hor. Most like :—it harrows me with fear, and wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Question it, Horatio.

Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march ? by heaven I charge thee, speak !

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See ! it stalks away.

Hor. Stay ! speak, speak ! I charge thee, speak !

[Exit Ghost.

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, Horatio ! you tremble, and look pale.
Is not this something more than fantasy ?
What think you on't ?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe,
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the king ?

Hor. As thou art to thyself.
Such was the very armour he had on,
When he th' ambitious Norway combated :
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,

He smote the sledded Polack on the ice.
'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus, twice before, and jump at this dead hour,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work I know not ;
But in the gross and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now, sit down ; and tell me, he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land ?
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war ?
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week ?
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day ?
Who is 't, that can inform me ?

Hor. That can I ;
At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
Dar'd to the combat ; in which our valiant Hamlet
(For so this side of our known world esteem'd him)
Did slay this Fortinbras ; who, by a seal'd compact
Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit with his life all those his lands
Which he stood seiz'd of to the conqueror :
Against the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our king ; which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,

Had he been vanquisher ; as, by the same co-mart,
And carriage of the article design'd,
His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimproved mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,
Shark'd up a list of lawless resolute,
For food and diet, to some enterprise
That hath a stomach in 't : which is no other
(As it doth well appear unto our state)
But to recover of us, by strong hand
And terms compulsative, those 'foresaid lands
So by his father lost. And this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations,
The source of this our watch, and the chief head
Of this post-haste and romage in the land.

Ber. I think it be no other, but e'en so :
Well may it sort, that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch ; so like the king
That was, and is, the question of these wars.

Hor. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets :
As, stars with trains of fire, and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun ;² and the moist star,
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to dooms-day with eclipse :

² Disasters in the sun ;] There is evidently some corruption here, which it is impossible now to set right : Malone imagined that a line had been omitted. No conjecture is worth notice.

And even the like precurse of fierce events—
 As harbingers preceding still the fates,
 And prologue to the omen coming on—
 Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
 Unto our climature and countrymen.—

Re-enter Ghost.

But soft! behold! lo, where it comes again!
 I'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion!³
 If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
 Speak to me:
 If there be any good thing to be done,
 That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
 Speak to me:
 If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
 Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,
 O, speak!
 Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
 Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
 For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,

[Cock crows.]

Speak of it:—stay, and speak!—Stop it, Marcellus.

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partisan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber. 'Tis here!

Hor. 'Tis here!

Mar. 'Tis gone. *[Exit Ghost.]*

We do it wrong, being so majestic,
 To offer it the show of violence;

³ Stay, illusion!] At these words there is a stage-direction in the edition of 1604, copied into the later 4tos., "It spreads his arms."

For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it started, like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day ; and at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
Th' extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine ; and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long :
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad ;
The nights are wholesome ; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes,⁴ nor witch hath power to charm ;
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But, look ; the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yond' high eastern hill.
Break we our watch up ; and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet ; for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,

⁴ No fairy TAKES ;] *i. e.*, *enchants, infects* : we have already had the word "takes" used in this sense in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, act iv, sc. 4, p. 83.

As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most conveniently. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*The Same. An Apartment of State.*

*Enter the KING, QUEEN, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES,
VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, Lords and Attendants.*

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green, and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore, our sometime sister, now our queen,
Th' imperial jointress of this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,—
With one auspicious, and one dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,—
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along:—for all, our thanks.
Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,
Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
Or thinking, by our late dear brother's death
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
Colleagued with the dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,

Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bands of law,
To our most valiant brother.—So much for him.
Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting,
Thus much the business is : we have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress
His farther gait herein ; in that the levies,
The lists, and full proportions, are all made
Out of his subject : and we here despatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway ;
Giving to you no farther personal power
To business with the king, more than the scope
Of these dilated articles allow. *[Giving a paper.]*
Farewell ; and let your haste commend your duty.

Cor., Vol. In that, and all things, will we show our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing : heartily farewell.

[Exeunt VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.]

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you ?
You told us of some suit ; what is 't, Laertes ?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
And lose your voice : what wouldst thou beg, Laertes,
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking ?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
What wouldst thou have, Laertes ?

Laer. My dread lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France ;

From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
To show my duty in your coronation,
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave
By laboursome petition; and, at last,
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,
And thy best graces: spend it at thy will.—
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

Ham. A little more than kin, and less than kind. [*Aside.*

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so, my lord; I am too much i' the sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not, for ever, with thy vailed lids,⁵
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
Thou know'st, 'tis common; all that live must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems.
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Not customary suits of solemn black,

⁵ —thy VAILED lids] To *vail* was to *lower*, as frequently before.

Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly : these, indeed, seem,
For they are actions that a man might play ;
But I have that within which passeth show,
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature,
Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father :
But, you must know, your father lost a father ;
That father lost, lost his ; and the survivor bound,
In filial obligation, for some term,
To do obsequious sorrow : but to persevere
In obstinate condolement is a course
Of impious stubbornness ; 'tis unmanly grief :
It shows a will most incorrect to Heaven ;
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient ;
An understanding simple and unschool'd :
For what we know must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
Take it to heart ? Fie ! 'tis a fault to heaven :
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd ; whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse till he that died to-day,
This must be so. We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe, and think of us
As of a father ; for let the world take note,

You are the most immediate to our throne :
And, with no less nobility of love
Than that which dearest father bears his son,
Do I impart toward you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire ;
And we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet :
I pray thee, stay with us ; go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply :
Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come :
This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart ; in grace whereof,
No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,
And the king's rouse⁶ the heaven shall bruit again,
Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt all but Hamlet.*]

Ham. O ! that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew ;
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter. O God ! O God !
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world !
Fie on 't ! O fie ! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed ; things rank, and gross in nature,

⁶ And the king's ROUSE] *i. e.*, *Carouse* : the word *rouse* was often so used : see also act ii, sc. I, of this tragedy.

Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not two :
So excellent a king ; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr : so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem⁷ the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth !
Must I remember ? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on ; and yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on 't.—Frailty, thy name is woman !—
A little month ; or ere those shoes were old
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears ;—why she, even she,
(O God ! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer)—married with my uncle,
My father's brother, but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules : within a month ;
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married.—O, most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets !
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good ;
But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue !

Enter HORATIO, BERNARDO, and MARCELLUS.

Hor. Hail to your lordship !

⁷ That he might not BETEEM] To *beteem* is to *permit* or *suffer* : the word has, however, occurred in a different sense in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, act i, sc. 1, p. 8, being there to be taken as “teem”, *i. e.*, *pour out* in large quantity.

Ham. I am glad to see you well:
Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend ; I'll change that name with
you.

And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?—
Marcellus?

Mar. My good lord,—

Ham. I am very glad to see you ; good-even, sir.—
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so ;
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself : I know you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elsinore?

We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student ;
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio ! the funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
'Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Ere ever I had seen that day, Horatio !—
My father,—methinks I see my father.

Hor. O ! where, my lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once : he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw! who?

Hor. My lord, the king your father.

Ham. The king my father!

Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent ear, till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham. For God's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead vast⁸ and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
Armed at point, exactly, *cap-à-pié*,
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd,
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, bechill'd⁹
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch;
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,

⁸ —dead VAST] This is the line as it stands in the 4to. 1603; and if that edition had afforded us no other correction of *wast*, the misprint in the other 4tos. and folios, its high value would have been established. Hitherto the poor, tame reading has been, "In the dead *waist* and middle of the night."

⁹ —whilst they, BECHILL'D] So the Corr. fol. 1632, for *distill'd* of the old copies—an indisputable emendation.

The apparition comes. I knew your father ;
These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this ?

Mar. My lord, upon the platform, where we watch'd.

Ham. Did you not speak to it ?

Hor. My lord, I did,
But answer made it none ; yet once, methought,
It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak :
But, even then, the morning cock crew loud,
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true ;
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night ?

All. We do, my lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you ?

All. Arm'd, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe ?

All. My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then, saw you not his face ?

Hor. O ! yes, my lord ; he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What ! look'd he frowningly ?

Hor. A countenance more
In sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red ?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you ?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like,

Very like. Stay'd it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

Mar., Ber. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw it.

Ham. His beard was grizzled? no?

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.

Ham. I will watch to-night :
Perchance 'twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace.—I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still ;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue :
I will requite your loves. So, fare you well :
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honour.

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you.—Farewell.

[*Exeunt* HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BERNARDO.

My father's spirit in arms! all is not well ;
I doubt some foul play : would the night were come !
Till then sit still, my soul. Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the House of Polonius.**Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA.*

Laer. My necessities are embark'd ; farewell :
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that ?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood ;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute ;
No more.

Oph. No more but so ?

Laer. Think it no more :
For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews, and bulk ; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now ;
And now no soil, nor cautel, doth besmirch
The virtue of his will : but you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own,
For he himself is subject to his birth :
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself ; for on his choice depends
The safety and the health of this whole state ;
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
Whereof he is the head. Then, if he says he loves you,

It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,
As he, in his particular act and place,¹
May give his saying deed ; which is no farther
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then, weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs,
Or lose your heart ; or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister ;
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon :
Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes :
The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd ;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary, then ; best safety lies in fear :
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall th' effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read.²

¹ —his PARTICULAR ACT and PLACE,] So the 4tos. 1604, etc. The folio reads, "*peculiar sect and force*"; but there is little doubt that it is a misreading by the old compositor.

² And recks not his own READ.] *i. e.*, And *cares* not for his own *counsel*, or advice.

Laer. O! fear me not.
I stay too long ;—but here my father comes.

Enter POLONIUS.

A double blessing is a double grace ;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes? aboard, aboard, for shame!
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stay'd for. There,—my blessing with you ;
[*Laying his hand on LAERTES' head.*

And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar :
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel ;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel ; but, being in,
Bear't, that th' opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice ;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy ; rich, not gaudy :
For the apparel oft proclaims the man ;
And they in France, of the best rank and station,
Are of a most select and generous choice in that.³

³ Are of a most select and generous CHOICE in that.] *Choice* is misprinted *chiefe* in the old copies—an easy error set right in the Corr. fol. 1632. The nicety and choiceness of the French in dress was then almost proverbial.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be ;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—to thine ownself be true ;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell : my blessing season this in thee !

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Pol. The time invites you : go ; your servants tend.

Laer. Farewell, Ophelia ; and remember well
What I have said to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell. [Exit LAERTES.]

Pol. What is 't, Ophelia, he hath said to you ?

Oph. So please you, something touching the lord
Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought :
'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you ; and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous.
If it be so (as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution), I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly,
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour.
What is between you ? give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection ? pooh ! you speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them ?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you : think yourself a baby ;
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly ;
Or, not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Running it thus,⁴ you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importun'd me with love
In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call 't ; go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows : these blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a-making,—
You must not take for fire. From this time,
Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence :
Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
Than a command to parley. For lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, that he is young ;
And with a larger tether may he walk,
Than may be given you. In few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows ; for they are brokers,
Not of that dye which their investments show,
But mere implorators of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds,⁵
The better to beguile, This is for all,—

⁴ RUNNING it thus,] The folios read, "*Roaming* it thus", and the 4tos. 1604, etc., "*Wrong* it thus." "*Running*" is from the Corr. fol. 1632.

⁵ —and pious BAWDS,] It is "*pious bonds*" in the 4tos. and folios.

I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth
Have you so squander any moment's leisure,
As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.
Look to 't, I charge you. Come your ways.

Oph. I shall obey, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Platform.*

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly ; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now ?

Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hor. Indeed ? I heard it not : then it draws near the
season

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[*A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot off within.*

What does this mean, my lord ?

Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassel, and the swaggering up-spring reels ;
And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom ?

Ham. Ay, marry, is 't :

But to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a custom

—amended by the old corrector of the folio 1632, as well as by Theobald. So, farther on, *slander* is amended to *squander*.

More honour'd in the breach than the observance.
 This heavy-headed revel, east and west
 Makes us traduc'd and tax'd of other nations :
 They clepe us drunkards,⁶ and with swinish phrase
 Soil our addition ; and, indeed, it takes
 From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
 The pith and marrow of our attribute.
 So, oft it chances in particular men,
 That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
 As, in their birth (wherein they are not guilty,
 Since nature cannot choose his origin)
 By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
 Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason ;
 Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
 The form of plausible manners ;—that these men,—
 Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
 Being nature's livery or fortune's star,—
 Their virtues else, be they as pure as grace,
 As infinite as man may undergo,
 Shall in the general censure take corruption
 From that particular fault : the dram of ill
 Doth all the noble substance often dout,⁷
 To his own scandal.

Enter Ghost.

Hor.

Look, my lord ! it comes.

⁶ They CLEPE us drunkards,] *i. e.*, "they call us drunkards"; from the Sax. *clypian*, as in *Macbeth*, act iii, sc. 1; p. 42.

⁷ Doth all the noble substance often DOUT,] In the preceding line *ill* is misprinted *eale*; and in this line *dout* is to be understood as *do out*, still pronounced *dout*, and used colloquially for *extinguish*: thus we say, "*dout* that candle."

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us !—
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee.—I'll call thee, Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane : O ! answer me :
Let me not burst in ignorance ; but tell,
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements ? why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again ?—What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous ; and we, fools of nature,
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls ?
Say, why is this ? wherefore ? what should we do ?

[*The Ghost beckons HAMLET.*

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground :—
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak ; then, will I follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear ?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee ;

And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again :—I'll follow it.

Hor. What, if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord ;
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness ? think of it :
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still.—Go on,
I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hor. Be rul'd : you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. [Ghost beckons.
Still am I call'd.—Unhand me, gentlemen,—

[Drawing, and breaking from them.

By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me :⁸—
I say, away !—Go on, I'll follow thee.

[Exeunt Ghost and HAMLET.

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow : 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after.—To what issue will this come ?

⁸ —of him that LETS me :] *i. e.*, that *hinders* or *prevents* me,

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Hor. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*A more removed Part of the Platform.*

Enter Ghost and HAMLET.

Ham. Where wilt thou lead me?—Speak; I'll go no farther.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not; but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak; I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confin'd to lasting fires,⁹
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;

⁹ —confin'd to LASTING fires,] The old text is "confin'd to *fast* in fires": the change is that of the Corr. fol. 1632; and it seems absurd that the Ghost should complain of *fasting* in flames.

Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres ;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on-end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine :
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood.—List, list, O list !—
If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—

Ham. O God !

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Ham. Murder ?

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is ;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know't, that I, with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt ;
And duller shouldst thou be, than the fat weed
That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear :—
'Tis given out, that, sleeping in mine orchard,
A serpent stung me : so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd ; but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.

Ham. O, my prophetic soul ! my uncle ?

Ghost. Ay ; that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,
(O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce !) won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen.

O, Hamlet, what a falling-off was there !
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage ; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine !
But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.—
But, soft ! methinks I scent the morning air :
Brief let me be.—Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always in the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a phial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment ; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body ;
And with a sudden vigour it doth posset,
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood : so did it mine ;
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust
All my smooth body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd :
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,

Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd ;⁷
 No reckoning made, but sent to my account
 With all my imperfections on my head :
 O, horrible ! O, horrible ! most horrible !⁸
 If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not ;
 Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
 A couch for luxury and damned incest.
 But howsoever thou pursuest this act,
 Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
 Against thy mother aught : leave her to heaven,
 And to those thorns, that in her bosom lodge,
 To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once.
 The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
 And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire :
 Adieu, adieu ! Hamlet, remember me.

[*Vanishes.*

Ham. O, all you host of heaven ! O earth ! What else ?
 And shall I couple hell ?—O fie !—Hold, my heart ;
 And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
 But bear me stiffly up !—Remember thee ?
 Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
 In this distracted globe. Remember thee ?
 Yea, from the table of my memory
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
 All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
 That youth and observation copied there,

⁷ UNHOUSEL'D, DISAPPOINTED, UNANEL'D ;] *Unhousel'd* is without having received the sacrament : "disappointed" is *unappointed*, or *unprepared* ; and "unanel'd" is *unoiled*, without extreme unction.

⁸ —most horrible !] Johnson recommended that this line should be transferred to Hamlet, and Garrick so repeated it ; but that it was not so left by the poet is proved by every old copy.

And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter : yes, by heaven !
O, most pernicious woman !
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain !
My tables,—meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain*;
At least, I am sure it may be so in Denmark.— [*Writing.*
So, uncle, there you are.—Now to my word ;
It is, *Adieu, adieu ! remember me.*
I have sworn 't.

Hor. [Within] My lord ! my lord !

Mar. [Within] Lord Hamlet !

Hor. [Within] Heaven secure him !

Ham. So be it.

Hor. [Within] Illo, ho, ho, my lord !

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy ! come, bird, come.⁹

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Mar. How is 't, my noble lord ?

Hor. What news, my lord ?

Ham. O, wonderful !

Hor. Good my lord, tell it.

Ham. No ;

You'll reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.

Mar. Nor I, my lord.

Ham. How say you, then ; would heart of man once
think it ?—

But you 'll be secret.

⁹ —come, BIRD, come.] An exclamation often used by falconers.

Hor., Mar. Ay, by heaven, my lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark,
But he's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the
grave,
To tell us this.

Ham. Why, right ; you are i' the right ;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part :
You, as your business and desire shall point you ;
For every man hath business and desire,
Such as it is ; and, for mine own poor part,
Look you, I'll go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.

Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily ; yes,
'Faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is Horatio,
And much offence too.—Touching this vision here,
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you :
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'er-master 't as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is 't, my lord ? we will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.

Hor., Mar. My lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear 't.

Hor. In faith,
My lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, true-penny?—

Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellarage,—
Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen;
Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. *Hic et ubique?* then we'll shift our ground.—
Come hither, gentlemen, [*They remove.*]
And lay your hands again upon my sword:
Never to speak of this that you have heard;
Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. Well said, old mole! canst work i' the earth so
fast?

A worthy pioneer!—Once more remove, good friends.

Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. But come;—
Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,—
As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on,—
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As *Well, well, we know*;—or, *We could, an if we would*;—
Or, *If we list to speak*;—or, *There be, an if they might*;—
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
That you know aught of me :—this not to do,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you,
Swear.

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!—So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you :
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do, t' express his love and friending to you,
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together ;
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray,
The time is out of joint ;—O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!—
Nay, come ; let's go together. [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the House of Polonius.*

Enter POLONIUS and REYNALDO.

Pol. Give him this money, and these notes, Reynaldo.

Rey. I will, my lord.

Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,

Before you visit him, to make inquiry
Of his behaviour.

Rey. My lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry, well said : very well said. Look you, sir,
Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris ;
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expense ; and finding,
By this encompassment and drift of question,
That they do know my son, come you more nearer
Than your particular demands will touch it :
Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him ;
As thus,—*I know his father, and his friends,*
And, in part, him :—do you mark this, Reynaldo ?

Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.

Pol. *And in part, him ; but, you may say, not well :*
But, if 't be he I mean, he's very wild ;
Addicted—so and so ;—and there put on him
What forgeries you please ; marry, none so rank
As may dishonour him : take heed of that ;
But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my lord.

Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarreling,
Drabbing :—you may go so far.

Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. 'Faith, no ; as you may season it in the charge.
You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency :
That's not my meaning ; but breathe his faults so quaintly,
That they may seem the taints of liberty ;

The flash and out-break of a fiery mind ;
A savageness in unreclaimed blood
Of general assault.

Rey. But, my good lord,—

Pol. Wherefore should you do this ?

Rey. Ay, my lord,

I would know that.

Pol. Marry, sir, here's my drift ;

And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant.
You laying these slight sullies on my son,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' the working,
Mark you,
Your party in converse, him you would sound,
Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes
The youth you breathe of guilty, be assur'd,
He closes with you in this consequence :
Good sir, or so ; or *friend*, or *gentleman*,—
According to the phrase, or the addition,
Of man, and country.

Rey. Very good, my lord.

Pol. And then, sir, does he this,—he does—
What was I about to say ?—By the mass, I was
About to say something :—where did I leave ?

Rey. At *closes in the consequence*,
As *friend or so*, and *gentleman*.

Pol. At *closes in the consequence*,—ay, marry ;
He closes thus :—*I know the gentleman* ;
I saw him yesterday, or t' other day,
Or then, or then ; with such or such ; and, as you say,
There was he gaming ; there o'ertook in's rouse ;
There falling out at tennis : or perchance,

*I saw him enter such a house of sale,
(Videlicet, a brothel) or so forth.*

See you now ;

Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth :

And thus do we, of wisdom and of reach,

With windlaces, and with assays of bias,

By indirections find directions out :

So, by my former lecture and advice,

Shall you my son. You have me, have you not ?

Rey. My lord, I have.

Pol. God be wi' you ; fare you well.

Rey. Good my lord.

Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.

Rey. I shall, my lord.

Pol. And let him ply his music.

Rey. Well, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter OPHELIA.

Pol. Farewell !—How now, Ophelia ? what 's the matter ?

Oph. Alas, my lord ! I have been so affrighted !

Pol. With what, in the name of God ?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my chamber,
Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbrac'd ;
No hat upon his head ; his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle ;
Pale as his shirt ; his knees knocking each other ;
And with a look so piteous in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell
To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love ?

Oph. My lord, I do not know;
But, truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm,
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so:
At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
That it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being. That done, he lets me go,
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out of doors he went without their help,
And to the last bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me: I will go seek the king.
This is the very ecstasy of love;
Whose violent property fordoes itself,
And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
As oft as any passion under heaven
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry,—
What! have you given him any hard words of late?

Oph. No, my good lord; but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters, and denied
His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am sorry that with better heed and judgment
I had not quoted him: I fear'd, he did but trifle,
And meant to wreck thee; but beshrew my jealousy!

By heaven, it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king :
This must be known ; which, being kept close, might move
More grief to hide than hate to utter love.
Come. * [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN,
and Attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern :
Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation ; so I call it,
Sith nor th' exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of : I entreat you both,
That, being of so young days brought up with him,
And since so neighbour'd to his youth and humour,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time ; so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather
So much as from occasion you may glean,
Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,¹

¹ Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,] This line,

That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you ;
And, sure I am, two men there are not living
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To show us so much gentry and good will,
As to expend your time with us a while,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey ;
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,
To lay our service freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz, and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern, and gentle Rosencrantz :
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed son.—Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence, and our practices,
Pleasant and helpful to him !

Queen. Ay, amen !

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and
some Attendants.]

absolutely necessary to the sense, and found in all the 4tos. subsequent to that of 1603, is omitted in the folio. In the next speech, *expend* of the folios is *extend* in the 4tos.—a mere misprint.

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. Th' ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.

Pol. Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God and to my gracious king :
And I do think (or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath us'd to do) that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy. [*Spoken to the KING.*

King. O! speak of that ; that do I long to hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to th' ambassadors ;
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.²

King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in.

[*Exit* POLONIUS.]

He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.

Queen. I doubt, it is no other but the main ;
His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage.

King. Well, we shall sift him.—

Re-enter POLONIUS, *with* VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.

Welcome, my good friends.

Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway ?

Volt. Most fair return of greetings and desires.
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies ; which to him appear'd

² —the FRUIT to that great feast.] The folios, by a printer's error,
give, "My news shall be the *news* to that great feast."

To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack ;
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your highness : whereat griev'd,—
That so his sickness, age, and impotence,
Was falsely borne in hand,—sends out arrests
On Fortinbras ; which he in brief obeys ;
Receives rebuke from Norway ; and, in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle, never more
To give th' assay of arms against your majesty.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee ;
And his commission to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack :
With an entreaty, herein farther shown, [*Giving a paper.*
That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprise,
On such regards of safety and allowance,
As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well ;
And, at our more consider'd time, we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business :
Meantime, we thank you for your well-took labour.
Go to your rest ; at night we'll feast together :
Most welcome home.

[*Exeunt* VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.]

Pol. This business is well ended.—
My liege, and madam—to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,

And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief.—Your noble son is mad :
Mad call I it ; for, to define true madness,
What is't but to be nothing else but mad ?
But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear I use no art at all.
That he is mad 'tis true : 'tis true 'tis pity,
And pity 'tis 'tis true : a foolish figure ;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him, then ; and now remains,
That we find out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause :
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
Perpend.
I have a daughter ; have, while she is mine ;
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this. Now gather, and surmise. [*Reads.*]

To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified
Ophelia,—

That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase ; *beautified* is a vile
phrase ; but you shall hear.—Thus : [*Reads.*]

In her excellent white bosom, these, etc.—

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her ?

Pol. Good madam, stay awhile ; I will be faithful.—

Doubt thou the stars are fire, [*Reads.*]

Doubt, that the sun doth move ;

Doubt truth to be a liar,

But never doubt I love.

O dear Ophelia ! I am ill at these numbers : I have not art to reckon my groans ; but that I love thee best, O most best ! believe it. Adieu.

Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him, HAMLET.

This in obedience hath my daughter shown me ;
And more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she
Receiv'd his love ?

Pol. What do you think of me ?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think,
When I had seen this hot love on the wing,
(As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me) what might you,
Or my dear majesty, your queen here, think,
If I had play'd the desk, or table-book ;
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb ;
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight ;
What might you think ? no, I went round to work,
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak :
Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star ;³
This must not be : and then I precepts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice ;
And he, repulsed, a short tale to make,

³ —out of thy STAR ;] All the old copies, 4to. and folio, anterior to the folio 1632, read "out of thy star": even the 4to. 1603 has it so ; but the editor of the folio 1632 altered "star" to *sphere*.

Fell into a sadness ; then into a fast ;
Thence to a watch ; thence into a weakness ;
Thence to a lightness ; and, by this declension,
Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we wait for.

King. Do you think 'tis this ?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, I'd fain know that,
That I have positively said, 'Tis so,
When it prov'd otherwise ?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise.

[Pointing to his head and shoulder.]

If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

King. How may we try it farther ?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks for hours together,
Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him.
Be you and I behind an arras then :
Mark the encounter ; if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fallen thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm and carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter HAMLET, behind, reading.

Queen. But, look, where sadly the poor wretch comes
reading.

Pol. Away ! I do beseech you, both away.
I'll board him presently :—O ! give me leave.—

[*Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, and Attendants.]

How does my good lord Hamlet ?

Ham. Well, god-'a-mercy. [Com^{ing} forward.]

Pol. Do you know me, my lord ?

Ham. Excellent well ; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then, I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord ?

Ham. Ay, sir : to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god kissing carrion,⁴—Have you a daughter ?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun : conception is a blessing ; but not as your daughter may conceive :—friend, look to 't.

Pol. [*Aside*] How say you by that ? Still harping on my daughter :—yet he knew me not at first ; he said I was a fishmonger. He is far gone, far gone : and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love ; very near

⁴ —being a GOD kissing carrion,] This passage has occasioned dispute, but there can be no doubt that the old reading "being a *good* kissing carrion" is corrupt, and that the text ought to stand "being a *god* kissing carrion", as Warburton amended it. The following lines from our Poet's *Edward the Third*, act ii, sc. 1, p. 32, are in point :—

"The freshest summer's day doth soonest taint
The loathed carrion that it seems to kiss."

this. I'll speak to him again. What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between whom?

Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord,

Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says here, that old men have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber, and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: all of which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for you yourself, sir, should be old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there is method in 't.
[*Aside.*] Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave?

Pol. Indeed, that is out o' the air.—[*Aside.*] How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—[*To him.*] My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I will more willingly part withal; except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Pol. You go to seek the lord Hamlet; there he is.

Ros. God save you, sir !

[*To* POLONIUS.]

[*Exit* POLONIUS.]

Guil. Mine honour'd lord !—

Ros. My most dear lord !

Ham. My excellent good friends ! How dost thou, Guildenstern ? Ah, Rosencrantz ! Good lads, how do ye both ?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not overhappy ;
On Fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the sole of her shoe ?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours ?

Guil. 'Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune ? O ! most true : she is a strumpet. What news ?

Ros. None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest.

Ham. Then is doom's-day near ; but your news is not true. Let me question more in particular : what have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to prison hither ?

Guil. Prison, my lord ?

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one ; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons ; Denmark being one of the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then, 'tis none to you ; for there is nothing, either good or bad, but thinking makes it so : to me it is a prison.

Ros. Why, then your ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God! I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly; and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs, and our stretched heroes, the beggars' shadows. Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

Ros., Guil. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended.⁵ But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks, but I thank you; and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come; deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Why anything but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks,

⁵ —I am most dreadfully attended.] Here ends an addition to the scene, only found in the folios. It began at "Let me question more in particular", on the preceding page.

which your modesties have not craft enough to colour : I know the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord ?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no ?

Ros. What say you ? [To GUILDENSTERN.]

Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of you. [*Aside.*—If you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why ; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secresy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late (but wherefore I know not) lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercises ; and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory ; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appeareth nothing to me but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is man ! How noble in reason ! how infinite in faculties ! in form and moving, how express and admirable ! in action, how like an angel ! in apprehension, how like a god ! the beauty of the world ! the paragon of animals ! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust ? man delights not me ;—no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, then, when I said, *man delights not me*?

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what Lenten entertainment⁶ the players shall receive from you : we coted them on the way,⁷ and hither are they coming to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king shall be welcome ; his majesty shall have tribute of me : the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target : the lover shall not sigh gratis : the humorous man shall end his part in peace : the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled o' the sere ; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for 't.—What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it, they travel ? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think, their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.⁸

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city ? Are they so followed ?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it ? Do they grow rusty?

⁶ —LENTEN entertainment,] *i.e.*, such entertainment as players met with in *Lent*, when they were not allowed to perform publicly at their theatres.

⁷ —we COTED them on the way,] *i.e.*, We *overtook* them, or, strictly, came *side by side* with them ; from the Fr. *côté*.

⁸ the LATE INNOVATION.] This passage refers to the official limiting of public theatrical performances to two theatres, the Globe on the Bankside, and the Fortune in Golden Lane.

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace : but there is, sir, an eyry of children, little eyases,⁹ that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapped for 't : these are now the fashion ; and so berattle the common stages (so they call them), that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What ! are they children ? who maintains them ? how are they escoted ?¹⁰ Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing ? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players, (as it is most like, if their means are not better) their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession ?

Ros. 'Faith, there has been much to do on both sides ; and the nation holds it no sin, to tarre them to controversy :¹ there was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is it possible ?

Guil. O ! there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away ?

⁹ —an EYRY of children, little EYASES,] Shakespeare here alludes to the encouragement at that time given to some *eyry*, a *nest* of children, or *eyases* (young hawks), who spoke in a high tone of voice. There were several companies of young performers about this date.

¹⁰ —ESCOTED ?] *Paid*, from the French *escot*, a *shot* or *reckoning*.

¹ —to TARRE them to controversy :] *i. e.*, to *excite* them to controversy, as dogs to fight : see *King John*, act iv, sc. 1, p. 65, etc. It seems very probable that the words, used afterwards, "Hercules, and his load too" had reference to some drama of which Hercules was the hero : Martin Slater had produced one as early as 1595.

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord ; Hercules, and his load too.

Ham. It is not very strange ; for my uncle is king of Denmark, and those, that would make mowes at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little. 'Sblood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[*Flourish of trumpets within.*

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands : come then ; the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony : let me comply with you in this garb, lest my extent to the players² (which, I tell you, must show fairly outward), should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome ; but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord ?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west : when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw.³

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen !

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern ;—and you too ;—at each ear a hearer : that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swathing-clouts.

Ros. Haply he's the second time come to them ; for, they say, an old man is twice a child.

² —my EXTENT to the players] Ought we not to read *ostent* for *extent* ?—his *show* of welcome.

³ —I know a hawk from a HANDSAW.] It is very likely that *handsaw* is a corruption of *hernshaw*, *i. e.*, a *heron* ; but the expression, "I know a hawk from a handsaw", was proverbial.

Ham. I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the players ; mark it.—You say right, sir : o' Monday morning ; 'twas then, indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,—

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz !

Pol. Upon my honour,—

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass,—

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited : Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ, and the liberty,⁴ these are the only men.

Ham. O Jephthah, Judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou !

Pol. What treasure had he, my lord ?

Ham. Why—

One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter.

[*Aside.*

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah ?

Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows, then, my lord ?

⁴ For the law of WRIT, and the LIBERTY,] The meaning probably is, that the players were good, whether at written productions, or in extemporal plays, where "liberty" was allowed to the performers to invent the dialogue, in imitation of the Italian *commedie al improvviso*.

Ham. Why,
 As by lot, God wot,
And then, you know,

It came to pass, as most like it was.⁴—

The first row of the pious chanson will show you more ;
for look, where my abridgment comes.

Enter four or five Players.

You are welcome, masters ; welcome, all.—I am glad to see ye well :—welcome, good friends.—O, old friend ! why, thy face is valanced since I saw thee last : com'st thou to beard me in Denmark ?—What ! my young lady and mistress ! By-'r-lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine.⁵ Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring.⁶—Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see : we'll have a speech straight. Come, give us a taste of your quality ; come, a passionate speech.

First Player. What speech, my lord ?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once,—but it was never acted ; or, if it was, not above once, for the play, I remember, pleased not the million ; 'twas caviare to the

⁴ It came to pass, as most like it was.—] These are quotations from the first stanza of the ballad of *Jephtha, Judge of Israel*, to be found in Percy's *Reliques*, vol. i, p. 176 ; edit. 1767.

⁵ —a CHOPINE.] A *chopine*, or more properly *cioppino*, was a cork or wooden-soled shoe, worn by the Italian ladies to add to their height. It is often mentioned in writers of Shakespeare's age.

⁶ —cracked within the ring.] The allusion is to the voice of the boy (who usually performed a female part, and is ironically addressed by Hamlet as "your ladyship"), which, by the lad's advance towards maturity and manhood, became cracked.

general : but it was (as I received it, and others, whose judgments in such matters cried in the top of mine) an excellent play ; well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said, there were no sallets in the lines to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might indict the author of affectation, but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved : 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido ; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line :—let me see, let me see ;—

The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,
—'tis not so ; it begins with Pyrrhus ;

The rugged Pyrrhus,—he, whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,—
Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd
With heraldry more dismal ; head to foot
Now is he total gules ; horridly trick'd
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons ;
Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
To their vile murders. Roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks ;

So proceed you.

Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken ; with good accent,
and good discretion.

First Player.

Anon he finds him

Striking too short at Greeks : his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command. Unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives ; in rage, strikes wide ;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnerved father falls. Then senseless Ilium,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base ; and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear : for, lo ! his sword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick :
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood ;
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.

But, as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region ; so, after Pyrrhus' pause,
Aroused vengeance sets him new a-work,
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars's armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.—
Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune ! All you gods,
In general synod, take away her power ;
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends !

Pol. This is too long.*Ham.* It shall to the barber's, with your beard.—Pr'ythee,

say on :—he's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps.—
Say on : come to Hecuba.

First Player. But who, O ! who had seen the mobled queen—

Ham. The mobled queen ?

Pol. That's good ; “mobled queen” is good.

First Player. Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames
With bisson rheum ; a clout upon that head
Where late the diadem stood ; and, for a robe,
About her lank and all o'erteemed loins,
A blanket, in th' alarm of fear caught up ;
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
'Gainst fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd :
But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,
The instant burst of clamour that she made
(Unless things mortal move them not at all)
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,
And passion in the gods.

Pol. Look, whether he has not turned his colour, and
has tears in's eyes !—Pr'ythee, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well ; I'll have thee speak out the rest soon.
—Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed ?
Do you hear ? let them be well used ; for they are the
abstracts and brief chronicles of the time : after your
death you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill
report while you live.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. God's bodykins, man, much better : use every man
after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping ? Use

them after your own honour and dignity : the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, sirs.

[*Exit* POLONIUS, with all the Players but the First.

Ham. Follow him, friends : we'll hear a play to-morrow.
—Dost thou hear me, old friend ? [*To the First Player*]
can you play *The murder of Gonzago* ?

First Player. Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll have it to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down and insert in't, could you not ?

First Player. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well.—Follow that lord ; and look you mock him not. [*Exit First Player.*] My good friends, [*To ROS. and GUIL.*] I'll leave you till night : you are welcome to Elsinore.

Ros. Good my lord !

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Ham. Ay, so, good bye you.—Now I am alone.
O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I !
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That, from her working, all his visage wann'd ;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit ? and all for nothing !
For Hecuba !
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her ? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion

That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears. Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property, and most dear life,
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this? Ha!
'Swounds! I should take it; for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
O, vengeance!
Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave;
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion!
Fie upon't! foh! About my brain!—I have heard,
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently

They have proclaim'd their malefactions ;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle : I'll observe his looks ;
I'll tent him to the quick : if he but blench,⁷
I know my course. The spirit, that I have seen,
May be the devil : and the devil hath power
T' assume a pleasing shape ; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds
More relative than this : the play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king. [Exit.

ACT III.SCENE I.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSEN-
CRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. And can you, by no drift of conference,⁸

⁷ I'll TENT him to the quick : if he but BLEND,] Both *tent* and *blend* are words that have occurred in previous plays. To "tent" is to *search* or *try*, and to "blend" to *start*, or *start away* : see *Troilus and Cressida*, act i, sc. i, p. 5, etc.

⁸ —no drift of CONFERENCE,] So the 4tos. The folio substitutes *circumstance* : possibly neither is right ; for *confidence* (very likely the true word) may have been misread "conference".

Get from him, why he puts on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy ?

Ros. He does confess he feels himself distracted ;
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded ;
But with a crafty madness keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well ?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question ; but of our demands
Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him
To any pastime ?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way : of these we told him ;
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it. They are about the court ;
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true :
And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties
To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart ; and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclin'd.—

Good gentlemen, give him a farther edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord.

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.]

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too ;
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as t'were by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia : her father and myself (lawful espials)
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge ;
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If 't be th' affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you.—
And, for your part, Ophelia, I do wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness ; so shall I hope, your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may.

[Exit QUEEN.]

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here.—Gracious, so please you,
We will bestow ourselves.—Read on this book ;
[To OPHELIA.]

That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness.—We are oft to blame in this,—
'Tis too much prov'd,—that, with devotion's visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

King. O ! 'tis too true [*Aside*] : how smart
A lash that speech doth give my conscience !
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my most painted word.
O heavy burden !

Pol. I hear him coming : let 's withdraw, my lord.
[*Exeunt KING and POLONIUS.*]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. To be, or not to be ; that is the question :—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them ?—To die,—to sleep,—
No more ;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die ;—to sleep :—
To sleep ! perchance to dream :—ay, there's the rub ;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There 's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life ;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin ?⁹ Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will,

⁹ With a bare BODKIN ?] Many passages might be produced, if necessary, to show that a *bodkin* was the old term for a small dagger.

And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of ?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought ;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.—Soft you, now !
The fair Ophelia.—Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd.

Oph. Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day ?

Ham. I humbly thank you ; well, well, well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver ;
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I ;
I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right well you did :
And, with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd,
As made the things more rich : their perfume lost,
Take these again ; for to the noble mind,
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord. *[Offering them.]*

Ham. Ha, ha ! are you honest ?

Oph. My lord !

Ham. Are you fair ?

Oph. What means your lordship ?

Ham. That if you be honest and fair, your honesty
should admit no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than
with honesty ?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd, than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness: this was some time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof.—I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery: why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my back, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between heaven and earth? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery.—Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool nowhere but in 's own house. Farewell.

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery; farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool, for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. Heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough :
God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves
another : you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname
God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignor-
ance. Go to ; I'll no more on 't : it hath made me mad.
I say, we will have no more marriages : those that are
married already, all but one, shall live ; the rest shall keep
as they are. To a nunnery, go. *[Exit HAMLET.*

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown !
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword :
Th' expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
Th' observ'd of all observers, quite, quite down !
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh ;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth
Blasted with ecstasy. O, woe is me !
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see !

[She stands back.

Re-enter KING and POLONIUS.

King. Love ! his affections do not that way tend ;
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. There's something in his soul,
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood ;
And I do doubt, the hatch, and the disclose,
Will be some danger : which for to prevent,
I have, in quick determination,
Thus set it down. He shall with speed to England
For the demand of our neglected tribute :

Haply, the seas, and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something settled matter in his heart ;
Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on 't ?

Pol. It shall do well : but yet do I believe,
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia !
You need not tell us what lord Hamlet said ;
We heard it all.—My lord, do as you please ;
But, if you hold it fit, after the play
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To show his griefs : let her be round with him ;
And I'll be placed, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference. If she find him not,
To England send him ; or confine him where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so :
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the Same.*

Enter HAMLET, and certain Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it
to you, trippingly on the tongue ; but if you mouth it, as
many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke
my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your
hand, thus ; but use all gently : for in the very torrent,
tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of passion, you
must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it

smoothness. O! it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you avoid it.

First Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of the which one, must, in your allowance, o'er-weigh a whole theatre of others. O! there be players, that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

First Player. I hope, we have reformed that indifferently with us, sir.

Ham. O! reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to

set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though in the meantime some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.—
[*Exeunt* Players.]

Enter POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

How now, my lord! will the king hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste.— [Exit POLONIUS.]

Will you two help to hasten them?

Both. We will, my lord. [Exeunt ROS. and GUILD.]

Ham. What, ho! Horatio!

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

Hor. O! my dear lord,—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter;
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be
flatter'd?

No; let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,¹⁰
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been

¹⁰ —LICK absurd pomp,] The folio has *like* for *lick*; and, lower down, "mistress of *my* choice."

As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing ;
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Has ta'en with equal thanks : and bless'd are those,
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please.¹ Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—
There is a play to-night before the king ;
One scene of it comes near the circumstance,
Which I have told thee, of my father's death :
I pr'ythee, when thou seest that act a-foot,
Even with the very comment of thy soul
Observe mine uncle : if his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen,
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy.¹ Give him heedful note ;
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face,
And, after, we will both our judgments join
In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord ;
If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing,
And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Ham. They are coming to the play : I must be idle ;
Get you a place.

¹ As Vulcan's STITHY.] *i. e.*, Vulcan's forge : see *Troilus and Cressida*, act iv, sc. 5, p. 103.

Danish march. A flourish. Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and the royal Train.

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i' faith; of the camelion's dish: I eat the air, promise-crammed: you cannot feed capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet: these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now.—My lord, you played once in the university, you say? [To POLONIUS.]

Pol. That did I, my lord; and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was killed i' the Capitol; Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there.—Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet; sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother; here's metal more attractive.

Pol. O ho! do you mark that? [To the KING.]

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[Lying down at OPHELIA'S feet.]

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean my head upon your lap?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. O God! your only jig-maker. What should a man do, but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within these two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay then, let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year; but, by-'r-lady, he must build churches then, or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse, whose epitaph is, *For, O! for, O! the hobby-horse is forgot.*²

Hautboys play. The Dumb-show enters.

Enter a King and Queen,³ very lovingly; the Queen embracing him. She kneels, and makes a show of protestation unto him: he takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck; lays him down upon a bank of flowers: she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a Fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exit. The Queen returns, finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The Poisoner, with some two or three Mutes,

² —*the hobby-horse is forgot.*] Alluding to the omission of the hobby horse in May-games: see *Love's Labour's Lost*, act iii, sc. 1, p. 32, where this line, doubtless from some old ballad of the time, is also quoted.

³ *Enter a King and Queen, etc.*] 'This is the stage-direction precisely as it stands in the folio 1623.

comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The Poisoner woos the Queen with gifts: she seems loth and unwilling awhile; but in the end accepts his love. [Exeunt.

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching mallecho; it means mischief.

Oph. Belike, this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant?

Ham. Ay, or any show that you will show him: be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught. I'll mark the play.

Prol. For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the poesy of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter a King and a Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phoebus' cart gone round
Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus' orbed ground;
And thirty dozen moons, with borrow'd sheen,
About the world have times twelve thirties been;
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
Unite commutual in most sacred bands,

P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er, ere love be done !
But, woe is me ! you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer, and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must ;
For women's fear and love hold quantity,
In neither aught, or in extremity.
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know,
And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so.
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear ;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

P. King. 'Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too ;
My operant powers their functions leave to do :
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd ; and, haply, one as kind
For husband shalt thou—

P. Queen. O, confound the rest !
Such love must needs be treason in my breast :
In second husband let me be accurst ;
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. [*Aside.*] Wormwood, wormwood.

P. Queen. The instances, that second marriage move,
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love :
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

P. King. I do believe you think what now you speak,
But what we do determine oft we break.
Purpose is but the slave to memory,
Of violent birth, but poor validity ;
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree,
But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be.
Most necessary 'tis that we forget

To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt :
 What to ourselves in passion we propose,
 The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
 The violence of either grief or joy
 Their own enactures with themselves destroy :
 Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament ;
 Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
 This world is not for aye ; nor 'tis not strange,
 That even our loves should with our fortunes change ;
 For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
 Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.
 The great man down, you mark his favourite flies ;
 The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies :
 And hitherto doth love on fortune tend ;
 For who not needs shall never lack a friend ;
 And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
 Directly seasons him his enemy.
 But, orderly to end where I begun,
 Our wills and fates do so contrary run,
 That our devices still are overthrown ;
 Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own :
 So think thou wilt no second husband wed,
 But die thy thoughts, when thy first lord is dead.
P. Queen. Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light !
 Sport and repose lock from me, day and night !
 To desperation turn my trust and hope !
 An anchor's cheer⁴ in prison be my scope !
 Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,
 Meet what I would have well, and it destroy !
 Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
 If, once a widow, ever I be wife !

⁴ An ANCHOR'S cheer,] This and the preceding line are in all the 4tos. excepting the first, but not in the folios. "An *anchor's* cheer" is, of course, an *anchoret's* solitude and sustenance.

Ham. If she should break it now,—

P. King. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here a while :

My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile

The tedious day with sleep. [*Sleeps.*

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain ;

And never come mischance between us twain ! [*Exit.*

Ham. Madam, how like you this play ?

Queen. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

Ham. O ! but she 'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument ? Is there no offence in 't ?

Ham. No, no ; they do but jest, poison in jest : no offence i' the world.

King. What do you call the play ?

Ham. The Mouse-trap. Marry, how ? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna : Gonzago is the duke's name ; his wife, Baptista. You shall see anon : 'tis a knavish piece of work ; but what of that ? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not : let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.

Enter LUCIANUS.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

Oph. You are as good as a Chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning to take off my edge.

Oph. Still better, and worse.

Ham. So you must take your husbands.—Begin, mur-

derer: leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come:—
the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;
Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magic and dire property,
On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[Pours the poison into the sleeping King's ears.]

Ham. He poisons him i' the garden for his estate. His
name's Gonzago: the story is extant, and writ in very
choice Italian. You shall see, anon, how the murderer gets
the love of Gonzago's wife.

Oph. The king rises.

Ham. What! frightened with false fire?

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light!—away!

All. Lights, lights, lights!

[Exeunt all but HAMLET and HORATIO.]

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,

The hart ungalled play;

For some must watch, while some must sleep:

Thus runs the world away.—

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers (if the rest of
my fortunes turn Turk with me) with two Provincial
roses on my razed shoes,⁵ get me a fellowship in a cry
of players, sir?

Hor. Half a share.

⁵ —on my RAZED shoes,] The folios have *rac'd*, and the 4tos. *raz'd*:
possibly all ought to read *raised*, *i.e.*, with thick soles and high heels.
“*Razed* shoes” may, however, possibly mean *slashed* shoes.

Ham. A whole one, I.⁶

For thou dost know, O Damon dear!⁷

This realm dismantled was

Of Jove himself; and now reigns here

A very, very—peacock.⁸

Hor. You might have rhymed.

Ham. O good Horatio! I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning,—

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha!—Come; some music! come; the recorders!

For if the king like not the comedy,

Why then, belike,—he likes it not, perdy.⁹—

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Come; some music!

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

⁶ A whole one, I.] Alluding to the *shares*, or half shares, into which the receipts at a theatre were divided, and given to the performers of various ranks.

⁷ For thou dost know, O Damon dear!] Probably a quotation from some ballad, or play, on the story of Damon and Pythias.

⁸ A very, very—peacock.] The word “peacock” is printed in the old 4tos. *paiock* and *paiocke*; the folio 1632 altered it to *pajock*. Pope introduced *peacock*: the old rhyme doubtless was *ass*.

⁹ —he likes it not, PERDY.] “Perdy” is a common corruption of *par Dieu*: see *The Comedy of Errors*, act iv, sc 4, p. 52, etc. This couplet, and others, are probably quotations from early popular productions.

Guil. The king, sir,—

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?

Guil. Is in his retirement marvellous distempered.

Ham. With drink, sir?

Guil. No, my lord, with choler.¹

Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more richer, to signify this to his doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation would, perhaps, plunge him into more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, sir:—pronounce.

Guil. The queen your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment; if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased: but, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter. My mother, you say,—

Ros. Then, thus she says.—Your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother!

¹ No, my lord, with choler.] The folio inserts *rather* before "with choler." In Hamlet's next speech the folio reads "into *far* more choler"—differences hardly worth notice.

—But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any farther trade with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do, surely, but bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, sir, but "while the grass grows"—the proverb is something musty.

*Re-enter the Players, with recorders.*²

O! the recorders:—let me see one.—To withdraw with you:—why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O, my lord! if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

² —*with recorders.*] A "recorder" was probably a *flageolet*, but some annotators have contended that it was a *flute*. Flageolets were instruments ordinarily employed by companies of actors.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. It is as easy as lying : govern these ventages with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony : I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me. You would play upon me : you would seem to know my stops ; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery ; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass ; and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood ! do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe ? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.—

Enter POLONIUS.

God bless you, sir !

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud, that 's almost in shape of a camel ?

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks, it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or, like a whale ?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then, will I come to my mother by-and-by.—
They fool me to the top of my bent.—I will come by-and-by.

Pol. I will say so. *[Exit* POLONIUS.

Ham. By-and-by is easily said.—Leave me, friends.

[*Exeunt* ROS., GUIL., HOR., &c.]

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world : now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day³
Would quake to look on. Soft ! now to my mother.—
O, heart ! lose not thy nature ; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom :
Let me be cruel, not unnatural.
I will speak daggers to her, but use none ;
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites :
How in my words soever she be shent,⁴
To give them seals never, my soul, consent !

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Same.*

Enter KING, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. I like him not ; nor stands it safe with us,
To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare you :
I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you.
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so dangerous, as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunacies.

Guil. We will ourselves provide.

³ And do such BITTER business as the day] Some modern editors and critics would amend the line thus, "And do such business as the better day". Surely, this is the mere madness or folly of innovation : see *Few Notes on Shakespeare*, 8vo, 1853, p. 141.

⁴ —she be SHENT,] *i. e.*, rebuked, reproved—a word of common occurrence : see *Twelfth Night*, act iv, sc. 2, p. 83, etc.

Most holy and religious fear it is,
To keep those many many bodies safe,
That live, and feed, upon your majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind,
To keep itself from 'noyance ; but much more
That spirit, upon whose weal depend and rest
The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone ; but like a gulf doth draw
What 's near it with it : it is a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd ; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage ;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. and Guil.

We will haste us.

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.]

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet.
Behind the arras I'll convey myself,
To hear the process : I'll warrant she'll tax him home ;
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege :
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,

And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks, dear my lord. [*Exit* POLONIUS.
O! my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,
A brother's murder!—Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will:
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,—
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd, being down? Then, I'll look up:
My fault is past. But, O! what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? "Forgive me my foul murder!"—
That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law; but 'tis not so above:
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?

Try what repentance can : what can it not ?
 Yet what can it when one can not repent ?
 O wretched state ! O bosom, black as death !
 O limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
 Art more engaged ! Help, angels ! make assay :
 Bow, stubborn knees ; and heart, with strings of steel,
 Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe.
 All may be well. *[Retires and kneels.]*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying ;
 And now I'll do 't :—and so he goes to heaven,
 And so am I reveng'd ? That would be scann'd :
 A villain kills my father ; and for that,
 I, his sole son, do this same villain send
 To heaven.
 Why, this is hire and salary,⁵ not revenge.
 He took my father grossly, full of bread ;
 With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May,
 And how his audit stands who knows save heaven ?
 But, in our circumstance and course of thought,
 'Tis heavy with him ; and am I then reveng'd,
 To take him in the purging of his soul,
 When he is fit and season'd for his passage ?
 No. *[Sheathing his sword.]*
 Up, sword ; and know thou a more horrid hent.⁶
 When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage ;
 Or in th' incestuous pleasure of his bed ;
 At gaming, swearing ; or about some act,

⁵ Why, this is HIRE and SALARY,] The 4tos. 1604, etc., read, "Why, this is *base* and *silly*. "*Hire* and *salary*" here, of course, mean *reward* and *payment*.

⁶ —a more horrid HENT.] Opportunity, occasion.

That has no relish of salvation in 't;
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,
And that his soul may be as damn'd, and black,
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays :
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days. [Exit.

[The KING rises and advances.

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below :
Words without thoughts never to heaven go. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—*Another Room in the Same.*

Enter QUEEN and POLONIUS.

Pol. He will come straight. Look, you lay home to him ;
Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear with,
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between
Much heat and him. I'll sconce me even here.
Pray you, be round with him.⁷

Ham. [Within.] Mother, mother, mother !

Queen. I'll warrant you ;
Fear me not :—withdraw, I hear him coming.

[POLONIUS hides himself behind the arras.

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now, mother ! what's the matter ?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come ; you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go ; you question with a wicked tongue.

⁷ —be ROUND with him.] *i. e.*, be *plain* with him, as frequently before. *Sconce* is *silence* in all the old editions.

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet !

Ham. What's the matter now ?

Queen. Have you forgot me ?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so :

You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife ;
And,—would it were not so !—you are my mother.

Queen. Nay then, I'll set those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down ; you shall not
budge :

You go not, till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do ? thou wilt not murder me.
Help, help, ho !

Pol. [*Behind.*] What, ho ! help ! help ! help !

Ham. How now ! a rat ? [*Draws.*] Dead for a ducat,
dead. [*Making a pass through the arras.*]

Pol. [*Behind.*] O ! I am slain. [*Falls, and dies.*]

Queen. O me ! what hast thou done ?

Ham. Nay, I know not :
Is it the king ? [*Lifting the arras.*]

Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this !

Ham. A bloody deed ? almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king !

Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.—
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell.

[*To the dead body of POLONIUS.*]

I took thee for thy better ; take thy fortune :

Thou find'st, to be too busy is some danger.—

Leave wringing of your hands. Peace ! sit you down,
And let me wring your heart : for so I shall,

If it be made of penetrable stuff;
If damned custom have not braz'd it so,
That it is proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy
tongue
In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
Calls virtue hypocrite; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there; makes marriage vows
As false as dicers' oaths: O! such a deed,
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul; and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words. Heaven's face doth glow;
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen. Ah me! what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?⁸

Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this;
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on this brow:
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination, and a form, indeed,

⁸ —and thunders in the INDEX?] *i. e.*, in the *commencement*; where the index of a book was formerly placed.

Where every god did seem to set his seal,
 To give the world assurance of a man.
 This was your husband : look you now, what follows.
 Here is your husband ; like a mildew'd ear,
 Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes ?
 Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
 And batten on this moor ?⁹ Ha ! have you eyes ?
 You cannot call it love ; for, at your age,
 The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
 And waits upon the judgment ; and what judgment
 Would step from this to this ? Sense, sure, you have,
 Else could you not have motion ; but, sure, that sense
 Is apoplex'd ; for madness would not err,
 Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd,
 But it reserv'd some quantity of choice,
 To serve in such a difference. What devil was 't,
 That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind ?¹⁰
 Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
 Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
 Or but a sickly part of one true sense
 Could not so mope.
 O shame ! where is thy blush ? Rebellious hell,
 If thou canst mutine* in a matron's bones,
 To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,

⁹ And BATTEN on this moor ?] To *batten* is to feed or fatten, probably from the Saxon *batan*, to bait. We have had the word in *Coriolanus*, act iv, sc. 5, p. 98, precisely in the same sense.

¹⁰ —at HOODMAN-BLIND ?] The old name of *blind man's bough* !

* If thou canst MUTINE—] To *mutine* was formerly used for to *mutiny*, not merely in verse, but in prose. In *King John*, act ii, sc. 2, p. 28, *mutine* is used substantively, for *mutineer*.

And melt in her own fire : proclaim no shame
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will.

Queen. O Hamlet ! speak no more !
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul ;
And there I see such black and grained spots,
As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed ;¹
Stew'd in corruption ; honeying, and making love
Over the nasty sty ;—

Queen. O, speak to me no more !
These words, like daggers, enter in mine ears :
No more, sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A murderer, and a villain :
A slave, that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precedent lord :—a vice of kings !²
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket !

Queen. No more !

*Enter Ghost.*³

Ham. A king of shreds and patches.—

¹ —an ENSEAMED bed ;] The word *enseamed* was not uncommon, from “seam”, *grease* : see *Troilus and Cressida*, act ii, sc. 3, p. 52.

² —a VICE of kings !] The *vice* was the fool, clown, or jester of the older drama, and was usually dressed in party-coloured clothes : hence Hamlet, just afterwards, calls the Danish usurper “a king of shreds and patches.”

³ *Enter Ghost.*] “*Enter* the Ghost in his night-gown”, is the

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings, [Seeing it.
You heavenly guards!—What would you, gracious figure?

Queen. Alas! he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
Th' important acting of your dread command?
O, say!

Ghost. Do not forget. This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.—
But, look! amazement on thy mother sits:
O! step between her and her fighting soul;
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas! how is't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with th' incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in th' alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Starts up, and stands on end. O gentle son!
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience.—Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him, on him!—Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable.—Do not look upon me;
Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects: then, what I have to do

stage-direction in the 4to. 1603, affording proof that at that date, and in this scene, the spirit was not appareled in armour as it had before appeared on the platform.

Will want true colour ; tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this ?

Ham. Do you see nothing there ?

Queen. Nothing at all ; yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear ?

Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there ! look, how it steals away !
My father, in his habit as he liv'd !—

Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal !

[*Exit* Ghost.]

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain :
This bodily creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy !

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music. It is not madness
That I have utter'd : bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word, which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks :
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven ;
Repent what's past ; avoid what is to come,
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue ;
For in the fatness of these pursy times,
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
Yea, curb⁴ and woo, for leave to do him good.

⁴ Yea, CURB] *i. e.*, *bend* and *bow*, from the Fr. *courber*.

Queen. O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. O! throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night; but go not to mine uncle's bed:
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat
Of habits, devil, is angel yet in this;
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
That aptly is put on: refrain to-night;
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence: the next more easy;
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And master the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night:
And when you are desirous to be blessed,
I'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord,
[*Pointing to the body of POLONIUS.*]
I do repent: but heaven hath pleas'd it so,—
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good night.—
I must be cruel, only to be kind:
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.—
One word more, good lady.

Queen. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:
Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse;
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,

Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know ;
For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,
Such dear concernings hide ? who would do so ?
No, in despite of sense and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,
To try conclusions, in the basket creep,
And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England ; you know that.

Queen. Alack !
I had forgot : 'tis so concluded on.

Ham. There's letters seal'd, and my two school-fel-
lows,—

Whom I will trust, as I will adders fang'd,—
They bear the mandate ; they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery. Let it work ;
For 'tis the sport, to have the enginer
Hoist with his own petar ; and it shall go hard,
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon. O ! 'tis most sweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet.—
This man shall set me packing :
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room.—
Mother, good night.—Indeed, this counsellor

Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
 Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
 Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you.—
 Good night, mother.

[*Exeunt severally*; HAMLET dragging out POLONIUS.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Elsinore. *An Apartment in the Castle.*

Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. There's matter in these sighs: these profound
 heaves

You must translate; 'tis fit we understand them.
 Where is your son?

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while.—

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night!

King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend
 Which is the mightier. In his lawless fit,
 Behind the arras hearing something stir,
 Whips out his rapier, cries, *A rat! a rat!*⁴
 And in his brainish apprehension kills
 The unseen good old man.

⁴ Whips out his rapier, cries, *A rat! a rat!*] This is the line in the 4to., spoiled in the folio by the insertion of "He" and the conjunction—"and cries."

King. O heavy deed !

It had been so with us, had we been there.
His liberty is full of threats to all ;
To you yourself, to us, to every one.
Alas ! how shall this bloody deed be answer'd ?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad young man ; but so much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit,
But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone ?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd ;
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore
Among a mineral of metals base,
Shows itself pure : he weeps for what is done.

King. O, Gertrude ! come away.
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence ; and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse.—Ho ! Guildenstern !

Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Friends both, go join you with some farther aid :
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him.
Go, seek him out ; speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

[*Exeunt ROS. and GUIL.*

Come, Gertrude, we 'll call up our wisest friends ;
And let them know, both what we mean to do,

And what's untimely done : so haply, slander,⁵—
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Transports his poison'd shot,—may miss our name,
And hit the woundless air.—O, come away !
My soul is full of discord and dismay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the Same.*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. ——— Safely stowed.—[*ROS. and GUILD. within.*
Hamlet! lord Hamlet !] But soft!—what noise? who
calls on Hamlet?—O! here they come.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis; that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own.
Besides, to be demanded of a sponge, what replication
should be made by the son of a king?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's countenance,
his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king

⁵ —so, haply, slander,] These words are of Theobald's introducing,
in order to make the sense intelligible: no part of the passage down
to "And hit the woundless air" is to be found in the folio.

best service in the end : he keeps them, like an ape,⁶ in the corner of his jaw, first mouthed, to be last swallowed : when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it : a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king ; but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing—

Guil. A thing, my lord !

Ham. Of nothing : bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after.
[*Exeunt, running.*]

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the Same.*

Enter KING, attended.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body. How dangerous is it, that this man goes loose ! Yet must not we put the strong law on him : He's lov'd of the distracted multitude, Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes ; And where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd, But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even, This sudden sending him away must seem Deliberate pause : diseases, desperate grown, By desperate appliance are relieved,

Enter ROSENCRANTZ, in haste.

Or not at all.—How now ! what hath befallen ?

⁶ —like an APE,] It is “like an *apple*” in the 4to. copies ; but it is needless to point out minor variations.

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter HAMLET and GUILDENSTERN.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper! Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots: your fat king, and your lean beggar, is but variable service; two dishes, but to one table: that's the end.

King. Alas, alas!

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king; and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing, but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven: send thither to see; if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King. Go seek him there. [To Attendants.]

Ham. He will stay till you come. [Exeunt Attendants.]

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,—

Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done,—must send thee hence
With fiery quickness : therefore, prepare thyself.
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
Th' associates tend, and every thing is bent
For England.

Ham. For England ?

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub that sees them.—But, come ; for
England !—Farewell, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother : father and mother is man and wife,
man and wife is one flesh ; and so, my mother. Come, for
England ! *[Exit.*

King. Follow him at foot ; tempt him with speed
aboard :

Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night.

Away, for everything is seal'd and done,

That else leans on th' affair : pray you, make haste.

[Exeunt ROS. and GUIL.

And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,
(As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us) thou may'st not coldly set
Our sovereign process ; which imports at full,
By letters conjuring to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England ;
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,

And thou must cure me. Till I know 'tis done,
 Howe'er my hopes, my joys were ne'er begun.⁶ [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—*A Plain in Denmark.*

Enter FORTINBRAS, a Captain, and Forces, marching.

For. Go, captain ; from me greet the Danish king :
 Tell him, that by his licence Fortinbras
 Claims the conveyance of a promis'd march
 Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous :
 If that his majesty would aught with us,
 We shall express our duty in his eye ;
 And let him know so.

Cap. I will do 't, my lord.

For. Go softly on. [*Exeunt FORTINBRAS and Forces.*]

Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, etc.

Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these ?

Cap. They are of Norway, sir.

Ham. How purpos'd, sir,
 I pray you ?

Cap. Against some part of Poland.

Ham. Who
 Commands them, sir ?

Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,
 Or for some frontier ?

⁶ —WERE ne'er BEGUN.] So the folio, and so the rhyme requires :
 the 4tos. "*will ne'er begin*". The Corr. fol. 1632 also amends *haps* to
hopes, and it seems preferable.

Cap. Truly to speak, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it ;
Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

Cap. Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand souls, and twenty thousand ducats,
Will not debate the question of this straw :
This is th' imposthume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, sir.

Cap. God be wi' you, sir. [Exit Captain.

Ros. Will 't please you go, my lord ?

Ham. I'll be with you straight. Go a little before.

[Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.]

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge ! What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed ? a beast ; no more.
Sure, He, that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason,
To fust in us unus'd. Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on th' event,—
A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,
And ever three parts coward,—I do not know
Why yet I live to say, *This thing's to do* ;
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means

To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me :
Witness this army, of such mass and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,
Makes mouths at the invisible event ;
Exposing what is mortal, and unsure,
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great,
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour's at the stake. How stand I, then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep ? while, to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That for a fantasy, and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds ; fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause ;
Which is not tomb enough, and continent,
To hide the slain ?—O ! from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth. [Exit.

SCENE V.—Elsinore. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter QUEEN, HORATIO, *and a Gentleman.*⁷

Queen. I will not speak with her.

⁷ *Enter* QUEEN, HORATIO, *and a Gentleman.*] The folio omits the *Gentleman*, and gives all that the 4tos. assign to him to Horatio, and what Horatio says to the Queen—no doubt, in the economy of the old stage, to avoid the employment of another actor.

Gent. She is importunate ; indeed, distract :
Her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would she have ?

Gent. She speaks much of her father ; says, she hears,
There's tricks i' the world ; and hems, and beats her heart ;
Spurns enviously at straws ; speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense : her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection ; they aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts ;
Which, as her winks and nods and gestures yield them,
Indeed would make one think, there might be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Hor. 'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may
strew

Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

Queen. Let her come in. [*Exit HORATIO with Gent.*
To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss :
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

*Re-enter HORATIO, with OPHELIA.*⁸

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark ?

Queen. How now, Ophelia ?

Oph. How should I your true love know [*Singing.*
From another one ?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.

⁸ — *with OPHELIA.*] The stage-direction in the 4to. 1603, is curiously minute : "*Enter Ophelia, playing on a lute, and her hair down, singing*": the folio only says "distracted".

Queen. Alas, sweet lady! what imports this song?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark:

He is dead and gone, lady, [Singing.
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

O, ho!

Queen. Nay, but Ophelia,—

Oph. Pray you, mark:

White his shroud as the mountain snow, [Singing.

Enter KING.

Queen. Alas! look here, my lord.

Oph. Larded with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.

King. How do you, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God 'ild you!⁹ They say the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord! we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray you, let's have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say you this:

To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid, at your window,
To be your Valentine:

⁹ Well, GOD 'ILD you!] *i. e.*, God yield or reward you.

Then, up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber door ;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia !

Oph. Indeed, la ! without an oath, I 'll make an end on 't.

By Gis, and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame !
Young men will do 't, if they come to 't ;
By cock, they are to blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed :

He answers.

So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus ?

Oph. I hope all will be well. We must be patient ; but
I cannot choose but weep, to think they would lay him
i' the cold ground. My brother shall know of it ; and so I
thank you for your good counsel.—Come, my coach !—
Good night, ladies ; good night, sweet ladies : good night,
good night. [*Exit.*

King. Follow her close ; give her good watch, I pray
you. [*Exit* HORATIO.

O ! this is the poison of deep grief ; it springs
All from her father's death. And now, behold,
O Gertrude, Gertrude !
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions. First, her father slain ;
Next, your son gone ; and he most violent author

Of his own just remove : the people muddied,
 Thick and unwholesome, in their thoughts and whispers,
 For good Polonius' death ; and we have done but greenly,
 In hugger-mugger¹ to inter him : poor Ophelia,
 Divided from herself, and her fair judgment,
 Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts :
 Last, and as much containing as all these,
 Her brother is in secret come from France,
 Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
 And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
 With pestilent speeches of his father's death ;
 Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
 Will nothing stick our persons to arraign
 In ear and ear. O, my dear Gertrude ! this,
 Like to a murdering piece, in many places
 Gives me superfluous death. [A tumult within.]

Queen.

Alack ! what noise is this ?

King. Attend !

Where are my Switzers ? Let them guard the door.

Enter a Gentleman.

What is the matter ?

Gent.

Save yourself, my lord ;

The ocean, overpeering of his list,²

Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste,

Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,

O'erbears your officers ! The rabble call him lord ;

¹ In HUGGER-MUGGER] The meaning is, "We have done but *imprudently*, or *unwisely*, to inter him *secretly*": the expression "in hugger-mugger" is of frequent occurrence in writers of the time, though not used elsewhere by Shakespeare.

² —overpeering of his LIST,] *i. e.*, swelling over his *boundary*.

And, as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry, *Choose we ; Laertes shall be king !*
Caps, hands, and tongues applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be king, Laertes king !

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry !
O ! this is counter,³ you false Danish dogs.

King. The doors are broke. [*Noise and crash within.*

Enter LAERTES, armed ; Danes following him.

Laer. Where is this king ?—Sirs, stand you all without.

Danes. No ; let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

Danes. We will, we will. [*They retire beyond the door.*

Laer. I thank you : keep the door.—O thou vile king !
Give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me
bastard ;

Cries, cuckold, to my father ; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow⁴
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like ?—
Let him go, Gertrude ; do not fear our person :
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,

³ O ! this is COUNTER,] To hunt *counter* is to run contrary to the proper course in the chase : see *The Comedy of Errors*, act iv, sc. 2, p. 45, etc.

⁴ —UNSMIRCHED brow] To *smirch* is to make dirty or defile. It occurs in this sense in *As you like it*, act i, sc. 3, p. 23.

That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.—Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incens'd.—Let him go, Gertrude.—
Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father ?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead ? I'll not be juggled with.
To hell, allegiance ! vows, to the blackest devil !
Conscience, and grace, to the profoundest pit !
I dare damnation. To this point I stand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes ; only I'll be reveng'd
Most thoroughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you ?

Laer. My will, not all the world :
And, for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge,
That, sweepstake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser ?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them, then ?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms ;
And, like the kind life-rendering pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak
Like a good child, and a true gentleman.

That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensibly in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment 'pear,
As day does to your eye.

Danes. [*Within.*] Let her come in.

Laer. How now! what noise is that?

Re-enter OPHELIA.

O heat, dry up my brains! tears, seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!—
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight,
Till our scale turns the beam. O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!
O heavens! is't possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love; and where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

Oph. They bore him barefac'd on the bier; [*Singing.*
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny:
And in his grave rain'd many a tear;—

Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move thus.

Oph. You must sing, *Down a-down, an you call him a-down-a.* O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance: pray you, love, remember: and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness ; thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There 's fennel for you, and columbines :—there 's rue for you ; and here 's some for me : we may call it, herb of grace o' Sundays :—O ! you may wear your rue with a difference.—There 's a daisy : I would give you some violets ; but they withered all when my father died.—They say, he made a good end,—

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.— [Singing.

Laer. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour, and to prettiness.

Oph. And will he not come again ? [Singing.
And will he not come again ?
No, no, he is dead ;
Gone to his death-bed,
He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll ;
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan :
God ha' mercy on his soul !

And on all Christian souls ! I pray God.—God be wi' you !
[Exit OPHELIA.

Laer. Do you see this, O God ?

King. Laertes, I must commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me.
If by direct, or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,

Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction ; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.

Laer.

Let this be so :

His means of death, his obscure burial,
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment, o'er his bones,
No noble rite, nor formal ostentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call 't in question.

King.

So you shall ;

And, where th' offence is, let the great axe fall.

I pray you, go with me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Another Room in the Same.*

Enter HORATIO, *and a* Servant.

Hor. What are they that would speak with me ?

Serv. Sailors, sir : they say they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in.—

[*Exit* Servant.

I do not know from what part of the world

I should be greeted, if not from lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

First Sail. God bless you, sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

First Sail. He shall, sir, an't please him. There's a
letter for you, sir : it comes from the ambassador that was

bound for England, if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. [Reads.]

Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the king : they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour ; and in the grapple I boarded them : on the instant they got clear of our ship, so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy ; but they knew what they did : I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent ; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb ; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England : of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.

He that thou knowest thine, HAMLET.

Come, I will give you way for these your letters ;
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VII.—*Another Apartment in the Same.*

Enter KING and LAERTES.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he, which hath your noble father slain,
Pursu'd my life.

Laer. It well appears : but tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feats,

So criminal and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up.

King. O! for two special reasons,
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd,
But yet to me they are strong. The queen, his mother,
Lives almost by his looks; and for myself,
(My virtue, or my plague, be it either which)
She's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear him;
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows,
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aimed them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost,
A sister driven into desperate terms;
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections. But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that: you must not
think
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more:
I loved your father, and we love ourself;
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,——

How now ! what news ?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet :
This to your majesty ; this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet ! who brought them ?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say ; I saw them not :
They were given me by Claudio ; he receiv'd them
Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them.—
Leave us. *[Exit Messenger.]*

[Reads.] High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked on
your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes ;
when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occa-
sions of my sudden and more strange return. HAMLET.

What should this mean ? Are all the rest come back ?
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing ?

Laer. Know you the hand ?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character. *Naked,—*
And, in a postscript here, he says, *alone* :
Can you advise me ?

Laer. I'm lost in it, my lord. But let him come :
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
Thus diddest thou.

King. If it be so, Laertes,
(As how should it be so ? how otherwise ?)
Will you be ruled by me ?

Laer. Ay, my lord ;
So you will not o'er-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,—
As liking not his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it,—I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall ;
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident.

Laer. My lord, I will be rul'd ;
The rather, if you could devise it so,
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine : your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him,
As did that one ; and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege.⁴

Laer. What part is that, my lord ?

King. A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too ; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears,
Than settled age his sables and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness.—Two months since,
Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—
I have seen myself, and serv'd against the French,
And they can well on horseback ; but this gallant
Had witchcraft in 't : he grew unto his seat ;

⁴ Of the unworthiest SIEGE.] *Siege* is here used, as in *Othello*, act i, sc. 2, for *seat* : and *seat* denotes *place* or *rank*.

And to such wond'rous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incorps'd and demi-natur'd
With the brave beast : so far he topp'd my thought,
That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman, was't ?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamord.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well : he is the brooch, indeed,
And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you ;
And gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especially,
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed,
If one could match you : the scrimers of their nation,⁵
He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them. Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with you.
Now, out of this,—

Laer. What out of this, my lord ?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you ?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart ?

Laer. Why ask you this ?

King. Not that I think you did not love your father,

⁵ —SCRIMERS] *Escrimeur*, Fr. a fencer ; hence *scrimmer*.

But that I know love is begun by time ;
And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodness still ;
For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,
Dies in his own too-much. That we would do,
We should do when we would ; for this *would* changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents ;
And then this *should* is like a spendthrift's sigh,
That hurts by easing.—But, to the quick o' the ulcer.
Hamlet comes back : what would you undertake,
To show yourself your father's son in deed,
More than in words ?

Laer. To cut his throat i'the church.

King. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarise !
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,
Will you do this ? keep close within your chamber.
Hamlet, return'd, shall know you are come home :
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you ; bring you in fine together,
And wager on your heads : he, being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils ; so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated, and in a pass of practice
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do 't ;

And, for that purpose, I'll anoint my sword.
 I bought an unction of a mountebank,
 So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
 Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,
 Collected from all simples that have virtue
 Under the moon, can save the thing from death,
 That is but scratch'd withal : I'll touch my point
 With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly,
 It may be death.

King. Let's farther think of this ;
 Weigh, what convenience, both of time and means,
 May fit us to our shape. If this should fail,
 And that our drift look through our bad performance,
 'Twere better not assay'd : therefore, this project
 Should have a back, or second, that might hold,
 If this should blast in proof. Soft !—let me see :—
 We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings,—
 I ha't :
 When in your motion you are hot and dry,
 (As make your bouts more violent to that end)
 And that he calls for drink, I'll have preferr'd him⁴
 A chalice for the nonce ; whereon but sipping,
 If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
 Our purpose may hold there. But stay ! what noise ?

Enter QUEEN in haste.

How now, sweet queen !

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
 So fast they follow.—Your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd ! O, where ?

Queen. There is a willow grows ascaunt the brook,

⁴ —PREFERR'D him.] The folios read "*prepar'd* him."

That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream ;
There with fantastic garlands did she come
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them :
There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke,
When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,
And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up ;
Which time, she chanted snatches of old lauds,⁵
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element : but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas ! then, is she drown'd ?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears : but yet
It is our trick ; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will : when these are gone,
The woman will be out.—Adieu, my lord :
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it.⁶

[*Exit.*

⁵ —snatches of old LAUDS,] *i.e.*, old songs of praise. The folio 1623 substitutes *tunes*, and is incorrectly printed here, for it gives “*their drink*”, “*her drink*”, and “*her melodious lay*”, “*her melodious buy*.” We may omit other smaller variations.

⁶ But that this folly DROWNS it.] So every 4to. after that of 1603,

King. Let's follow, Gertrude.
How much I had to do to calm his rage !
Now fear I, this will give it start again ;
Therefore, let's follow. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Churchyard in Elsinore.*

Enter two Clowns, with spades, etc.

First Clo. Is she to be buried in Christian burial, that wilfully seeks her own salvation ?

Second Clo. I tell thee, she is ; and therefore make her grave straight : the crowner hath set on her, and finds it Christian burial.

First Clo. How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence ?

Second Clo. Why, 'tis found so.

First Clo. It must be *se offendendo* ; it cannot be else. For here lies the point : if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act, and an act hath three branches ; it is, to act, to do, and to perform : argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

Second Clo. Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

which has not the line : the folio "*doubts* it", meaning *douts* it, or does it out, which may be right : see act i, sc. 4 ; but in this scene the folio seems scarcely so trustworthy as the 4tos.

First Clo. Give me leave. Here lies the water ; good : here stands the man ; good : if the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes, mark you that ; but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself : argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

Second Clo. But is this law ?

First Clo. Ay, marry, is't ; crowner's quest-law.

Second Clo. Will you ha' the truth on't ? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of Christian burial.

First Clo. Why, there thou sayst ; and the more pity, that great folk shall have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian.⁷ Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers ; they hold up Adam's profession.

Second Clo. Was he a gentleman ?

First Clo. He was the first that ever bore arms.

Second Clo. Why, he had none.

First Clo. What, art a heathen ? How dost thou understand the Scripture ? The Scripture says, Adam digged : could he dig without arms ?—I'll put another question to thee : if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself——

Second Clo. Go to.

First Clo. What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter ?

⁷ —EVEN Christian.] "*Even* Christian" means *fellow* Christian. The expression occurs in Chaucer, Gower, and our elder writers.

Second Clo. The gallows-maker ; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

First Clo. I like thy wit well, in good faith : the gallows does well ; but how does it well ? it does well to those that do ill : now, thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church : argal, the gallows may do well to thee.—To 't again ; come.

Second Clo. Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter ?

First Clo. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

Second Clo. Marry, now I can tell.

First Clo. To 't.

Second Clo. Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, at a distance.

First Clo. Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating ; and, when you are asked this question next, say, a grave-maker : the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan ;⁸ fetch me a stoop of liquor.

[*Exit Second Clown.*]

First Clown *digs, and sings.*

In youth,⁹ when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet,

⁸ Go, get thee to YAUGHAN,] This is printed, in Italic type, as a proper name, in the folio ; in the 4tos. we have only, "Go, get thee in." It seems just possible that "Yaughan" was a mis-spelt stage-direction to inform the player that he was to *yawn* at this point.

⁹ In youth,] The original words and music to this song are in MS. Sloane, No. 4900 (of the time of Edward VI. or Mary). The other verses, sung by the First Clown, are taken from the same poem by

To contract, *O!* the time, for, *ah!* my behove,¹
 O, methought, there was nothing meet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

First Clo. [*Sings.*] But age, with his stealing steps,
 Hath claw'd me in his clutch,²
 And hath shipped me intil the land,
 As if I had never been such. [*Throws up a skull.*]

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches,³ one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier, which could say, *Good-morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?*—This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it, might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Lord Vaux. The whole, with some variations, will be found in Percy's *Reliques*, i, 161; edit. 1765.

¹ To contract, *O!* the time, for *ah!* my behove,] The *O* and *ah* in this line are, of course, only the interjections of the Clown in the double exertion of singing and digging.

² Hath CLAW'D, etc.] This is the 4to. reading, and we prefer it because it accords with the original song (which is in Tottel's *Miscellany*): the folio has *caught* for *claw'd*.

³ —which this ass now o'er-REACHES;] The folio has *o'er-offices*.

Ham. Why, e'en so, and now my lady Worm's; chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade. Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see 't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats⁴ with them? mine ache to think on 't.

First Clo. [*Sings.*] A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,

For—and a shrouding sheet :

O ! a pit of clay for to be made

For such a guest is meet.

[*Throws up another skull.*]

Ham. There's another : why may not that be the skull of a lawyer ? Where be his quiddits now, his quilllets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks ? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery ? Humph ! This fellow might be in 's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries : is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt ? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures ? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box, and must the inheritor himself have no more ? ha ?

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins ?

Hor. Ay, my lord ; and of calf-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep, and calves, which seek out as-

⁴ —LOGGATS—] *Loggats* was an old English game. It seems to have been played with logs or loggets, like skittles.

surance in that. I will speak to this fellow.—Whose grave's this, sir?

First Clo. Mine, sir.—

O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet. [Singing.

Ham. I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in 't.

First Clo. You lie out on 't, sir; and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in 't, and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in 't, to be in 't, and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore, thou liest.

First Clo. 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

First Clo. For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman, then?

First Clo. For none, neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in 't?

First Clo. One, that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.—How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

First Clo. Of all the days i' the year, I came to 't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long is that since?

First Clo. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that. It was the very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry ; why was he sent into England ?

First Clo. Why, because he was mad : he shall recover his wits there ; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why ?

First Clo. 'Twill not be seen in him there ; there, the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad ?

First Clo. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely ?

First Clo. 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground ?

First Clo. Why, here in Denmark : I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot ?

First Clo. 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky corsers now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in) he will last you some eight year, or nine year : a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another ?

First Clo. Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while ; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body.—Here 's a skull now : this skull hath lain you i' the earth three-and-twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it ?

First Clo. A whoreson mad fellow's it was : whose do you think it was ?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

First Clo. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue ! a' poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same

skull, sir, this same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

Ham. This?

[*Taking the skull.*

First Clown. E'en that.

Ham. Let me see.—Alas, poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio : a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy : he hath borne me on his back a thousand times ; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is ! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips, that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now ? your gambols ? your songs ? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar ? Not one now to mock your own grinning, quite chap-fallen. Now, get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come ; make her laugh at that.—Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What 's that, my lord ?

Ham. Dost thou think, Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth ?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so ? pah ! [Putting down the skull.

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio ! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole ?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot ; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it : as thus ; Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust ; the dust is earth ; of earth we make loam ; and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel ?

Imperial Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
 Might stop a hole to keep the wind away :
 O ! that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
 Should patch a wall t' expel the winter's flaw !

But soft ! but soft ! aside :—here comes the king,

*Enter Priests, etc. in procession ; the corpse of OPHELIA,
 LAERTES and Mourners following : KING, QUEEN, their
 Trains, etc.*

The queen, the courtiers !—Who is that they follow,
 And with such maimed rites ? This doth betoken,
 The corse they follow did with desperate hand
 Fordo its own life : 'twas of some estate.

Couch we a while, and mark. [*Retiring with* HORATIO.

Laer. What ceremony else ?

Ham. [*To* HORATIO.] That is Laertes,

A very noble youth : mark.

Laer. What ceremony else ?

First Priest. Her obsequies have been as far enlarged
 As we have warranty : her death was doubtful ;
 And but that great command o'ersways the order,
 She should in ground unsanctified have lodged
 Till the last trumpet ; for charitable prayers,
 Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her ;
 Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants,⁴
 Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
 Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done ?

⁴ —her virgin CRANTS,] “Crants” are *garlands*, or *chaplets*, from the German *kranz*. Warburton substituted *chants*.

First Priest. No more be done :
We should profane the service of the-dead,
To sing a *requiem*, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i' the earth ;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh,
May violets spring !—I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What ! the fair Ophelia ?

Queen. Sweets to the sweet : farewell. [*Scattering flowers.*]
I hop'd thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife :
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not to have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O ! treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Depriv'd thee of !—Hold off the earth awhile,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms.
[*Leaping into the grave.*]

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
To o'er-top old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [*Coming forward.*] What is he, whose grief
Bears such an emphasis ? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers ? this is I,
Hamlet the Dane. [Leaping into the grave.

Laer. The devil take thy soul !
[*Grappling with him.*]

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.
I pr'ythee take thy fingers from my throat ;
For though I am not splenetic and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. Hamlet ! Hamlet !

All. Gentlemen,—

Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.

[Attendants *part them, and they come out of the grave.*]

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my son ! what theme ?

Ham. I lov'd Ophelia : forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her ?

King. O ! he is mad, Laertes.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. 'Swounds ! show me what thou 'lt do :
Woul't weep ? woul't fight ? woul't fast ? woul't tear
thyself ?

Woul't drink up Esill ?⁵ eat a crocodile ?
I'll do 't.—Dost thou come here to whine ?
To outface me with leaping in her grave ?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I :
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw

⁵ —ESILL ?] We print this word *Esill*, as it stands in the 4to. 1604, etc. There is no doubt that *eyesel* is the old word for vinegar, although there is considerable doubt whether that be meant here. Some of the commentators suppose Hamlet to challenge Laertes to drink up the river Yssel, or Eisell !

Millions of acres on us ; till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart ! Nay, an thou 'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madness :
And thus a while the fit will work on him ;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, sir :
What is the reason that you use me thus ?
I lov'd you ever : but it is no matter ;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day. *[Exit.*

King. I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon him.—

[Exit HORATIO.]

[To LAERTES.] Strengthen your patience in our last
night's speech ;

We'll put the matter to the present push.—

Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.—

This grave shall have a living monument :

An hour of quiet thereby shall we see ;⁶

Till then, in patience our proceeding be. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the Castle.*

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO.

Ham. So much for this, sir : now shall you see the
other.—

You do remember all the circumstance.

⁶ — THEREBY shall we see ;] So the 4tos. ; the folios *shortly*.

Hor. Remember it, my lord !

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me sleep : methought I lay
Worse than the mutines in the bilboes.* Rashly,—
And prais'd be rashness for it,—let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do fail ; and that should teach us,⁷
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them ; had my desire ;
Finger'd their packet ; and, in fine, withdrew
To mine own room again : making so bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
Their grand commission ; where I found, Horatio,
O royal knavery ! an exact command,—
Larded with many several sorts of reasons,
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
With, ho ! such bugs and goblins in my life,—
That on the supervise, no leisure bated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.

* Worse than the MUTINES in the BILBOES.] Here again we have *mutines* for *mutineers*, as in *King John*, act ii, sc. 2, p. 28.

⁷ When our DEEP plots do FAIL ; and that should TEACH us,] The folio has "*dear* plots" for "*deep* plots" of the 4tos. : "*pall*" is the reading of the 4to. 1604, and of the folio : other 4tos. have *fall* for "*fail*". We adopt "*teach*" from the folio, instead of *learn* of the older copies ; but nearly all the variations are trifling.

Hor. Is 't possible ?

Ham. Here's the commission : read it at more leisure ;
But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed ?

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villainies,—
Ere I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play,—I sat me down,
Devis'd a new commission ; wrote it fair.
I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning ; but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service. Wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote ?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king,—
As England was his faithful tributary,
As love between them like the palm might flourish,
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
And stand a comma 'tween their amities,⁸
And many such like *as's* of great charge,
That on the view and know of these contents,
Without debatement farther, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving-time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd ?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinant.
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal ;

⁸ And stand a COMMA 'tween their amities,] “The *comma* (says Johnson) is the note of *connection* and continuity of sentences ; the *period* is the note of *abruption* and disjunction.”

Folded the writ up in the form of the other ;
 Subscrib'd it ; gave 't th' impression ; plac'd it safely,
 The changeling never known. Now, the next day
 Was our sea-fight, and what to this was sequent
 Thou know'st already.

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to 't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employ-
 ment :

They are not near my conscience ; their defeat
 Does by their own insinuation grow.
 'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes
 Between the pass and fell incensed points
 Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this !

Ham. Does it not, think thee, stand me now upon⁹—
 He that hath kill'd my king, and whored my mother ;
 Popp'd in between th' election and my hopes ;
 Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
 And with such cozenage—is 't not perfect conscience,
 To quit him with his own ?¹ and is 't not to be damn'd,
 To let this canker of our nature come
 In farther evil ?

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from England,
 What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short : the interim is mine ;
 And a man's life no more than to say *one*.
 But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
 That to Laertes I forgot myself,

⁹ —stand me now upon—] A not unusual expression for *it now concerns me*, or *it is my business* or *duty*.

¹ To QUIT him] *i. e.*, to *requite* him : "his own" is from the Corr. fol. 1632, instead of *his arm*.

For by the image of my cause I see
The portraiture of his : I 'll count his favours.²
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.

Hor. Peace ! who comes here ?

Enter OSRICK.

Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir.—Dost know this water-fly ? *[Aside to HORATIO.]*

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious, for 'tis a vice to know him. He hath much land, and fertile : let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess : 'tis a chough ; but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osr. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit. Your bonnet to his right use ; 'tis for the head.

Osr. I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold : the wind is northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet, methinks, it is very sultry, and hot for my complexion.

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord ; it is very sultry,—as 'twere,—I cannot tell how.—But, my lord, his majesty bade me

² —I 'll COUNT his favours.] Rowe read *court* for "count", with considerable plausibility : however, "count" may be the true word, in the sense of *count upon*.

signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head. Sir, this is the matter,—

Ham. I beseech you, remember—

[HAMLET *moves him to put on his hat.*

Osr. Nay, in good faith ; for mine ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court, Laertes ; believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great showing : indeed, to speak feelingly of him,³ he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you ; though, I know, to divide him inventorially, would dizzy the arithmetic of memory ; and yet but raw neither, in respect of his quick sale. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article ; and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror ; and who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, sir ? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath ?

Osr. Sir ?

Hor. Is't not possible to understand in another tongue ? You will do't, sir, rarely.⁴

³ —to speak FEELINGLY of him,] So all the 4tos. but that of 1604, which has *sellingly*, which may be right, in reference to the “quick sale” spoken of by Hamlet just afterwards : “sale” has usually been spelt *sail*, but, we think, wrongly.

⁴ You will do't, sir, RARELY.] We might, as Malone suggested, read “mother tongue” for “another tongue”, and *really* of the old copies ought most probably to be *rarely*, as we have printed it.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman ?

Osr. Of Laertes ?

Hor. His purse is empty already ; all his golden words are spent.

[*Aside to HOR.*

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. I know you are not ignorant—

Ham. I would you did, sir ; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me.—Well, sir.

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence ; but to know a man well were to know himself.

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon ; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon ?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons : but, well.

Osr. The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses : against the which he has imponed, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so. Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages ?

Hor. I knew you must be edified by the margin,* ere you had done.

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we could carry a cannon by our sides : I would it might be hangers till then. But, on : six Barbary horses against

* —edified by the MARGIN,] As in books, where explanations are sometimes given in the margins.

six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this imponed, as you call it?

Osr. The king, sir, hath laid, sir, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits: he hath laid on twelve for nine; and that would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How, if I answer No?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall: if it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me, let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him, if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I deliver you so?

Ham. To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship.

Ham. Yours, yours.—[*Exit OSR. covering.*] He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did comply with his dug⁵ before he sucked it. Thus has he (and many more of the same breed, that, I know, the drossy age dotes on) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter, a kind of yesty

⁵ He did COMPLY with his dug,] Many authorities might be produced to show that to *comply* meant to *compliment* in the time of Shakespeare.

collection, which carries them through and through the most fanned and winnowed opinions ; and, do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osrick, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall : he sends to know, if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes ; they follow the king's pleasure : if his fitness speaks, mine is ready ; now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king, and queen, and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. [*Exit Lord.*

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so : since he went into France, I have been in continual practice ; I shall win at the odds. Thou wouldst not think, how ill all's here about my heart ; but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord,—

Ham. It is but foolery ; but it is such a kind of gain-giving⁶ as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike anything, obey it : I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury : there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come ; if it be not to come, it will be now ; if it be not

⁶ —such a kind of GAIN-GIVING,] *i. e.*, *misgiving, against-giving.*

now, yet it will come : the readiness is all. Since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is 't to leave betimes ?⁷

Enter KING, QUEEN, LAERTES, Lords, OSRICK, and Attendants with gauntlets, foils, &c.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.
[*The KING puts the hand of LAERTES into that of HAMLET.*

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir : I've done you wrong ; But pardon 't, as you are a gentleman. [*Taking his hand.* This presence knows,
And you must needs have heard, how I am punish'd
With sore distraction. What I have done,
That might your nature, honour, and exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
Was 't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes ? Never, Hamlet :
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
And, when he's not himself, does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not ; Hamlet denies it.
Who does it then ? His madness. If 't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd ;
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.
Sir, in this audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive, in this case should stir me most
To my revenge : but in my terms of honour

⁷ —betimes?] This intricate passage has puzzled every editor and commentator : no explanation is satisfactory, and we leave the precise words of the fol. 1623.

I stand aloof, and will no reconciliation,
Till by some elder masters, of known honour,
I have a voice and precedent of peace,
To keep my name ungor'd. But till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely;
And will this brother's wager frankly play.—
Give us the foils; come on.

Laer. Come; one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes: in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osrick.—Cousin
Hamlet, *[Foils given.]*
You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord;
Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.

King. I do not fear it: I have seen you both;
But since he is better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy: let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well. These foils have all a
length? *[They stand apart, and prepare to play.]*

Osr. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoops of wine upon that table.—
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath:

And in the cup an union⁷ shall he throw,
 Richer than that which four successive kings
 In Denmark's crown have worn.—Give me the cups :
 And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
 The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
 The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,
Now the king drinks to Hamlet!—Come, begin ;
 And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, sir.

Laer. Come, my lord. *[They fence.]*

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well :—again.

King. Stay : give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl is
 thine ;

Here 's to thy health.—Give him the cup,

[Trumpets sound, and cannon shot off.]

Ham. I 'll play this bout first : set it by awhile.

Come.—Another hit ; what say you ?

Laer. A touch ; a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He 's fat, and scant of breath.—

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows :⁸

The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good madam,—

⁷ And in the cup an UNION] So the folio, rightly, an *union* being the most valuable kind of pearl.

⁸ Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows :] So the 4tos. : the folio, defectively, "Here 's a napkin : rub thy brows."

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord : I pray you pardon me. [*Drinks.*

King. It is the poison'd cup ! it is too late. [*Aside.*

Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam ; by and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think it.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience.

[*Aside.*

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes. You but dally :

I pray you, pass with your best violence.

I am afeard you make a wanton of me⁹.

Laer. Say you so ? come on.

[*They play.*

Osr. Nothing, neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

[*LAERTES wounds HAMLET ; then in scuffling they change rapiers, and HAMLET wounds LAERTES.*

King. Part them ! they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay, come again. [*The QUEEN falls.*

Osr. Look to the queen, there, ho !

Hor. They bleed on both sides.—How is it, my lord ?

Osr. How is't, Laertes ?

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe,
Osrick ;

I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the queen ?

King. She swoons to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink :—O my dear
Hamlet,—

⁹ I am AFEARD you make a WANTON of me.] The 4tos, "I am sure" etc. *Wanton* here means a feeble effeminate person.

The drink, the drink ! I am poison'd. [Dies.

Ham. O villainy !—Ho ! let the door be lock'd :
Treachery ! seek it out. [LAERTES falls.

Laer. It is here, Hamlet. Hamlet, thou art slain ;
No medicine in the world can do thee good ;
In thee there is not half an hour of life :
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated, and envenom'd. The foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me : lo ! here I lie,
Never to rise again. Thy mother's poison'd.
I can no more : the king, the king's to blame.

Ham. The point
Envenom'd too !—Then, venom, to thy work.
[Stabs the KING.

All. Treason ! treason !

King. O ! yet defend me, friends ; I am but hurt.

Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned Dane,
Drink off this potion :—is thy union here ?
Follow my mother. [KING dies.

Laer. He is justly serv'd :
It is a poison temper'd by himself.—
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet :
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee ;
Nor thine on me ! [Dies.

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it ! I follow thee.—
I am dead, Horatio.—Wretched queen, adieu !—
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time, (as this fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest) O ! I could tell you,—
But let it be.—Horatio, I am dead ;

Thou liv'st : report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it :
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane :
Here's yet some liquor left. [*Offering to drink.*

Ham. As thou'rt a man,
Give me the cup : let go ; by heaven I'll have it.—
[*They struggle, and HAMLET prevails, and
throws the cup away.*

O God !—Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me ?
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story.— [*March afar off, and firing.*

What warlike noise is this ?

Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,
To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.

Ham. O ! I die, Horatio ;
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit :
I cannot live to hear the news from England ;
But I do prophesy the election lights
On Fortinbras : he has my dying voice ;
So tell him, with the occurrents, more and less,
Which have solicited—the rest is silence. [*Dies.*

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart.—Good night, sweet
prince ;
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest !
Why does the drum come hither ? [*March heard within.*

Enter FORTINBRAS, *the* English Ambassadors,
Soldiers, *etc.*

Fort. Where is this sight ?

Hor. What is it ye would see ?
If aught of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

Fort. This quarry cries on havoc.—O proud death !
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes at a shot
So bloodily hast struck ?

First Amb. The sight is dismal,
And our affairs from England come too late :
The ears are senseless that should give us hearing,
To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd,
That Rosencranz and Guildenstern are dead.
Where should we have our thanks ?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th' ability of life to thank you :
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
Are here arriv'd, give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view ;
And let me speak to the yet unknowing world,
How these things came about : so shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts,
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cause,
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads : all this can I
Truly deliver.

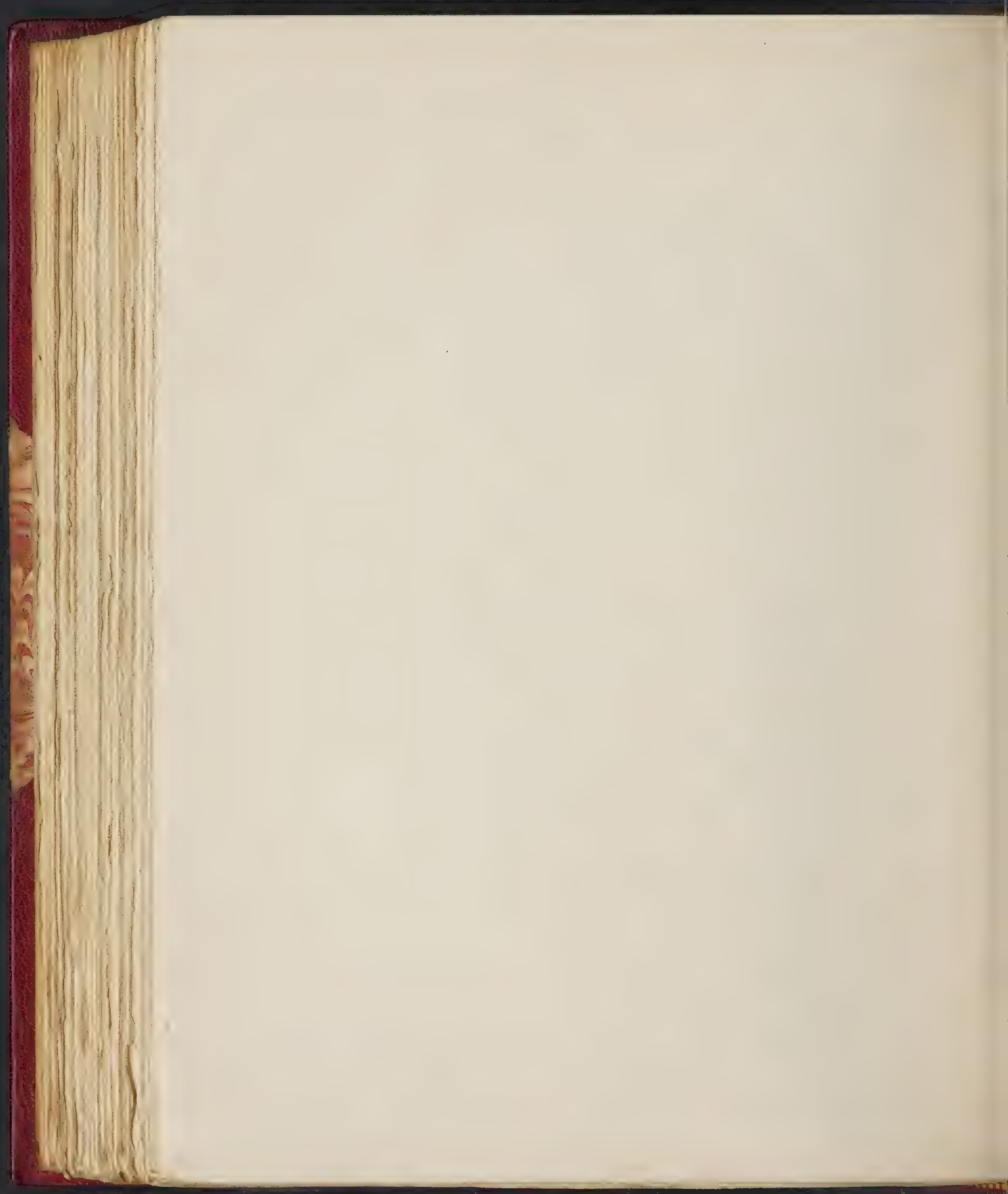
Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune :
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more :
But let this scene be presently performed,¹
Even while men's minds are wild, lest more mischance,
On plots and errors, happen.

Fort. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage ;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally : and for his passage,
The soldiers' music, and the rites of war,
Speak loudly for him.—
Take up the body.—Such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.—
Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

*[Exeunt : a dead march ; after which, a peal of
ordnance is shot off.]*

¹ AND let this SCENE] "Scene" is *same* in the old editions, but amended to *scene* in the Corr. fol. 1632—no doubt rightly, as the words "audience" in the preceding, and "perform'd" and "stage" in the next speech establish : "*But let this same*" is miserably flat and inexpressive, and the old compositor mis-read "scene" *same*.



KING LEAR.

EDITED BY

J. PAYNE COLLIER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.¹

LEAR, *King of Britain.*
KING OF FRANCE.
DUKE OF BURGUNDY.
DUKE OF CORNWALL.
DUKE OF ALBANY.
EARL OF KENT.
EARL OF GLOSTER.
EDGAR, *Son to Gloster.*
EDMUND, *Bastard Son to Gloster.*
CURAN, *a Courtier.*
OSWALD, *Steward to Goneril.*
Old Man, *Tenant to Gloster.*
Physician.
Fool.
An Officer, *employed by Edmund.*
Gentleman, *attendant on Cordelia.*
A Herald.
Servants to Cornwall.

GONERIL, }
REGAN, }
CORDELIA, } *Daughters to Lear.*

Knights of Lear's train, Officers, Messengers, Soldiers, and
Attendants.

SCENE : Britain.

¹ This play was printed three times in 4to., all with the date of 1608, before it appeared in the folio of 1623. There was an older drama upon the same story, which was printed in 1605, 4to. In 1709 Rowe first gave the *Dramatis Personæ*.

KING LEAR.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A room of State in King Lear's Palace.*

Enter KENT, GLOSTER, and EDMUND.

Kent. I thought the king had more affected the duke of Albany, than Cornwall.

Glo. It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weighed that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.²

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glo. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blushed to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could; whereupon she grew round-wombed; and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

Glo. But I have a son, sir, by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account:

² —MOIETY.] *Moiety* was not of old used in its stricter sense of *half*, but as a *share*, or *portion*.

though this knave came something saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair, there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My lord of Kent : remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again.—The king is coming. [*Sennet within.*]

Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN,
CORDELIA, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.

Glo. I shall, my liege. [*Exeunt* GLOSTER and EDMUND.]

Lear. Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.
Give me the map there.—Know, that we have divided
In three our kingdom ; and 'tis our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age,
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburden'd crawl toward death.—Our son of Cornwall,
And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now. The princes, France and Bur-
gundy,
Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,

And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my daughters,
(Since now we will divest us, both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state)³
Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge.—Goneril,
Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I love you more than words can wield the
matter ;

Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty ;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare ;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour :
As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found ;
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable ;
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. What shall Cordelia speak ?—Love, and be silent.

[*Aside.*

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With shadowy forests, and with champains rich'd
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady : to thine and Albany's issue
Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife of Cornwall? Speak.

Reg. I am made of that self metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find, she names my very deed of love ;
Only she comes too short, that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys,

³ —cares of state,] The two lines, forming this parenthesis, are wanting in the quarto editions : the variations are numerous and frequently unimportant.

Which the most precious sphere of sense possesses,
And find I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.

Cor. Then, poor Cordelia!— [Aside.
And yet not so ; since I am sure my love's
More richer⁴ than my tongue.

Lear. To thee and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom ;
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that conferr'd on Goneril.—Now, our joy,
Although our last not least ; to whose young love
The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
Strive to be interest'd ; what can you say, to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters ? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing ?

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing will come of nothing : speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth : I love your majesty
According to my bond ; nor more, nor less.

Lear. How ? how, Cordelia ? mend your speech a little,
Lest you may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me : I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,
They love you all ? Haply, when I shall wed,

⁴ More RICHER] For *richer* of the 4tos. the folio has *ponderous*.

That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty :
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.

Lear. But goes this with thy heart ?

Cor. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender ?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so : thy truth, then, be thy dower ;
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of Hecate and the night,
By all the operation of the orbs,
From whom we do exist and cease to be,
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me,
Hold thee from this for ever. The barbarous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou, my sometime daughter.

Kent. Good my liege,—

Lear. Peace, Kent !

Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my sight !—

[*To CORDELIA.*

So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her !—Call France.—Who stirs ?
Call Burgundy.—Cornwall and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digest the third :

Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty.—Ourself, by monthly course,
With reservation of an hundred knights
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turns. Only we still retain
The name, and all th' additions to a king ;
The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,
Beloved sons, be yours : which to confirm,
This coronet part between you. [*Giving the Crown.*]

Kent.

Royal Lear,

Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart : be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad.—What wouldst thou do, old man ?
Think'st thou, that duty shall have dread to speak,
When power to flattery bows ? To plainness honour's bound,
When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy doom ;
And in thy best consideration check
This hideous rashness : answer my life my judgment,
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least ;
Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound
Reverbs no hollowness.

Lear.

Kent, on thy life, no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies ; nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my sight !

Kent. See better, Lear ; and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.

Lear. Now, by Apollo,—

Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

Lear. O, vassal ! recreant !
[*Laying his hand on his Sword.*

Alb., Corn. Dear sir, forbear.

Kent. Do ;

Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift ;
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee, thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant !
On thine allegiance hear me.
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,
(Which we durst never yet) and with strain'd pride
To come betwixt our sentence and our power,
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear)
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee⁵ for provision
To shield thee from diseases of the world,
And on the sixth to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom : if on the tenth day following,
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death. Away ! By Jupiter,
This shall not be revok'd.

Kent. Fare thee well, king, sith thus thou wilt appear,

⁵ FIVE days we do allot thee] In the 4tos. it is *Four* days, and afterwards, consistently, "on *the fifth*."

Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.—

The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid, [To COR.

That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!—

And your large speeches may your deeds approve,

[To REGAN and GONERIL.

That good effects may spring from words of love.—

Thus Kent, O princes! bids you all adieu:

He'll shape his old course in a country new. [Exit.

Flourish. Re-enter GLOSTER; with FRANCE, BURGUNDY,
and Attendants.

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

Lear. My lord of Burgundy,

We first address toward you, who with this king

Hath rivall'd for our daughter: what, in the least,

Will you require in present dower with her,

Or cease your quest of love?

Bur.

Most royal majesty,

I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,

Nor will you tender less.

Lear.

Right noble Burgundy,

When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;

But now her price is fall'n. Sir, there she stands:

If aught within that little-seeming substance,

Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,

And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,

She's there, and she is yours.

Bur.

I know no answer.

Lear. Will you, with those infirmities she owes,

Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,

Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?

Bur. Pardon me, royal sir;
Election makes not up on such conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power that made
me,

I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king, [*To FRANCE.*
I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate: therefore, beseech you
T' avert your liking a more worthier way,
Than on a wretch whom nature is asham'd
Almost t' acknowledge hers.

France. This is most strange,
That she, that even but now was your blest object,⁶
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
Most best, most dearest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour. Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall'n into taint: which to believe of her,
Must be a faith that reason, without miracle,
Could never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your majesty,
(If for I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not, since what I well intend
I'll do't before I speak) that you make known

⁶ —was your BLEST object,] So the Corr. fol. 1632, for "*best* object" of the old copies: the compositor, perhaps, caught *best* from the next line but one.

It is no vicious blot, nor other foulness,⁷
 No unchaste action, or dishonour'd stoop,
 That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour ;
 But even for want of that for which I am richer,
 A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
 As I am glad I have not, though not to have it
 Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
 Hadst not been born, than not to have pleased me better.

France. Is it but this? a tardiness in nature,
 Which often leaves the history unspoke,
 That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy
 What say you to the lady? Love is not love,
 When it is mingled with respects, that stand
 Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?
 She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal Lear,
 Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,
 And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
 Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.

Bur. I am sorry, then, you have so lost a father,
 That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy:
 Since that respects of fortune are his love,
 I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being poor,
 Most choice, forsaken, and most lov'd, despis'd,

⁷ —NOR OTHER foulness,] So the Corr. fol. 1632, for "murder, or foulness", and "stoop" for *step*, of the folios and 4tos.

Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon :
Be it lawful, I take up what 's cast away.
Gods, gods ! 't is strange that from their cold'st neglect
My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.—
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France :
Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy
Shall buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.—
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind :
Thou lovest here, a better where to find.

Lear. Thou hast her, France : let her be thine ; for we
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again :—therefore, be gone,
Without our grace, our love, our benison.—
Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* LEAR, BURGUNDY, CORNWALL,
ALBANY, GLOSTER, and Attendants.

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. Ye jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you : I know you what you are ;
And, like a sister, am most loth to call
Your faults as they are nam'd. Love well our father :
To your professed bosoms I commit him ;
But yet, alas ! stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So, farewell to you both.

Gon. Prescribe not us our duty.

Reg. Let your study
Be to content your lord, who hath received you
At fortune's alms : you have obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides;
Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.
Well may you prosper !

France.

Come, my fair Cordelia

[*Exeunt* FRANCE and CORDELIA.]

Gon. Sister, it is not little I have to say of what most
nearly appertains to us both. I think our father will hence
to-night.

Reg. That's most certain, and with you ; next month
with us.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is ; the observa-
tion we have made of it hath not been little : he always
loved our sister most ; and with what poor judgment he hath
now cast her off appears too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age ; yet he hath ever but
slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been but
rash ; then, must we look to receive from his age, not alone
the imperfections of long-engrafted condition, but, there-
withal, the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric
years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from
him, as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is farther compliment of leave-taking between
France and him. Pray you, let us hit together : if our
father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears,
this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall farther think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i' the heat. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Hall in the Earl of Gloster's Castle.

Enter EDMUND, with a letter in his hand.

Edm. Thou, Nature, art my goddess ;⁸ to thy law
My services are bound. Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-shines
Lag of a brother ? Why bastard ? wherefore base,
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue ? Why brand they us
With base ? with baseness ? bastardy ? base, base ?
Who in the lusty stealth of nature take
More composition and fierce quality,
Then doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween asleep and wake ?—Well then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land :
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund,
As to the legitimate. Fine word,—legitimate !
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall top the legitimate⁹. I grow ; I prosper :—
Now, gods, stand up for bastards !

⁸ Thou, Nature, art my goddess ;] This speech in the folios is printed as verse. Such is the case with many other irregular speeches in the course of the drama.

⁹ Shall TOP THE legitimate.] The 4tos. have, "Shall *tooth*' legitimate", and the folio, "Shall *to' th'* legitimate. "Shall *top* the legitimate" was the ingenious emendation of Edwards.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus ! And France in choler parted,
And the king gone to-night ! subscrib'd his power !
Confin'd to exhibition ! All this done
Upon the gad !—Edmund, how now ! what news ?

Edm. So please your lordship, none.

[Putting up the letter as in haste.

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter ?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading ?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No ! What needed, then, that terrible despatch of
it into your pocket ? the quality of nothing hath not such
need to hide itself. Let's see : come ; if it be nothing, I
shall not need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me : it is a letter from
my brother, that I have not all o'er-read ; and, for so much
as I have perused, I find it not fit for your o'erlooking.

Glo. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it.
The contents, as in part I understand them,
Are to blame.

Glo. Let's see, let's see:

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this
but as an essay, or test of my virtue.¹⁰

Glo. [*Reading*]. " This policy, and reverence of age,
makes the world bitter to the best of our times ; keeps our
fortunes from us, till our oldness cannot relish them. I
begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression
of aged tyranny, who sways, not as it hath power, but as it

¹⁰ —or TEST of my virtue.] *Test* is *taste* in the old copies.

is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, EDGAR."—Humph!—Conspiracy!—"Sleep till I waked him,—you should enjoy half his revenue."—My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you? Who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord; there's the cunning of it: I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but, I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Hath he never heretofore sounded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord: but I have often heard him maintain it to be fit, that sons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain!—His very opinion in the letter!—Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish!—Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him. Abominable villain!—Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course; where, if you violently

proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence of danger.

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction, and that without any farther delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster.

Edm. Nor is not, sure.*

Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!—Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom. I would unstate myself to be in a due resolution.

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently; convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us; though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects. Love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason, and the bond cracked between son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the

* Nor is not, sure.] This speech and Gloster's reply, as far as "Heaven and earth!" are only in the 4tos.

best of our time : machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders follow us disquietly to our graves !— Find out this villain, Edmund ; it shall lose thee nothing : do it carefully.—And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished ! his offence, honesty !—'Tis strange. [Exit.

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when we are sick in fortune (often the surfeit of our own behaviour), we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars, as if we were villains by necessity ; fools, by heavenly compulsion ; knaves, thieves, and treachers,¹ by spherical predominance ; drunkards, liars, and adulterers by an enforced obedience of planetary influence, and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on. An admirable evasion of whore-master man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star ! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail, and my nativity was under *ursa major* ; so that it follows I am rough and lecherous.—Tut ! I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar !

Enter EDGAR behind.

and pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy : my cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o'Bedlam.—O ! these eclipses do portend these divisions. Fa, sol, la, mi.

Edg. How now, brother Edmund ! What serious contemplation are you in ?

¹ —TREACHERS,] *Treachers* is a word of not unfrequent occurrence in old writers. In the 4tos. it stands *treacherers*.

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. I promise you the effects he writes of succeed unhappily ; as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent ; death, dearth, dissolution of ancient amities ; divisions in state ; menaces and maledictions against king and nobles ; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of courts,² nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astronomical ?

Edm. Come, come ; when saw you my father last ?

Edg. The night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him ?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms ? Found you no displeasure in him, by word or countenance ?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself, wherein you may have offended him ; and at my entreaty forbear his presence, till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure, which at this instant so rageth in him that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear. I pray you have a continent forbearance, till the speed of his rage goes slower ; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak. Pray you, go : there's my key.—If you do stir abroad, go armed.

² —dissipation of COURTS,] *Courts* is misprinted *cohorts* in the old copies : we adopt Johnson's proposed emendation.

Edg. Armed, brother ?

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best ; I am no honest man if there be any good meaning toward you : I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly ; nothing like the image and horror of it. Pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon ?

Edm. I do serve you in this business.— [*Exit* EDGAR.
A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none ; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy !—I see the business.—
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit :
All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A room in the Duke of Albany's Palace.*

Enter GONERIL, and OSWALD, her Steward.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool ?

Osw. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night he wrongs me : every hour
He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds ; I'll not endure it.
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle.—When he returns from hunting
I will not speak with him ; say I am sick :
If you come slack of former services
You shall do well ; the fault of it I'll answer.

Osw. He's coming, madam ; I hear him. [*Horns within.*

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,

You and your fellows ; I'd have it come to question :
 If he distaste it, let him to my sister,
 Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
 Not to be over-ruled. Idle old man,
 That still would manage those authorities,
 That he hath given away !—Now, by my life,
 Old fools are babes again, and must be us'd
 With checks ; as flatteries, when they are seen, abus'd.
 Remember what I have said.

Osw.

Well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among you.
 What grows of it, no matter ; advise your fellows so :
 I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
 That I may speak :—I'll write straight to my sister,
 To hold my very course.—Prepare for dinner. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in the same.*

Enter KENT, disguised.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
 That can my speech diffuse,³ my good intent
 May carry through itself to that full issue
 For which I raz'd my likeness.—Now, banish'd Kent,
 If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
 (So may it come !) thy master, whom thou lovest,
 Shall find thee full of labours.

³ That can my speech DIFFUSE,] To *diffuse* meant, in the time of Shakespeare, to *disorder* or *confuse*; here it is to be taken as *disguise*: “diffus'd attire” is an expression in *King Henry V*, act v, sc. 2, p. 112.

Horns within. Enter LEAR, Knights, and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner : go, get it ready.
[*Exit an Attendant.*] How now ! what art thou ?

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess ? What wouldst thou with us ?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem ; to serve him truly that will put me in trust ; to love him that is honest ; to converse with him that is wise, and says little ; to fear judgment ; to fight when I cannot choose, and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou ?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou ?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Whom wouldst thou serve ?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow ?

Kent. No, sir ; but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that ?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do ?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly : that which ordinary men are fit for I am qualified in ; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou ?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing ; nor so old, to dote on her for anything : I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me ; thou shalt serve me : if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho ! dinner !—Where's my knave ? my fool ? Go you and call my fool hither. [Exit Servant.]

Enter OSWALD.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter ?

Osw. So please you,— [Exit.]

Lear. What says the fellow there ? Call the clodpole back.—Where's my fool, ho ?—I think the world's asleep.—How now ! where's that mongrel ?

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me when I called him ?

Knight. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not !

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is ; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont : there's a great abatement of kindness appears ; as well in the general dependants, as in the duke himself also, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha ! sayest thou so ?

Knight. I beseech you pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken ; for my duty cannot be silent when I think your highness wronged.

Lear. Thou but rememberest me of mine own conception. I have perceived a most faint neglect of late, which

I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity, than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness: I will look farther into 't.—But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well.—Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her.—[*Exit an Attendant.*] Go you call hither my fool.—

Re-enter OSWALD.

O! you sir, you sir, come you hither. Who am I, sir?

Osw. My lady's father.

Lear. *My lady's father?* my lord's knave: you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

Osw. I am none of these, my lord; I beseech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal?

[*Striking him.*

Osw. I'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tripped neither, you base foot-ball player.

[*Tripping up his heels.*

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, sir, arise; away! I'll teach you differences: away, away! If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry; but away! Go to: have you wisdom? so.

[*Thrusting OSWALD out.*

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service.

[*Giving KENT money.*

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too :—here's my coxcomb.

[*Giving KENT his Cap.*]

Lear. How now, my pretty knave! how dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. Why? For taking one's part that's out of favour.—Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly: there, take my coxcomb. Why, this fellow has banished two on's daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will: if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, nuncle! Would I had two coxcombs and two daughters!

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself. There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog must to kennel: he must be whipped out, when the lady brach⁴ may stand by the fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me.

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle.

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,

⁴ —when the lady BRACH,] The 4tos. unintelligibly read, "when lady o' the brach." A *brach* was a female hound, but the word was also used for a dog in general.

Lend less than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest,
Set less than thou throwest ;
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in a-door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

Lear. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then, 't is like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer ;
you gave me nothing for 't. Can you make no use of
nothing, nuncle ?

Lear. Why, no, boy : nothing can be made out of
nothing.

Fool. Pr'ythee, tell him, so much the rent of his land
comes to : he will not believe a fool.

Lear. A bitter fool !

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a
bitter fool and a sweet one ?

Lear. No, lad ; teach me.

Fool. That lord, that counsell'd thee

To give away thy land,
Come place him here by me ;

Do thou for him stand :
The sweet and bitter fool

Will presently appear ;
The one in motley here,

The other found out there. [*Pointing to LEAR.*]

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy ?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away ; that
thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, 'faith ; lords and great men will not let me : if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on 't, and ladies too ; they will not let me have all fool to myself ; they 'll be snatching.—Give me an egg, nuncle, and I 'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be ?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back o'er the dirt : thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipped that first finds it so :

Fools had ne'er less grace in a year ; [*Singing.*
For wise men are grown foppish,
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah ?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mothers ; for, when thou gavest them the rod, and puttedst down thine own breeches,

Then they for sudden joy did weep, [*Singing.*
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy fool to lie : I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. An you lie, sirrah, we 'll have you whipped.

Fool. I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters are :

they'll have me whipped for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipped for lying; and sometimes I am whipped for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind of thing than a fool; and yet I would not be thee, nuncle: thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing in the middle. Here comes one o' the parings.

Enter GONERIL.

Lear. How now, daughter! what makes that frontlet on? Methinks you are too much of late i' the frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure. I am better than thou art now: I am a fool; thou art nothing.—Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue: so your face [*To GON.*] bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum:

He that keeps nor crust nor crum,

Weary of all, shall want some.—

That's a shelled peascod. [*Pointing to LEAR.*]

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool,
But other of your insolent retainue
Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth
In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,
I had thought, by making this well known unto you,
To have found a safe redress, but now grow fearful,
By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and put it on,
By your allowance; which if you should, the fault
Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep,
Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which else were shame, that then necessity

Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For you trow, nuncle,

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had its head bit off by its young.

So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. I would you would make use of your good wisdom,
Whereof I know you are fraught, and put away
These dispositions, which of late transform you
From what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws the
horse?—Whoop, Jug! I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me?—Why, this is not Lear:
does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes?
Either his notion weakens, or his discernings are lethargied:
Sleeping or waking?⁷—Ha! sure 't is not so.—Who is it
that can tell me who I am?

Fool. Lear's shadow.

Lear. I would learn that; for by the marks of sove-
reignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded
I had daughters.

Fool. Which they will make an obedient father.

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon. This admiration, sir, is much o' the savour
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright;
As you are old and reverend, should be wise.
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;

⁷ Sleeping or waking?] "Sleeping or" is from the 4to. editions,
with other variations not requiring distinct notice.

Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shows like a riotous inn : epicurism and lust
Make it more like a tavern, or a brothel,
Than a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth speak
For instant remedy : be, then, desir'd
By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
A little to disquantity your train ;
And the remainder, that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your age,
Which know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils!—

Saddle my horses ! call my train together.—
Degenerate bastard ! I'll not trouble thee :
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people ; and your disorder'd rabble
Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents,—O, sir ! [*To ALB.*]
are you come ?

Is it your will ? Speak, sir.—Prepare my horses !
Ingratitude ! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou shew'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster !

Alb. Pray, sir, be patient.

Lear. Detested kite ! thou liest : [*To GONERIL.*]
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know ;
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their name.—O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show !

Which, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of nature
From the fix'd place ; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear !
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in, [*Striking his head.*
And thy dear judgment out !—Go, go, my people.

Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath moved you.

Lear. It may be so, my lord.—Hear, Nature, hear ;
Dear goddess, hear ! Suspend thy purpose, if
Thou didst intend to make this creature fruitful !
Into her womb convey sterility !
Dry up in her the organs of increase ;
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honour her ! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen ; that it may live,
And be a thwart disnatured torment to her !
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth ;
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks ;
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt ; that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child !—Away, away ! [*Exit.*

Alb. Now, gods that we adore, whereof comes this ?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the cause ;
But let his disposition have that scope
That dotage gives it.

Re-enter LEAR.

Lear. What ! fifty of my followers at a clap ?
Within a fortnight ?

Alb. What's the matter, sir ?

Lear. I'll tell thee ;—Life and death ! I am ashamed

That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus ;

[*To GONERIL.*

That these hot tears,⁸ which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them.—Blast and fogs upon thee !
The untented woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee !—Old fond eyes,
BewEEP this cause again, I 'll pluck you out ;
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay.—Ha ! is it come to this ?
Let it be so.—Yet have I left a daughter,
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable :
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She 'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,
That I 'll resume the shape, which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever.⁹

[*Exeunt LEAR, KENT, and Attendants.*

Gon. Do you mark that, my lord ?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,

To the great love I bear you,—

Gon. Pray you, content.—What, Oswald, ho !—
You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

[*To the Fool.*

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear ! tarry, and take the
fool with thee.

⁸ That these hot tears, &c.] Our text is that of the folio : the quartos give the passage, and what immediately follows it, thus unintelligibly :—"That these hot tears, that break from me perforce, should make the worse blasts and fogs upon the untender woundings of a father's curse, peruse every sense about the old fond eyes, bewEEP this cause again," &c.

⁹ I have cast off for ever.] The 4tos., after these words, add most feebly "Thou shalt, I warrant thee."

A fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter ;
So the fool follows after.

[*Exit.*]

Gon. This man hath had good counsel.—A hundred knights !

'Tis politic, and safe, to let him keep
At point a hundred knights : yes, that on every dream,
Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives in mercy.—Oswald, I say !—

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon. Safer than trust too far.

Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken : I know his heart.
What he hath utter'd I have writ my sister :
If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have show'd th' unfitness,—how now, Oswald ?

Re-enter OSWALD.

What ! have you writ that letter to my sister ?

Osw. Ay, madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse :
Inform her full of my particular fear ;
And thereto add such reasons of your own,
As may compact it more. Get you gone,
And hasten your return. [*Exit OSW.*] No, no, my lord,
This milky gentleness, and course of yours,
Though I condemn not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more attack'd for want of wisdom,

Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell :
Striving to better, oft we mar what 's well.

Gon. Nay, then—

Alb. Well, well ; the event. . . [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—*Court before the Same.*

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloster with these letters.
Acquaint my daughter no farther with anything you know,
than comes from her demand out of the letter. If your
diligence be not speedy, I shall be there before you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your
letter. [Exit.

Fool. If a man's brain were in 's heels, were't not in
danger of kibes ?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry ; thy wit shall not go
slip-shod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha !

Fool. Shalt see, thy other daughter will use thee kindly ;
for though she 's as like this, as a crab is like an apple, yet
I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. What canst tell, boy ?

Fool. She will taste as like this, as a crab does to a crab.
Thou canst tell why one's nose stands i' the middle on 's
face ?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes of either side 's nose ; that
what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong.—

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father!—Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight?

Fool. Yes, indeed. Thou wouldst make a good fool.

Lear. To take it again perforce!—Monster ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou shouldst not have been old before thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven!
Keep me in temper: I would not be mad!—

Enter Gentleman.

How now! Are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Court within the Castle of the Earl of GLOSTER.*

Enter EDMUND and CURAN, meeting.

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice that the duke of Cornwall and Regan his duchess will be here with him to-night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not. You have heard of the news abroad? I mean the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-bussing arguments.¹

Edm. Not I: pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may do, then, in time. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*]

Edm. The duke be here to-night? The better! Best! This weaves itself perforce into my business. My father hath set guard to take my brother; And I have one thing, of a queazy question, Which I must act.—Briefness and fortune, work!—Brother, a word;—descend:—brother, I say!

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches.—O sir! fly this place;
Intelligence is given where you are hid:

¹ —but ear-BUSSING arguments.] So the 4tos.: the folios read "ear-kissing arguments."

You have now the good advantage of the night.—
Have you not spoken 'gainst the duke of Cornwall?
He's coming hither; now, i' the night, i' the haste,
And Regan with him: have you nothing said
Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany?
Advise yourself.

Edg. I am sure on 't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming.—Pardon me;
In cunning I must draw my sword upon you:
Draw: seem to defend yourself. Now, quit you well.
Yield:—come before my father;—Light, ho! here!
Fly, brother;—Torches! torches!—So, farewell.—

[*Exit* EDGAR.]

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion

[*Wounding his arm.*]

Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunkards
Do more than this in sport.—Father! father!
Stop, stop! No help?

Enter GLOSTER, and Servants with torches.

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon
To stand auspicious mistress.—

Glo. But where is he?

Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could—

Glo. Pursue him, ho!—Go after.—[*Exit* Serv.] By no
means,—what?

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;
But that I told him, the revenging gods

'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend ;
 Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond
 The child was bound to the father ;—sir, in fine,
 Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
 To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
 With his prepared sword he charges home
 My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm :
 But when he saw my best alarum'd spirits,
 Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to th' encounter,
 Or whether ghasted by the noise I made,
 Full suddenly he fled.

Glo.

Let him fly far :

Not in this land shall he remain uncaught ;
 And found—dispatch'd.—The noble duke, my master,
 My worthy arch² and patron, comes to-night :
 By his authority I will proclaim it,
 That he, which finds him, shall deserve our thanks,
 Bringing the murderous coward to the stake ;
 He that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
 And found him pight to do it,³ with curst speech
 I threaten'd to discover him : he replied,
 "Thou unpossessing bastard ! dost thou think,
 If I would stand against thee, would the reposal
 Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee
 Make thy words faith'd ? No : what I should deny,
 (As this I would ; ay, though thou didst produce

² My worthy ARCH] *i. e.*, *Chief*, now used only in composition, as *arch-duke*, *arch-angel*, *arch-fiend*, etc. The word *dispatch'd*, in the preceding line, is from the Corr. fol. 1632 : when "found" Edgar was to be at once "dispatch'd".

³ —PIGHT to do it,] *i. e.*, *Pitched*, in the sense of *fixed*, *resolute*, or *determined*. See *Troilus and Cressida*, act v, sc. 2, p. 131.

My very character)⁴ I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice :
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spurs
To make thee seek it."

Glo. Strong and fasten'd villain ;
Would he deny his letter ?—I never got him.

[*Tucket sounded within.*

Hark ! the duke's trumpets. I know not why he comes.—
All ports I'll bar ; the villain shall not 'scape ;
The duke must grant me that : besides, his picture
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him ; and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend ! since I came hither,
(Which I can call but now) I have heard strange news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short
Which can pursue th' offender. How dost, my lord ?

Glo. O madam ! my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd.

Reg. What ! did my father's godson seek your life ?
He whom my father nam'd ? your heir, your Edgar ?⁵

Glo. O, lady, lady ! shame would have it hid.

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous knights
That tend upon my father ?

Glo. I know not, madam : 't is too bad, too bad.—

⁴ My very character,] *i. e.*, My own *hand-writing*. Lower down, *spurs* of the 4tos. is *spirits* in the folios.

⁵ —YOUR HEIR, your Edgar ?] The words "your heir" are from the Corr. fol. 1632, and complete the line.

Edm. Yes, madam ; he was of that consort.

Reg. No marvel, then, though he were ill-affected :
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have th' expense and waste of his revenues.
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well-inform'd of them ; and with such cautions,
That if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—
Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father
A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practice ; and receiv'd
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursued ?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm : make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please.—For you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours :
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need ;
You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.

Glo. For him I thank your grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you,—

Reg. Thus out of season, threading dark-eyed night.
Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poise,
Wherein we must have use of your advice.
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,

Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home : the several messengers
From hence attend dispatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom, and bestow
Your needful counsel to our business,
Which craves the instant use.

Glo. I serve you, madam.
Your graces are right welcome. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*Before Gloster's Castle.*

Enter KENT and OSWALD, meeting.

Osw. Good dawning to thee, friend : art of this house ?

Kent. Ay.

Osw. Where may we set our horses ?

Kent. I' the mire.

Osw. Pr'ythee, if thou love me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Osw. Why, then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Finsbury pinfold,¹ I would make
thee care for me. [Striking him.]

Osw. Why dost thou use me thus ? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Osw. What dost thou know me for ?

Kent. A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats ; a
base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound,
filthy, worsted-stocking knave ; a lily-livered, action-taking
knave, a whoreson glass-gazing, super-serviceable, finical
rogue ; one-trunk-inheriting slave ; one that wouldst be a

¹ FINSBURY pinfold,] So the Corr. fol. 1632, for "*Lipsbury* pin-
fold" of the old copies— a mere misprint. Every auditor knew
"*Finsbury* pinfold", an old jail there so-called.

bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch : one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deniest the least syllable of thy addition.

Osw. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee !

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest me. Is it two days since I tripped up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king ? Draw, you rogue ; for, though it be night, yet the moon shines : I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you. [*Drawing his sword.*] Draw, you whoreson cullionly barber-monger, draw.

Osw. Away ! I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal : you come with letters against the king, and take Vanity, the puppet's part,² against the royalty of her father. Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks :—draw, you rascal ; come your ways.

Osw. Help, ho ! murder ! help !

Kent. Strike, you slave : stand, rogue, stand ; you neat slave, strike. [*Beating him.*]

Osw. Help, ho ! murder ! murder !

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, EDMUND, and
Servants, *confusedly.*

Edm. How now ! what's the matter ? Part.

Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you please : come, I'll flesh you ; come on, young master.

² —and take Vanity, the puppet's part,] The allusion is evidently to the character of Vanity, in some of the early Moralities or Moral-plays. She had also, probably, been represented in a puppet-show, and hence Kent calls her "Vanity, the puppet."

Glo. Weapons ! arms ! What 's the matter here ?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives :

He dies that strikes again. What is the matter ?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the king.

Corn. What is your difference ? speak.

Osw. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel ; you have so bestirred your valour.
You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee : a tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow : a tailor make a man ?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir : a stone-cutter, or a painter, could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel ?

Osw. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spar'd,
At suit of his grey beard,—

Kent. Thou whoreson zed ! thou unnecessary letter !—
My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain³ into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him.—Spare my grey beard, you wagtail ?

Corn. Peace, sirrah !

You beastly knave, know you no reverence ?

Kent. Yes, sir ; but anger hath a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry ?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwain
Which are too intrinse t' unloose ;⁴ smooth every passion

³ —this UNBOLTED villain—] *i. e.*, This *unsifted* or *coarse* villain.
To "bolt" is to *sift*.

⁴ —INTRINSE t' unloose :] Shakespeare here uses *intrinse* in the

That in the natures of their lords rebels ;
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods ;
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters,
And knowing nought, like dogs, but following.—
A plague upon your epileptic visage !
Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool ?
Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.⁵

Corn. What ! art thou mad, old fellow ?

Glo. How fell you out ? say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Than I and such a knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave ? What's his
offence ?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, nor his, nor hers.

Kent. Sir, 't is my occupation to be plain :
I have seen better faces, in my time,
Than stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow,
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb,
Quite from his nature : he cannot flatter, he ;
An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth :
And they will take it, so : if not, he's plain.

same sense as *intrinsicate*, *i. e.*, *intricate* : see also *Antony and Cleopatra*, act v, sc. 2.

⁵ —Camelot.] In Somersetshire, where the popular romances say
king Arthur kept his western court.

These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty silly ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity,
Under th' allowance of your grand aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phœbus' front,—

Corn. What mean'st by this ?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend
so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer: he that beguiled
you in a plain accent was a plain knave ; which, for my
part, I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to
entreat me to 't.

Corn. What was the offence you gave him ?

Osw. I never gave him any :

It pleased the king, his master, very late,
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction ;
When he, compact, and flattering his displeasure,
Tripp'd me behind ; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthied him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd ;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of these rogues, and cowards,
But Ajax is their fool.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks !—
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart,
We'll teach you—

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn.
Call not your stocks for me ; I serve the king,

On whose employment I was sent to you :
You shall do small respect, show too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks !
As I have life and honour, there shall he sit till noon.

Reg. Till noon ! till night, my lord ; and all night too.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour
Our sister speaks of.—Come, bring away the stocks.

[*Stocks brought out.*]

Glo. Let me beseech your grace not to do so.
His fault is much, and the good king, his master
Will check him for 't : your purpos'd low correction
Is such, as basest and contemned'st wretches,
For pilferings and most common trespasses,
Are punish'd with. The king must take it ill,
That he, so slightly valued in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
For following her affairs.—Put in his legs.—

[*KENT is set in the stocks.*]

Come, my lord, away. [*Exeunt REGAN and CORNWALL.*]

Glo. I am sorry for thee, friend ; 'tis the duke's pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubbed, nor stopp'd : I'll entreat for thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, sir. I have watch'd, and travell'd
hard ;

Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels :
Give you good morrow !

Glo. The duke's to blame in this : 't will be ill taken.

[*Exit.*

Kent. Good king, that must approve the common saw :—
Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st
To the warm sun.
Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter.—Nothing almost sees miracles,
But misery :—I know 'tis from Cordelia ;
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obscured course ; and shall find time
From this enormous state,—seeking to give
Losses their remedies.⁶—All weary and o'er-watch'd,
Take 'vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging.
Fortune, good night ; smile once more ; turn thy wheel !
[*He falls asleep.*

SCENE III.—*Part of an open Heath.*

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd ;
And by the happy hollow of a tree
Escap'd the hunt. No port is free ; no place,
That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
Does not attend my taking. While I may 'scape
I will preserve myself ; and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape,

⁶ Losses their remedies.] Obviously corrupt ; perhaps a line lost.

That ever penury, in contempt of man,
 Brought near to beast : my face I'll grime with filth,
 Blanket my loins, elf all my hair in knots,
 And with presented nakedness out-face
 The winds and persecutions of the sky.
 The country gives me proof and precedent
 Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
 Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
 Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary ;
 And with this horrible object, from low farms,
 Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes and mills,
 Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers,
 Enforce their charity.—Poor Turlygood !⁷ poor Tom !
 That's something yet :—Edgar I nothing am. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—*Before Gloster's Castle.**Enter LEAR, Fool, and a Gentleman.*

Lear. 'T is strange that they should so depart from home,
 And not send back my messenger.

Gent. As I learn'd,
 The night before there was no purpose in them
 Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master !

Lear. Ha ! [Seeing KENT in the stocks.
 Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime ?

Kent. No, my lord.

Fool. Ha, ha ! look ; he wears cruel garters. Horses are
 tied by the head ; dogs and bears, by the neck ; monkeys

⁷ POOR TURLYGOD !] The folios spelt it *Turlygod* ; it is probably
 only a corruption of *Thoroughlygood*.

by the loins, and men by the legs: when a man is over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden netherstocks.⁸

Lear. What's he, that hath so much thy place mistook,
To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she,
Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. No, no; they would not.

Kent. Yes; they have.

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.

Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.

Lear. They durst not do't;
They could not, would not do't: 't is worse than murder,
To do upon respect such violent outrage.
Resolve me with all modest haste which way
Thou mightst deserve, or they impose, this usage,
Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that showed
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From Goneril, his mistress, salutations;
Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,
Which presently they read: on whose contents,

⁸ —wooden NETHER-STOCKS.] *Nether-stocks* were stockings, and were thus distinguished from *upper-stocks* or *overstocks*, as breeches were sometimes called.

They summon'd up their meiny,⁹ straight took horse ;
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer ; gave me cold looks :
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine,
(Being the very fellow which of late
Display'd so saucily against your highness)
Having more man than wit about me, drew :
He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries.
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that way.

Fathers, that wear rags,
Do make their children blind ;
But fathers that bear bags,
Shall see their children kind.
Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to the poor.—

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours for thy
daughters as thou canst tell in a year.

Lear. O, how this mother swells up toward my heart !

Hysterica passio ! down, thou climbing sorrow !

Thy element 's below.—Where is this daughter ?

Kent. With the earl, sir ; here, within.

Lear.

Follow me not :

Stay here.

[*Exit.*

Gent. Made you no more offence than what you speak of ?

Kent. None.

⁹ They summon'd up their MEINY,] *i. e.*, Their retinue or followers.
The word was sometimes used for household-attendants, and some-
times for the multitude.

How chance the king comes with so small a train ?

Fool. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, fool ?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no labouring i' the winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men ; and there's not a nose among twenty but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it ; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again : I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That sir, which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.
But I will tarry ; the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly :
The knave turns fool that runs away,
The fool no knave, perdy.¹

Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool ?

Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter LEAR, *with* GLOSTER.

Lear. Deny to speak with me ? They are sick ? they are weary ?

They have travell'd hard to-night ? Mere fetches,
The images of revolt and flying off.
Fetch me a better answer.

¹ —no knave PERDY] *i.e.*, *par Dieu*, see *Hamlet*, act iii, sc. 2, p. 81.

Glo. My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality of the duke ;
How unremovable and fix'd he is
In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance ! plague ! death ! confusion !—
Fiery ? what quality ? Why, Gloster, Gloster,
I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

Lear. Inform'd them ! Dost thou understand me, man ?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall ; the dear
father

Would with his daughter speak, commands her service :
Are they inform'd of this ? My breath and blood !—
Fiery ? the fiery duke ?—Tell the hot duke, that—
No, but not yet ;—may be, he is not well :
Infirmity doth still neglect all office
Whereto our health is bound ; we are not ourselves,
When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind
To suffer with the body. I'll forbear ;
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit
For the sound man.—Death on my state ! wherefore

[*Looking on KENT.*

Should he sit here ? This act persuades me
That this remotion of the duke and her
Is practice only. Give me my servant forth.
Go, tell the duke and 's wife, I'd speak with them,
Now, presently : bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,
Till it cry—*Sleep to death !*

Glo. I would have all well betwixt you. [Exit.

Lear. O me! my heart, my rising heart!—but, down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels, when she put them i' th' paste alive; she rapp'd 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cried, *Down, wantons, down*: 'twas her brother, that in pure kindness to his horse buttered his hay.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your grace! [KENT is set at liberty.

Reg. I am glad to see your highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason I have to think so: if thou shouldst not be glad, I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb, Sepulchring an adult'ress.—O! are you free? [To KENT. Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan, Thy sister's naught! O Regan! she hath tied Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here.—

[Striking his breast.

I can scarce speak to thee: thou'lt not believe, With how deprav'd a quality—O Regan!

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience: I have hope, You less know how to value her desert, Than she to scant her duty.

Lear. Say, how is that?

Reg. I cannot think my sister in the least Would fail her obligation: if, sir, perchance She have restrain'd the riots of your followers, 'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end, As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her !

Reg. O, sir ! you are old ;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine : you should be rul'd, and led
By some discretion, that discerns your state
Better than you yourself. Therefore, I pray you,
That to our sister you do make return :
Say, you have wrong'd her, sir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness ?
Do you but mark how this becomes the house :
Dear daughter, I confess that I am old ; [Kneeling.
Age is unnecessary : on my knees I beg,
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.

Reg. Good sir, no more : these are unsightly tricks.
Return you to my sister.

Lear. Never, Regan.
She hath abated me of half my train ;
Look'd black upon me ; struck me with her tongue,
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart.—
All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top ! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness !

Corn. Fie, sir, fie !

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes ! Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To fall and blast her pride !

Reg. O the blest gods !
So will you wish on me, when the rash mood is on.

Lear. No, Regan ; thou shalt never have my curse :

Thy tender-hefted nature² shall not give
 Thee o'er to harshness : her eyes are fierce ; but thine
 Do comfort, and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
 To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
 To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,³
 And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
 Against my coming in : thou better know'st
 The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
 Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude ;
 Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
 Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good sir, to the purpose.

Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks ? [*Tucket within.*]

Corn. What trumpet's that ?

Enter OSWALD.

Reg. I know't, my sister's : this approves her letter,
 That she would soon be here.—Is your lady come ?

Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride
 Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.—
 Out, varlet, from my sight !

Corn. What means your grace ?

Lear. Who stock'd my servant ?—Regan, I have good
 hope
 Thou didst not know on't.—Who comes here ? O heavens !

Enter GONERIL.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway

² Thy tender-HEFTED nature—] Possibly a misprint for "tender-hearted;" but it may mean tender or soft to handle, from *heft*, i.e., *haft*.

³ —to scant my SIZES,] To contract my allowances : it is derived by lexicographers from the old Fr. *assise*.

Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause ; send down, and take my part !—
Art not asham'd to look upon this beard ?—[*To GONERIL.*
O Regan ! wilt thou take her by the hand ?

Gon. Why not by the hand, sir ? How have I offended ?
All's not offence, that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.

Lear. O sides ! you are too tough :
Will you yet hold ?—How came my man i' the stocks ?

Corn. I set him there, sir ; but his own disorders
Deserv'd much less advancement.

Lear. You ! did you ?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me :
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her ? and fifty men dismiss'd ?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' the air :
To be a comrade with the wolf, and howl⁴
Necessity's sharp pinch !—Return with her ?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
To keep base life afoot.—Return with her ?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter
To this detested groom. [*Looking at OSWALD.*

⁴ —and HOWL] The old compositor omitted the aspirate, and printed *owl* instead of *howl* : the words "Necessity's sharp pinch" are the accusative case after the verb *howl*. We owe this excellent emendation to the Corr. fol. 1632.

Gon. At your choice, sir.

Lear. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad :
I will not trouble thee, my child ; farewell :
We'll no more meet, no more see one another ;
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter ;
Or, rather, a disease that 's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine : thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood.—But I'll not chide thee ;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it :
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove.
Mend, when thou canst ; be better, at thy leisure :
I can be patient ; I can stay with Regan,
I, and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so :
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my sister ;
For those that mingle reason with your passion,
Must be content to think you old, and so—
But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken ?

Reg. I dare avouch it, sir. What ! fifty followers ?
Is it not well ? What should you need of more ?
Yea, or so many, sith that both charge and danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number ? How, in one house,
Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity ? 'Tis hard ; almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
From those that she calls servants, or from mine ?

Reg. Why not, my lord ? If then they chanc'd to slack you,

We could control them. If you will come to me,
(For now I spy a danger) I entreat you
To bring but five-and-twenty : to no more
Will I give place, or notice.

Lear. I gave you all—

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries,
But kept a reservation to be followed
With such a number. What! must I come to you
With five-and-twenty? Regan, said you so?

Reg. And speak't again, my lord; no more with me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,
When others are more wicked; not being the worst,
Stands in some rank of praise.—I'll go with thee : [*To GON.*
Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord.

What need you five-and-twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What need one?

Lear. O! reason not the need; our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous :
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's. Thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm. But, for true need,—
You heavens, give me but patience, patience I need!
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both :

If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely ; touch me with noble anger.
O ! let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks.—No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall—I will do such things,—
What they are, yet I know not ; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think, I'll weep :
No, I'll not weep :— [Distant storm heard.
I have full cause of weeping ; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or ere I'll weep.—O, fool ! I shall go mad.

[*Exeunt* LEAR, GLOSTER, KENT, and Fool.]

Corn. Let us withdraw ; 'twill be a storm.

Reg. This house is little : the old man and 's people
Cannot be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame hath put himself from rest,
And must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd.
Where is my lord of Gloster ?

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth.—He is return'd.

Glo. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going ?

Glo. He calls to horse ; but will I know not whither.

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way ; he leads himself.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

Glo. Alack ! the night comes on, and the bleak winds
Do sorely ruffle ; for many miles about
There's scarce a bush.

[*Storm.*

Reg. O, sir ! to wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your doors :
He is attended with a desperate train,
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord ; 't is a wild night :
My Regan counsels well : come out o' the storm. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A wild Heath.*

*A Storm, with thunder and lightning. Enter KENT and a
Gentleman, meeting.*

Kent. Who's here, beside foul weather ?

Gent. One minded, like the weather, most unquietly.

Kent. I know you. Where's the king ?

Gent. Contending with the fretful elements ;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change or cease ; tears his white hair,

Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of ;
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him ?

Gent. None but the fool, who labours to outjest
His heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you,
And dare, upon the warrant of my note,
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall ;
Who have (as who have not, that their great stars
Throne and set high ?) servants, who seem no less,
Which are to France the spies and speculators
Intelligent of our state ; what hath been seen,
Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes,
Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
Against the old kind king ; or something deeper,
Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings ;—
But, true it is, from France there comes a power
Into this scatter'd kingdom ; who already,
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
In some of our best ports, and are at point
To show their open banner.—Now to you :
If on my credit you dare build so far
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find

Some that will thank you, making just report
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
The king hath cause to plain.
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding,
And from some knowledge and assurance offer
This office to you.

Gent. I will talk farther with you.

Kent.

No, do not.

For confirmation, that I am much more
Than my out wall, open this purse, and take
What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia,
(As fear not but you shall) show her this ring,
And she will tell you who that fellow is
That yet you do not know. [*Thunder.*] Fie on this storm!
I will go seek the king.

Gent. Give me your hand. Have you no more to say?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet;
That, when we have found the king (in which your pain
That way, I'll this), he that first lights on him
Holloa the other. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.—*Another Part of the Heath. Storm continued.*

Enter LEAR and Fool.

Lear. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes spout,
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,

Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world !
Crack nature's moulds, all germins spill at once,
That make ingrateful man !

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry house is better
than this rain-water out o' door. Good nuncle, in, and ask
thy daughter's blessing : here's a night pities neither wise
men nor fools. *[Thunder and lightning.]*

Lear. Rumble thy bellyful ! Spit, fire ! spout, rain !
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters :
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness ;
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children ;
You owe me no subscription : then, let fall
Your horrible pleasure ; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man.—
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters joined
Your high-engender'd battles 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O ! O ! 'tis foul !

Fool. He that has a house to put's head in has a good
head-piece.

The cod-piece that will house
Before the head has any,
The head and he shall louse ;—
So beggars marry many.
The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make,
Shall of a corn cry woe,
And turn his sleep to wake :

—for there was never yet fair woman, but she made mouths
in a glass.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience ;
I will say nothing.

*Enter KENT.**Kent.* Who's there?*Fool.* Marry, here's grace, and a cod-piece; that's a wise man, and a fool.

Kent. Alas, sir! are you here? things that love night,
 Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies
 Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,¹
 And make them keep their caves. Since I was man,
 Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
 Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
 Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry
 Th' affliction, nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods,
 That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
 Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
 That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
 Unwhipp'd of justice: hide thee, thou bloody hand;
 Thou perjure, and thou simular of virtue,²
 That art incestuous: caitiff, to pieces shake,
 That under covert and convenient seeming
 Hast practis'd on man's life: close pent-up guilts,
 Rive your concealing continents, and cry
 These dreadful summoners grace.—I am a man
 More sinn'd against than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed!

¹ GALLOW the very wanderers of the dark,] To "gallow", or *gally*, is a provincial word for to *terrify*, still common in several parts of the north of England.

² Thou PERJURE, and thou SIMULAR of virtue] A "simular" is a *simulator*; possibly we ought to spell it *simuler*: "perjure" is the old word for *perjurer*. See *Love's Labour's Lost*, act iv, sc. 3, p. 54.

Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel ;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest :
Repose you there, while I to this hard house,
(More hard than is the stone whereof 'tis rais'd,
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Denied me to come in) return, and force
Their scanted courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.—
Come on, my boy. How dost, my boy? Art cold?
I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow?
The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel.
Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That 's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. He that has a little tiny wit,— [Singing.
With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain,—
Must make content with his fortunes fit ;
For the rain it raineth every day.

Lear. True, my good boy.—Come, bring us to this
hovel. [Exeunt LEAR and KENT.

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtesan.—I 'll
speak a prophecy ere I go :

When priests are more in word than matter ;
When brewers mar their malt with water ;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors ;
No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors :
When every case in law is right ;
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight ;
When slanders do not live in tongues,
Nor cutpurses come not to throngs ;

When usurers tell their gold i' the field,
And bawds and whores do churches build ;
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion :
Then comes the time, who lives to see 't,
That going shall be us'd with feet.

This prophecy³ Merlin shall make ; for I live before his
time. [Exit.

SCENE III.—*A Room in Gloster's Castle.*

Enter GLOSTER and EDMUND.

Glo. Alack, alack ! Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing. When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house ; charged me, on pain of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage and unnatural !

Glo. Go to ; say you nothing. There is division between the dukes, and a worse matter than that : I have received a letter this night ;—'t is dangerous to be spoken ;—I have locked the letter in my closet. These injuries the king now bears will be revenged home : there is part of a power already footed : we must incline to the king. I will seek him, and privily relieve him : go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived ; if he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed : if I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king, my old master, must be relieved. There is some strange thing toward, Edmund ; pray you be careful. [Exit.

³ This prophecy] It is contained only in the folios, and is derived in part from Chaucer.

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke
Instantly know ; and of that letter too.
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
That which my father loses ; no less than all :
The younger rises, when the old doth fall. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—*A wild part of the Heath, with a hovel.*

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord ; good my lord, enter :
The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure. [Storm still.⁴

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart ?

Kent. I'd rather break mine own.—Good my lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 't is much, that this contentious
storm

Invades us to the skin : so 'tis to thee ;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou 'dst shun a bear ;
But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea,
Thou 'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind's
free,

The body's delicate : the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else
Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude !
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand
For lifting food to 't ?—But I will punish home :—

⁴ *Storm still.*] These words form a marginal note in the folio 1623,
and at this point the violence of the storm is to be renewed.

No, I will weep no more.—In such a night
To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure :—
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all,—
O! that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee go in thyself; seek thine own ease :
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more.—But I'll go in :
In, boy; go first. [*To the Fool.*]—You houseless poverty,—
Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.—

[*The Fool enters.*]

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O! I have ta'en
Too little care of this. Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.

Edg. [*Within the hovel.*] Fathom and half, fathom and
half! Poor Tom! [*The Fool runs out.*]

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle; here's a spirit. Help
me! help me!

Kent. Give me thy hand.—Who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit: he says his name's poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i' the
straw?

Come forth.

Enter EDGAR, disguised as a madman.

Edg. Away ! the foul fiend follows me !—
Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.—
 Humph ! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Lear. Didst thou give all to thy two daughters,
 And art thou come to this ?

Edg. Who gives anything to poor Tom ? whom the foul
 fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford
 and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire ; that hath laid
 knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew ; set ratsbane
 by his porridge ; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay
 trotting-horse over four-inched bridges, to course his own
 shadow for a traitor.—Bless thy five wits !—Tom's a cold.
 —O ! do de, do de, do de.—Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-
 blasting, and taking !⁵ Do poor Tom some charity, whom
 the foul fiend vexes.—There could I have him now,—and
 there,—and there,—and there again, and there.

[Storm continues.]

Lear. What !— have his daughters brought him to this
 pass ?—

Couldst thou save nothing ? Didst thou give them all ?

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all
 shamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues, that in the pendulous air
 Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters !

⁵ — star-blasting and TAKING !] We have had *taking* in a similar
 sense before in this play :—

—— “ Strike her young bones,

You *taking* airs, with lameness.”—Act ii, sc. 4.

“ Taking,” in both these instances, of course, means *bewitching*. The
 preceding interjections indicate shuddering with fear and cold.

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor ! nothing could have subdued nature
To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.—
Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh ?
Judicious punishment ! 'twas this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on Pillicock-hill:—
Halloo, halloo, loo loo !

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and mad-
men.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend. Obey thy parents ;
keep thy word justly ; swear not ; commit not with man's
sworn spouse ; set not thy sweet heart on proud array.
Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been ?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind ; that
curled my hair, wore gloves in my cap, served the lust of
my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her ;
swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in
the sweet face of heaven : one, that slept in the contriving
of lust, and waked to do it. Wine loved I deeply ; dice
dearly ; and, in woman, out-paramoured the Turk : false of
heart, light of ear, bloody of hand ; hog in sloth, fox in
stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey.
Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks,
betray thy poor heart to woman : keep thy foot out of
brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders'
books, and defy the foul fiend.—Still through the hawthorn
blows the cold wind ; says suum, mun, ha no nonny.
Dolphin my boy, my boy ; sessa ! let him trot by.

[*Storm continues.*

Lear. Why, thou wert better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume.—Ha! here's three on's are sophisticated: thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings!—come; unbutton here.—

[*Tearing off his clothes.*]

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; 'tis a naughty night to swim in.—Now, a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart; a small spark, all the rest on's body cold.—Look! here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin,⁶ squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

Saint Withold footed thrice the wold;
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;
 Bid her alight,
 And her troth plight,
And aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!⁷

Kent. How fares your grace?

Enter GLOSTER, with a Torch.

Lear. What's he?

⁶ — he gives the web and the pin,] *i. e.*, the *cataract* in the eye. See *The Winter's Tale*, act i, sc. 2, p. 17.

⁷ And aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!] *i. e.*, *begone*, witch: See *Macbeth*, act i, sc. 3, p. 7. Withold was the saint then commonly invoked against the night-mare.

Kent. Who's there? What is't you seek?

Glo. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water! that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets; swallows the old rat and the ditch dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool: who is whipped from tything to tything, and stocked, punished, and imprisoned; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear,—

But mice, and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.⁸

Beware my follower.—Peace, Smulkin! peace, thou fiend!

Glo. What! hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman;
Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.⁹

⁸ Have been Tom's food for seven long year.] This distich, says Percy, is part of a description given, in the old metrical romance of Sir Bevis, of the hardships suffered by the hero, when confined for seven years in a dungeon.

⁹ Modo he's called and Mahu.] These names of fiends (as Steevens remarks) Shakespeare derived (with some slight variations) from Bishop Harsnet's *Declaration of egregious Popish Impostures*, 1603. —There we meet with Fliberdigibet, Smolkin, Modu, Maho, etc. It seems probable that

“The prince of darkness is a gentleman;
Modo he's called, and Mahu,”

was a quotation from some popular poem or ballad; and, as Reed pointed out, a drinking catch is sung in Sir J. Suckling's *Goblins*, act iii, sc. 1, (Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. x, p. 122), ending thus:

“The prince of darkness is a gentleman:
Mahu, Mahu, is his name.”

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile,
That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me. My duty cannot suffer
To obey in all your daughters' hard commands :
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you,
Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food are ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher.—
What is the cause of thunder ?

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer : go into the house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban.¹—
What is your study ?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my lord ;
His wits begin t' unsettle.

Glo. Canst thou blame him ?
His daughters seek his death.—Ah, that good Kent !
He said it would be thus, poor banish'd man !—
Thou say'st the king grows mad : I'll tell thee, friend,
I am almost mad myself. I had a son,
Now outlaw'd from my blood ; he sought my life,
But lately, very late : I lov'd him, friend,
No father his son dearer : true to tell thee,
The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this !—

[*Storm continued.*]

I do beseech your grace,—

¹ —with this SAME learned Theban.] The 4tos. "with this *most* learned Theban", with smaller variations.

Lear. O! cry you mercy, sir.—
Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. In, fellow, there, into the hovel: keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in, all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him:
I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord, soothe him; let him take the fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on: go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glo. No words, no words:
Hush.

Edg. Child Rowland to the dark tower came,²
His word was still,—Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—*A Room in Gloster's Castle.*

Enter CORNWALL and EDMUND.

Corn. I will have my revenge, ere I depart his house.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature
thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's
evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking
merit, set a-work by a reprobable badness in himself.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent

² Child Rowland to the dark tower came,] He is said, in the
romance, to have been king Arthur's youngest son.

to be just! This is the letter which he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France.—O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

[*Showing a paper.*]

Corn. Go with me to the duchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [*Aside.*] If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—[*To him.*] I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*A Chamber in a Farm-house, adjoining Gloster's Castle.*

Enter GLOSTER, LEAR, KENT, Fool, and EDGAR.

Glo. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully. I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience.—The gods reward your kindness!

[*Exit* GLOSTER.]

Edg. Frateretto calls me, and tells me Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness.—Pray, innocent,³ and beware the foul fiend.

³ Pray, INNOCENT,] Fools, *i. e.*, mere idiots, were of old usually called *innocents*, when they were not professed jesters.

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool. No: he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to his son; for he's a mad yeoman, that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits
Come whizzing in upon them:—

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It shall be done; I will arraign them straight.—
Come, sit thou here, most learned Justicer;— [*To* EDGAR.
Thou, sapient sir, sit here.—Now, you she foxes!—

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares!—
Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?

Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me:⁴—

Fool. Her boat hath a leak,
And she must not speak
Why she dares not come over to thee.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white herring.—Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amaz'd:
Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first.—Bring in the evidence.—
Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;— [*To* EDGAR.

⁴ Come o'er, etc.] This and what follows from the Fool are no doubt parts of an old song, which was imitated by W. Birch, in his "Dialogue between Elizabeth and England", printed by W. Pickering without date. See *Ballads*, printed by the Percy Society, 8vo, 1840.

And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [To the Fool.
Bench by his side.—You are o' the commission,
Sit you too. [To KENT.

Edg. Let us deal justly.

Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?
Thy sheep be in the corn;
And for one blast* of thy minikin mouth,
Thy sheep shall take no harm.

Pur! the cat is grey.

Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath, before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress. Is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy; I took you for a joint-stool.

Lear. And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim What stone her heart is made on.—Stop her there! Arms, arms, sword, fire!—Corruption in the place! False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity!—Sir, where is the patience now, That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. [*Aside.*] My tears begin to take his part so much, They'll mar my counterfeiting.

Lear. The little dogs and all, Tray, Blanche, and Sweet-heart, see! they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them.—Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite;

* —one BLAST] Probably *taste*; but we keep the old text.

Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
Hound, or spaniel, brach, or lym;⁵
Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail,
Tom will make them weep and wail :
For with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do, de, de, de. See, see! Come, march to wakes and fairs, and market towns.—Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.⁶

Lear. Then, let them anatomize Regan ; see what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts?—You, sir, [*To EDGAR*] I entertain you for one of my hundred ; only I do not like the fashion of your garments : you will say they are Persian attire ; but let them be changed.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here, and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise : draw the curtains. So, so, so : we'll go to supper i' the morning : so, so, so.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Come hither, friend : where is the king my master?

Kent. Here, sir ; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I prithee take him in thy arms ;
I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him.
There is a litter ready ; lay him in 't,
And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master :
If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life,

⁵ —BRACH, or LYM ;] *Brach* is, of course, *dog* ; but *lym*, mis-spelt *him* in the folios, is probably the *lyme*-hound.

⁶ —thy HORN is dry.] A *horn* was usually carried by every Tom of Bedlam, to receive such drink as the charitable might afford him.

With thine and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in assured loss. Take up, take up ;
And follow me, that will to some provision
Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppressed nature sleeps :—
This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses,
Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure.—Come, help to bear thy master ;
Thou must not stay behind. [To the Fool.

Glo. Come, come, away !
[*Exeunt KENT, GLOSTER, and the Fool, bearing
off the KING.*

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind,
Leaving free things and happy shows behind ;
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.
How light and portable my pain seems now,
When that which makes me bend, makes the king bow ;
He childed, as I father'd !—Tom, away !
Mark the high noises ; and thyself bewray,
When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee,
In thy just proof, repeals and reconciles thee.
What will hap more to-night, safe 'scape the king !
Lurk, lurk. [Exit.

SCENE VII.—*A Room in Gloster's Castle.*

*Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND and
Servants.*

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband ; show him

this letter :—the army of France is landed.—Seek out the traitor Gloster.

[*Exeunt some Servants.*]

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure.—Edmund, keep you our sister company : the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you are going, to a most festinate preparation : we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift and intelligent betwixt us.—Farewell, dear sister :—farewell, my lord of Gloster.

Enter OSWALD.

How now ! Where 's the king ?

Osw. My lord of Gloster hath conveyed him hence :
Some five or six and thirty of his knights,
Hot questrists after him, met him at gate ;
Who, with some other of the lord's dependants,
Are gone with him towards Dover, where they boast
To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

[*Exeunt GONERIL, EDMUND, and OSWALD.*]

Corn. Edmund, farewell.—Go, seek the traitor Gloster ;
Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us.

[*Exeunt other Servants.*]

Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice, yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not control. Who 's there ? The traitor ?

Re-enter Servants, with GLOSTER.

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky arms.

Glo. What mean your graces?—Good my friends, consider

You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say. [Servants *bind him.*

Reg. Hard, hard.—O filthy traitor!

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none.

Corn. To this chair bind him.—Villain, thou shalt find—

[REGAN *plucks his Beard.*

Glo. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done

To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor!

Glo. Naughty lady,

These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,

Will quicken, and accuse thee. I am your host:

With robbers' hands my hospitable favours

You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, sir; what letters had you late from France?

Reg. Be simple-answered, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with the traitors
Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg. To whose hands

Have you sent the lunatic king? Speak.

Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one opposed.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?

Glo. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore

To Dover? Wast thou not charg'd at peril—

Corn. Wherefore to Dover?—Let him answer that.

Glo. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes ; nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh rash boarish fangs.*
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endured, would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the stelled fires ;
Yet, poor old heart, he help the heavens to rain.
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,
Thou shouldst have said, *Good porter, turn the key,*
All cruels else subscrib'd : but I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See't shalt thou never.—Fellows, hold the chair.—
Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

Glo. He that will think to live till he be old
Give me some help !—O cruel ! O ye gods !

Reg. One side will mock another ; the other too.

Corn. If you see, vengeance,— [Forcing out one eye.

Serv. Hold your hand, my lord.
I have serv'd you ever since I was a child,
But better service have I never done you,
Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog !

* —RASH boarish fangs :] So the 4tos. ; the folio poorly reads
“stick boarish fangs ;” *rash*, is the old hunting term for the stroke
made by the wild boar with his fangs.

Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?

Corn. My villain! [*Draws and runs at him.*]

Serv. Nay then, come on, and take the chance of anger.

[*Draws. CORNWALL is wounded.*]

Reg. Give me thy sword. A peasant stand up thus!

[*Stabs him.*]

Serv. O, I am slain!—My lord, you have one eye left
To see some mischief on him.—O! [*Dies.*]

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it.—Out, vile jelly!
Where is thy lustre now? [*Forcing out the other eye.*]

Glo. All dark and comfortless.—Where's my son
Edmund?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,
To quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain!

Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he
That made the overture of thy treasons to us,
Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. O my follies! Then Edgar was abus'd.—
Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!

Reg. Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover.—How is't, my lord? How look you?

Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt.—Follow me, lady.—
Turn out that eyeless villain:—throw this slave
Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace:
Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm.

[*Exit CORNWALL, led by REGAN;—Servants
unbind GLOSTER, and lead him out.*]

First Serv. I'll never care what wickedness I do,
If this man come to good.

Second Serv. If she live long,
And in the end meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.

First Serv. Let's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam
To lead him where he would : his roguish madness
Allows itself to anything.

Second Serv. Go thou : I'll fetch some flax and whites
of eggs
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help him !⁷
[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Heath.*

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. Yet better thus, unknown to be contemn'd,
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,
The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear :
The lamentable change is from the best ;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome, then,

⁷ Now, heaven help him !] "I will not disguise my conviction (says Coleridge, in his *Lit. Rem.*, vol. ii, p. 191) that in this one scene the tragic in this play has been urged beyond the uttermost mark and *ne plus ultra* of the dramatic."

Thou unsubstantial air, that I embrace :
The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst,
Owes nothing to thy blasts.—But who comes here ?

Enter GLOSTER, led by an old Man.

My father, poorly led ?—World, world, O world !
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O my good lord ! I have been your tenant,
and your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away ; good friend, be gone :
Thy comforts can do me no good at all ;
Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. Alack, sir ! you cannot see your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes :
I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seen,
Our mean secures us ; and our mere defects
Prove our commodities.—Ah ! dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath,
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I'd say I had eyes again.

Old Man. How now ! Who's there ?

Edg. [Aside.] O gods ! Who is't can say, *I am at the worst ?*

I am worse than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

Edg. [Aside.] And worse I may be yet : the worst is not,
So long as we can say *This is the worst.*

Old Man. Fellow, where goest ?

Glo. Is it a beggar-man ?

Old Man. Madman, and beggar too.

Glo. He has some reason, else he could not beg.
I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw,
Which made me think a man a worm : my son
Came then into my mind ; and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him : I have heard more since.
As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods ;
They kill us for their sport.

Edg. [Aside.] How should this be ?—
Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow,
Angering itself and others. [To him.] Bless thee, master !

Glo. Is that the naked fellow ?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Glo. Then, pr'ythee, get thee gone. If, for my sake,
Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
I' the way toward Dover, do it for ancient love ;
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Which I'll entreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, sir ! he is mad.

Glo. 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead the blind.
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure ;
Above the rest, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parel that I have,
Come on't what will. [Exit.

Glo. Sirrah ; naked fellow.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.—[Aside] I cannot daub⁸ it
farther.

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [Aside] And yet I must.—[To him] Bless thy
sweet eyes, they bleed.

⁸ I cannot DAUB] Meaning, "I cannot keep up my disguise any longer." To *daub* was of old used in this sense not unfrequently.

Glo. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits: bless thee, good man's son, from the foul fiend! Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once: of lust, as Obidicut; Hobbidance, prince of dumbness; Mahu, of stealing; Modo, of murder; and Flibbertigibbet, of mopping and mowing, who since possesses chamber-maids and waiting-women. So, bless thee, master!

Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heaven's plagues
Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched
Makes thee the happier:—Heavens, deal so still!
Let the superfluous, and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough.—Dost thou know Dover?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confined deep:
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear,
With something rich about me: from that place
I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm:
Poor Tom shall lead thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Before the Duke of ALBANY'S Palace.*

Enter GONERIL and EDMUND; OSWALD, meeting them.

Gon. Welcome, my lord: I marvel, our mild husband

Not met us on the way.—Now, where's your master?

Osw. Madam, within ; but never man so changed.
I told him of the army that was landed ;
He smil'd at it : I told him you were coming ;
His answer was, *The worse* : of Gloster's treachery
And of the loyal service of his son
When I inform'd him, then he called me sot,
And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out.
What most he should dislike seems pleasant to him ;
What like, offensive.

Gon. Then, shall you go no farther. [*To EDM.*
It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake : he'll not feel wrongs,
Which tie him to an answer. Our wishes on the way
May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother ;
Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers :
I must change arms at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands, This trusty servant
Shall pass between us : ere long you are like to hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this ; spare speech ;
[*Giving a favour.*

Decline your head : this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air :
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear Gloster ! [*Exit EDM.*
O, the difference of man, and man !
To thee a woman's services are due :
My fool usurps my body.

Osw. Madam, here comes my lord. [*Exit OSW.*

*Enter ALBANY.**Gon.* I have been worth the whistle.*Alb.*

O Goneril !

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face.—I fear your disposition :
That nature, which contemns its origin,
Cannot be border'd certain in itself ;
She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her material sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more : the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile ;
Filths savour but themselves. What have you done ?
Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd ?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would lick,
Most barbarous, most degenerate ! have you madded.
Could my good brother suffer you to do it ?
A man, a prince, by him so benefited !
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
It will come ;
Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.

Gon.

Milk-liver'd man !

That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs ;
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering ; that not know'st
Fools do those villains pity, who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy drum ?
France spreads his banners in our noiseless land ;

With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats ;
Whilst thou, a moral fool, sitt'st still, and criest,
Alack ! why does he so ?

Alb. See thyself, devil !
Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid, as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool !

Alb. Thou changed and self-cover'd thing,⁹ for shame
Be-monster not thy feature. Were it my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood,
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones : howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now !—

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news ?

Mess. O, my good lord ! the duke of Cornwall's dead ;
Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloster.

Alb. Gloster's eyes !

Mess. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
To his great master ; who, thereat enrag'd,
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead ;
But not without that harmful stroke, which since
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shows you are above,
Ye justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge !—But, O poor Gloster !
Lost he his other eye ?

⁹ — SELF-COVER'D thing,] Possibly, "*self-lower'd* thing." The folios have very little of this dialogue.

Mess. Both, both, my lord.—
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer ;
'Tis from your sister.

Gon. [*Aside.*] One way I like this well :
But, being widow, and my Gloster with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life. Another way,
The news is not so tart.—I'll read, and answer. [*Exit.*

Alb. Where was his son when they did take his eyes ?

Mess. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.

Mess. No, my good lord ; I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness ?

Mess. Ay, my good lord ; 't was he inform'd against him,
And quit the house, on purpose that their punishment
Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloster, I live
To thank thee for the love thou show'dst the king,
And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend :
Tell me what more thou knowest. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.¹⁰—*The French Camp near Dover.*

Enter KENT, and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the king of France is so suddenly gone back
know you the reason ?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state,

¹⁰ SCENE III.] This scene is only in the 4tos. : perhaps it was not always acted, or it might be a subsequent insertion, most incorrectly printed, although the obvious and careless blunders are hardly worth separate notice.

Which since his coming forth is thought of ; which
Imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger,
That his personal return was most requir'd,
And necessary.

Kent. Whom hath he left behind him general ?

Gent. The Marshal of France, Monsieur la Far.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demon-
stration of grief ?

Gent. Ay, sir ; she took them, read them in my presence,
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek : it seem'd, she was a queen
Over her passion, who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O ! then it mov'd her.

Gent. Not to a rage : patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once : her smiles and tears
Were like a better May : those happy smilets,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes ; which parted thence
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.—In brief, sorrow
Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all
Could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question ?

Gent. 'Faith, once, or twice, she heav'd the name of *father*
Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart ;

Cried, *Sisters ! sisters !—Shame of ladies ! sisters !*

Kent ! father ! sisters ! What ? i' the storm ? i' the night ?

*Let pity not be believed !—*There she shook

The holy water from her heavenly eyes,

And clamour moisten'd : then, away she started

To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions ;
Else one self mate and mate could not beget
Such different issues. You spoke not with her since ?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the king return'd ?

Gent. No, since.

Kent. Well, sir, the poor distress'd Lear's i' the town,
Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent. Why, good sir ?

Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him ; his own un-
kindness,
That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters : these things sting
His mind so venomously, that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman !

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard not ?

Gent. 'Tis so they are a-foot.

Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master Lear,
And leave you to attend him. Some dear cause
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile :
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Same. A Tent.*

Enter CORDELIA, Physician, *and* Soldiers.

Cor. Alack ! 'tis he : why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea : singing aloud ;
Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow-weeds,
With burdocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.—A century send forth ;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. . [*Exit an Officer.*—What can
man's wisdom

In the restoring his bereaved sense ?
He that helps him take all my outward worth.

Ply. There is means, madam :
Our foster-nurse of Nature is repose,
The which he lacks ; that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All bless'd secrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears ! be aidant, and remediate,
In the good man's distress !—Seek, seek for him ;
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. News, madam :
The British powers are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis known before : our preparation stands

In expectation of them.—O dear father !
 It is thy business that I go about ;
 Therefore great France
 My mourning, and important tears,¹ hath pitied.
 No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
 But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right.
 Soon may I hear, and see him ! [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—*A Room in Gloster's Castle.*

Enter REGAN and OSWALD.

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth ?

Osw. Ay, madam.

Reg. Himself in person there ?

Osw. Madam, with much ado :

Your sister is the better soldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at home ?

Osw. No, madam.

Reg. What might import my sister's letter to him ?

Osw. I know not, lady.

Reg. 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.

It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out,
 To let him live : where he arrives he moves
 All hearts against us. Edmund, I think, is gone,
 In pity of his misery, to dispatch
 His nighted life ; moreover, to descry
 The strength o' the enemy.

¹ —IMPORTANT tears.] So all the 4tos.: the folio, "*importun'd* tears", which may be right ; but we have had frequent instances in Shakespeare, in which "important" is used for *importunate*.

Osw. I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.

Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow : stay with us ;
The ways are dangerous.

Osw. I may not, madam ;
My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund ? Might not you
Transport her purposes by word ? Belike,
Something—I know not what.—I'll love thee much ;
Let me unseal the letter.

Osw. Madam, I had rather—

Reg. I know your lady does not love her husband ;
I am sure of that : and, at her late being here,
She gave strange œliads² and most speaking looks
To noble Edmund. I know you are of her bosom.

Osw. I, madam ?

Reg. I speak in understanding : y' are, I know it ;
Therefore, I do advise you, take this note :
My lord is dead ; Edmund and I have talk'd,
And more convenient is he for my hand,
Than for your lady's.—You may gather more.
If you do find him, pray you, give him this ;³
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.
So, fare you well.
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

² She gave strange ŒLIADS,] An anglicised French word, *œliade*,
of rare occurrence in both languages.

³ — give him THIS ;] Regan here delivers a ring or some other
token to the Steward, to be conveyed to Edmund.

Osw. Would I could meet him, madam ! I would show
What party I do follow.

Reg.

Fare thee well.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*The Country near Dover.*

Enter GLOSTER, and EDGAR habited like a peasant.

Glo. When shall I come to the top of that same hill ?

Edg. You do climb up it now ; look, how we labour.

Glo. Methinks, the ground is even.

Edg.

Horrible steep :

Hark ! do you hear the sea ?

Glo.

No, truly.

Edg. Why, then your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.

Glo.

So may it be, indeed.

Methinks, thy voice is alter'd ; and thou speakest
In better phrase, and matter than thou didst.

Edg. Y' are much deceiv'd : in nothing am I chang'd,
But in my garments.

Glo.

Methinks, y' are better spoken.

Edg. Come on, sir : here's the place : stand still.—How
fearful

And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low !

The crows and choughs, that wing the midway air,

Show scarce so gross as beetles : half way down

Hangs one that gathers samphire ; dreadful trade !

Methinks he seems no bigger than his head :

The fishermen that walk upon the beach

Appear like mice ; and yond' tall anchoring bark,

Diminish'd to her cock ;⁴ her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,
That on th' unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high.—I 'll look no more ;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

Glo. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand : you are now within a foot
Of th' extreme verge ; for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.

Glo. Let go my hand.
Here, friend, is another purse ; in it a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking : fairies, and gods,
Prosper it with thee ! Go thou farther off ;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare you well, good sir.

Glo. With all my heart.

Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his despair [Aside.
Is done to cure it.

Glo. O, you mighty gods ! [Kneeling.
This world I do renounce, and in your sights
Shake patiently my great affliction off :
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him !—
Now, fellow, fare thee well. [He leaps, and falls along.

Edg. Gone, sir : farewell.—
And yet I know not how conceit may rob

⁴ Diminish'd to her COCK ;] *i.e.*, Her cock-boat, often called merely *cock* in old writers : why so called does not appear.

The treasury of life, when life itself
Yields to the theft: had he been where he thought,
By this had thought been past.—[*To him.*] Alive, or dead?
Ho, you sir! friend!—Hear you, sir?—speak!—
Thus might he pass indeed;—yet he revives.
What are you, sir?

Glo. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, air,
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou'dst shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost breathe;
Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art sound.
Ten masts at each make not the altitude
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell:
Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.

Glo. But have I fallen, or no?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn.
Look up a-height; the shrill-gorg'd lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

Glo. Alack! I have no eyes.—

Is wretchedness deprived that benefit,
To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm:

Up:—so;—how is't? Feel you your legs? You stand.

Glo. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangeness.

Upon the crown o' the cliff what thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I stood here below, methought his eyes

Were two full moons ; he had a thousand noses,
Horns whelk'd, and wav'd like the enridged sea.
It was some fiend : therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest gods, who make them honours
Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.

Glo. I do remember now : henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, till it do cry out itself

Enough, enough ! and die. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man ; often 't would say,

The fiend, the fiend : he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.—But who comes
here ?

Enter LEAR, fantastically dressed with wild flowers.

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining ; I am the
king himself.

Edg. O, thou side-piercing sight !

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect.—There's your
press-money.—That fellow handles his bow like a crow-
keeper : draw me a clothier's yard.—Look, look ! a mouse.
Peace, peace !—this piece of toasted cheese will do't.—
There's my gauntlet ; I'll prove it on a giant.—Bring up
the brown bills.—O, well-flown, bird !—i' the clout, i' the
clout : hewgh !—[*Whistling.*] Give the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha ! Goneril !—with a white beard !—They flatter'd
me like a dog ; and told me, I had white hairs in my beard,

ere the black ones were there. To say *ay* and *no* to everything I said *ay* and *no* to was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter, when the thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to; they are not men o' their words: they told me I was everything; 'tis a lie; I am not ague-proof.

Glo. The trick of that voice I do well remember :
Is 't not the king ?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king :
When I do stare, see how the subject quakes.
I pardon that man's life : what was thy cause ?
Adultery.—

Thou shalt not die : die for adultery ? No :
The wren goes to 't, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight.
Let copulation thrive ; for Gloster's bastard son
Was kinder to his father, than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful sheets :
To 't, luxury, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers.—
Behold yond' simpering dame,
Whose face between her forks presageth snow ;
That mimics virtue,⁵ and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name ;
The fitchew, nor the soiled horse, goes to 't
With a more riotous appetite.
Down from the waist they are centaurs,
Though women all above :
But to the girdle do the gods inherit,

⁵ That MIMICS virtue,] So the Corr. fol. 1632, for "*minces* virtue"
of the old copies.

Beneath is all the fiend's : there's hell, there's darkness, there is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench, consumption ;—fie, fie, fie ! pah ; pah ! Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination : there's money for thee.

Glo. O, let me kiss that hand !

Lear. Let me wipe it first ; it smells of mortality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature ! This great world Shall so wear out to nought.—Dost thou know me ?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou squinny at me ?—No, do thy worst, blind Cupid ; I'll not love.—Read thou this challenge : mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all the letters suns, I could not see one.

Edg. I would not take this from report ; it is,
And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What ! with the case of eyes ?

Lear. O, ho ! are you there with me ? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse ? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light : yet you see how this world goes.

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad ? A man may see how this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears : see how yond' justice rails upon yond' simple thief. Hark, in thine ear : change places ; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief ?—Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar.

Glo. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur ? There thou

mightst behold the great image of authority : a dog's obey'd in office.—

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand !
Why dost thou lash that whore ? Strip thine own back ;
Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the
cozener.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear ;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks ;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.
None does offend, none, I say, none ; I'll able 'em :
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To seal th' accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes ;
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now, now, now !
Pull off my boots : harder, harder ; so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mix'd !
Reason in madness.

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough ; thy name is Gloster :
Thou must be patient. We came crying hither ;
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air
We wawl, and cry.—I will preach to thee : mark me.

Glo. Alack ! alack the day !

Lear. When we are born, we cry that we are come
To this great stage of fools.—This a good plot :⁶—
It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe

⁶ This a good PLOT:] *Plot* is *block* in the folios ; but *Lear* is evidently referring to his "delicate stratagem" : the emendation is from the Corr. fol. 1632 ; and *block* can have no meaning.

A troop of horse with felt : I'll put it in proof ;
And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill !

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.

Gent. O ! here he is : lay hand upon him.—Sir,
Your most dear daughter—

Lear. No rescue ? What ! a prisoner ? I am even
The natural fool of fortune.—Use me well ;
You shall have ransom.—Let me have a surgeon,
I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have anything.

Lear. No seconds ? All myself ?
Why, this would make a man, a man of salt,
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and for laying autumn's dust.

Gent. Good sir,—

Lear. I will die bravely,
Like a smug bridegroom.—What ! I will be jovial.
Come, come ; I am a king, my masters, know you that ?

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then, there's life in it. Nay, an you get it, you
shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.

[Running out : Attendants following.]

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch,
Past speaking of in a king !—Thou hast one daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir !

Gent. Sir, speed you : what's your will ?

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward ?

Gent. Most sure, and vulgar : every one hears that,
Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favour,
How near's the other army ?

Gent. Near, and on speedy foot ; the main descry
Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, sir : that's all.

Gent. Though that the queen on special cause is here,
Her army is mov'd on.

Edg. I thank you, sir. [Exit *Gent.*

Glo. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me :
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please !

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glo. Now, good sir, what are you ?

Edg. A most poor man, made tame by fortune's blows ;
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some biding.

Glo. Hearty thanks ;
The bounty and the benison of heaven
To boot, and boot !

Enter OSWALD.

Osw. A proclaim'd prize ! Most happy !
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh
To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember :—the sword is out
That must destroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to it. [EDGAR *interposcs.*

Osw. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence ;
Lest that th' infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chill not let go, zir, without varther 'casion.

Osw. Let go, slave, or thou diest.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor volk
pass. And ch'ud ha' been zwagger'd out of my life,
'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vortnight. Nay,
come not near the old man : keep out, che vor' ye, or Ise try
whether your costard or my ballow be the harder.⁴ Ch'll
be plain with you.

Osw. Out, dunghill !

Edg. Ch'll pick your teeth, zir. Come ; no matter vor
your foins. [*They fight ; and EDGAR knocks OSWALD down.*]

Osw. Slave, thou hast slain me.—Villain, take my purse :
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body ;
And give the letters, which thou find'st about me,
To Edmund earl of Gloster : seek him out
Upon the British party :—O, untimely death ! [*Dies.*]

Edg. I know thee well : a serviceable villain ;
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress
As badness would desire.

Glo. What ! is he dead ?

Edg. Sit you down, father ; rest you.—
Let's see his pockets : these letters, that he speaks of,
May be my friends.—He's dead ; I am only sorry

⁴ —whether your COSTARD or my BALLOW be the harder.] Edgar
is affecting a rustic dialect, and the meaning of this sentence is, "I
warn you, or I'll try whether your *head* or my *cudgel* be the harder."
Balo means a pole in the north of England.

He had no other death's-man.—Let us see :—
 Leave, gentle wax ; and, manners, blame us not :
 To know our enemies' minds we rip their hearts,
 Their papers, is more lawful.

[*Reads.*] Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You have many opportunities to cut him off : if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror ; then, am I the prisoner, and his bed my gaol, from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour. Your (wife, so I would say) affectionate servant,

GONERIL.

O, unextinguish'd blaze of woman's will !⁵
 A plot upon her virtuous husband's life ;
 And the exchange, my brother !—Here, in the sands,
 Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified
 Of murderous lechers ; and, in the mature time,
 With this ungracious paper strike the sight
 Of the death-practis'd duke. For him 'tis well,
 That of thy death and business I can tell.

Glo. The king is mad : how stiff is my vile sense,
 That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
 Of my huge sorrows ! Better I were distract ;
 So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs,
 And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
 The knowledge of themselves.

[*Drums afar off.*

Edg. Give me your hand :
 Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.

Come, father ; I'll bestow you with a friend. [*Exeunt.*

⁵ O, UNEXTINGUISH'D BLAZE of woman's WILL !] So the Corr. fol. 1632, in reference to the flaming passions of the sex ; and instead of "*undistinguish'd space of woman's wit*" of the old copies.

SCENE VII.—*A tent in the French Camp.* LEAR, *sleeping on a bed*; Doctor, Gentleman, and Others, *attending.*
Soft music. Enter CORDELIA and KENT.

Cor. O thou good Kent! how shall I live, and work,
To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'er-paid.
All my reports go with the modest truth;
Nor more, nor clipp'd, but so.

Cor. Be better suited:
These weeds are memories of those worser hours;
I pr'ythee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon me, dear madam;
Yet to be known shortens my main intent:
My boon I make it that you know me not,
Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be't so, my good lord.—How does the king?
[*To the Physician.*]

Doct. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O, you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
Th' untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up,
Of this child-changed father!

Doct. So please your majesty
That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
In the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?

Gent. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of his sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.

Kent. Good madam, be by when we do awake him;

I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well. [*Soft music.*]

Doct. Please you, draw near.—Louder the music there !

Cor. O my dear father ! Restoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips ; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made !

Kent. Kind and dear princess !

Cor. Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face
To be oppos'd against the warring winds ?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder ?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning ? to watch (poor perdu !)
With this thin helm ? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire ; and wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw ? Alack, alack !
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.—He wakes ; speak to him.

Doct. Madam, do you ; 'tis fittest. [*LEAR moves.*]

Cor. How does my royal lord ? How fares your majesty ?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o' the grave.—
Thou art a soul in bliss, but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me ?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know. When did you die ?

Cor. Still, still, far wide.

Doct. He's scarce awake : let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been? Where am I?—Fair daylight?—
[*Rising.*

I am mightily abus'd.—I should even die with pity
To see another thus.—I know not what to say.—
I will not swear these are my hands :—let's see ;
I feel this pin prick. Would I were assur'd
Of my condition !

Cor. O ! look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me.—
No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me :
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less ;
And, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you, and know this man ;
Yet I am doubtful, for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is : and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments ; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night.—Do not laugh at me,
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am.

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith. I pray, weep not :
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know you do not love me ; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong :
You have some cause ; they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Doct. Be comforted, good madam : the great rage,
You see, is kill'd in him ;⁶ and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.
Desire him to go in : trouble him no more,
Till farther settling.

Cor. Will 't please your highness walk ?

Lear. You must bear with me :
Pray you now, forget and forgive : I am old and foolish.

[*Exeunt* LEAR, CORDELIA, Doctor, and Attendants.]

Gent. Holds it true, sir, that the duke of Cornwall was
so slain ?

Kent. Most certain, sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people ?

Kent. As 'tis said, the bastard son of Gloster.

Gent. They say, Edgar, his banished son, is with the earl
of Kent in Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable. 'Tis time to look about ;
the powers o' the kingdom approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be bloody. Fare you
well, sir. [Exit.]

Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly wrought,
Or well or ill, as this day's battle's fought. [Exit.]

⁶ You see, is KILL'D in him ;] So the folios ; but the 4tos. read,
poorly and tamely, "is *cured* in him" : what immediately follows
"and yet it is danger", etc., is only in the 4tos., and our text is neces-
sarily made up from both.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Camp of the British Forces near Dover.*

Enter, with drums and colours, EDMUND, REGAN, Officers, Soldiers, and others.

Edm. Know of the duke, if his last purpose hold ;
Or whether since he is advis'd by aught
To change the course. He 's full of alteration,
And self-reproving : bring his constant pleasure.

[*An Officer exit.*]

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you :
Tell me—but truly—but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister ?

Edm. In honour'd love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's way
To the forefended place ?

Edm. That thought abuses you.

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct,
And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.

Reg. I never shall endure her : dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear me not.—
She, and the duke her husband,—

Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, *and* Soldiers.

Gon. I had rather lose the battle, than that sister
Should loosen him and me. *[Aside.]*

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be-met.—
Sir, this I hear,—the king is come to his daughter,
With others, whom the rigour of our state
Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant : for this business,
It toucheth us as France invades our land,
Not bolds the king ; with others, whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.

Reg. Why is this reason'd ?

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy ;
For these domestic and particular broils
Are not the question here.

Alb. Let us, then, determine
With the ancient of war on our proceedings.

Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.

Reg. Sister, you 'll go with us ?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient ; pray you, go with us.

Gon. O, ho ! I know the riddle. *[Aside.]* I will go.
[Going.]

Enter EDGAR, *disguised.*

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word.

Alb. I 'll overtake you.—Speak.

[Exeunt EDMUND, REGAN, GONERIL, Officers,
Soldiers, *and* Attendants.

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it : wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion, that will prove
What is avouched there. If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you !

Alb. Stay, till I have read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I 'll appear again.

Alb. Why, fare thee well : I will o'erlook thy paper.

[*Exit* EDGAR.]

Re-enter EDMUND.

Edm. The enemy 's in view ; draw up your powers.
Here is the guess of their true strength and forces
By diligent discovery ; but your haste [*Giving a paper.*
Is now urg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time. [*Exit.*

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love ;
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take ?
Both ? one ? or neither ? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive : to take the widow,
Exasperates, makes mad, her sister Goneril ;
And hardly shall I carry out my side,⁷
Her husband being alive. Now, then, we 'll use

⁷ And hardly shall I CARRY OUT MY SIDE,] "To carry out a side" was an old idiomatic expression for success, doubtless derived from playing games in which different sides were taken.

His countenance for the battle ; which being done,
 Let her who would be rid of him devise
 His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
 Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia,
 The battle done, and they within our power,
 Shall never see his pardon ; for my state
 Stands on me to defend,^s not to debate.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—*A Field between the two Camps.*

*Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colours, LEAR,
 CORDELIA, and their Forces ; then exeunt.*

Enter EDGAR and blind GLOSTER.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
 For your good host ; pray that the right may thrive.
 If ever I return to you again,
 I'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace go with you, sir ! [Exit EDGAR.

Alarum ; afterwards a retreat. Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Away, old man ! give me thy hand : away !
 King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en.
 Give me thy hand ; come on.

Glo. No farther, sir : a man may rot even here.

Edg. What ! in ill thoughts again ? Men must endure
 Their going hence, even as their coming hither :
 Ripeness is all. Come on.

Glo. And that's true too. [Exeunt.

^s —STANDS on me to defend,] *i.e.*, It behoves me to defend.

SCENE III.—*The British Camp near Dover.*

*Enter, as in Conquest, with drum and colours, EDMUND ;
LEAR and CORDELIA, prisoners ; Captain, Officers,
Soldiers, etc.*

Edm. Some officers take them away : good guard,
Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst.
For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down ;
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.
Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters ?

Lear. No, no, no, no !—Come, let's away to prison :
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage :
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness. So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news ; and we'll talk with them too,
Who loses, and who wins ; who's in, who's out ;
And take upon's the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies ; and we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, pacts and sects of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee ?
He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine eyes ;

The goujeers⁹ shall devour them, flesh and fell,
Ere they shall make us weep : we'll see them starve first.
Come. [Exeunt LEAR and CORDELIA, guarded.]

Edm. Come hither, captain ; hark.
Take thou this note [Giving a paper] ; go, follow them to
prison.

One step I have advanc'd thee ; if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes. Know thou this, that men
Are as the time is : to be tender-minded
Does not become a sword. Thy great employment
Will not bear question ; either say thou 'lt do 't,
Or thrive by other means.

Capt. I'll do 't, my lord.

Edm. About it ; and write happy, when thou hast done.
Mark,—I say instantly ; and carry it so,
As I have set it down.

Capt. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats ;
If it be man's work, I will do it. [Exit Captain.]

Flourish. Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, Officers, and
Attendants.

Alb. Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant strain,
And fortune led you well. You have the captives
Who were the opposites of this day's strife :
We do require them of you, so to use them
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

⁹ The GOUJEERS shall devour them,] The allusion here may be
to the *morbus gallicus*, or *goujeeres*; misprinted "good yeares" in the
folio, and only expressed by the word "good" in the 4tos.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention, and appointed guard ;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the queen :
My reason all the same ; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at farther space, t' appear
Where you shall hold your session. At this time,
We sweat and bleed : the friend hath lost his friend ;
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
By those that feel their sharpness.—
The question of Cordelia and her father
Requires a fitter place.

Alb. Sir, by your patience ;
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That 's as we list to grace him.
Methinks our pleasure might have been demanded,
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers,
Bore the commission of my place and person ;
The which immediacy may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot :
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your addition.

Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.

Gon. That were the most, if he should husband you.

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holla, holla !
That eye that told you so look'd but a-squint.

Reg. Lady, I am not well ; else I should answer
From a full-flowing stomach.—General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony :
Dispose of them, of me ; the walls are thine.¹⁰
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him ?

Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good will.

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.

[*To EDMUND.*]

Alb. Stay yet : hear reason.—Edmund, I arrest thee
On capital treason ; and, in thy arrest,
This gilded serpent. [*Pointing to GON.*—For your claim,
fair sister,

I bar it in the interest of my wife ;
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your bans.
If you will marry, make your loves to me,
My lady is bespoke.

Gon. An interlude !

Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloster : let the trumpet sound :
If none appear to prove upon thy person,
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge. [*Throwing down his glove.*] I'll prove
it on thy heart,
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less

¹⁰ —the walls are thine.] Meaning that she surrenders as a fortification : this figure has puzzled some editors.

Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick! O, sick!

Gon. [Aside.] If not, I'll ne'er trust poison.¹

Edm. There's my exchange [*Throwing down his glove*]:
what in the world he is

That names me traitor, villain-like he lies.

Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,

On him, on you, who not? I will maintain

My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

Edm. A herald, ho! a herald!

Alb. Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,

All levied in my name, have in my name

Took their discharge.

Reg. My sickness grows upon me.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.

[*Exit REGAN, supported.*]

Enter a Herald.

Come hither, herald.—Let the trumpet sound,

And read out this.

Capt. Sound, trumpet! [*A trumpet sounds.*]

Herald reads.

If any man of quality, or degree, within the lists of the army,
will maintain upon Edmund, supposed earl of Gloster, that he is a
manifold traitor, let him appear at the third sound of the trumpet.
He is bold in his defence.

Edm. Sound! [*First Trumpet.*]

Her. Again. [*Second Trumpet.*]

Her. Again. [*Third Trumpet.*]

[*Trumpet answers within.*]

¹ —I'll ne'er trust POISON.] "Poison" is *medicine* in the folios.

Enter EDGAR, armed, preceded by a Trumpet.

Alb. Ask him his purposes ; why he appears
Upon this call o' the trumpet.

Her. What are you ?
Your name ? your quality ? and why you answer
This present summons ?

Edg. Know, my name is lost ;
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit :
Yet am I noble as the adversary
I come to cope withal.

Alb. Which is that adversary ?

Edg. What's he that speaks for Edmund earl of Gloster ?

Edm. Himself : what say'st thou to him ?

Edg. Draw thy sword,
That if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice ; here is mine.
Behold ! it is my privilege, the privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profession. I protest,
(Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,
Despite thy victor sword, and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour, and thy heart) thou art a traitor :
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father ;
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince ;
And, from th' extremest upward of thy head,
To the descent and dust below thy foot,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, *No*,
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom, I should ask thy name ;
But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,

And that thy tongue some 'say of breeding breathes,
What safe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn.
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head ;
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart ;
Which, for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise,
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest for ever.—Trumpets, speak !

[*Alarums. They fight. EDMUND falls.*]

Alb. O, save him ! save him !

Gon. This is mere practice, Gloster :
By the law of arms, thou wast not bound to answer
An unknown opposite : thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame ;
Or with this paper shall I stop it ?—Hold, sir !—
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil :—
No tearing, lady ; I perceive you know it.

[*Giving the letter to EDMUND.*]

Gon. Say, if I do, the laws are mine, not thine :
Who can arraign me for 't ?

Alb. Most monstrous !
Know'st thou this paper ?

Gon. Ask me not what I know. [*Exit GON.*]

Alb. Go after her : she's desperate ; govern her.

[*Exit an Officer.*]

Edm. What you have charg'd me with, that have I done ;
And more, much more ; the time will bring it out :
'Tis past, and so am I.—But what art thou,
That hast this fortune on me ? If thou 'rt noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity.
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund ;
If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us :
The dark and vicious place where thee he got,
Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true ;
The wheel is come full circle : I am here.

Alb. Methought thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness. I must embrace thee :
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee or thy father.

Edg. Worthy prince, I know 't.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself ?
How have you known the miseries of your father ?

Edg. By nursing them, my lord.—List a brief tale ;
And, when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst !—
The bloody proclamation to escape,
That followed me so near (O, our lives' sweetness !
That with the pain of death we'd hourly die,
Rather than die at once !) taught me to shift
Into a madman's rags, t' assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd ; and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost ; became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair ;
Never (O fault !) reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd,
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,

I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage : but his flaw'd heart,
(Alack ! too weak the conflict to support)
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall, perchance, do good : but speak you on ;
You look as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more more woeful, hold it in,
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

Edg. This would have seem'd a period²
To such as love not sorrow ; but another,
To amplify too-much, would make much more,
And top extremity.
Whilst I was big in clamour, came there a man,
Who, having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society ; but then, finding
Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he'd burst heaven ; threw him on my father ;
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,
That ever ear receiv'd ; which in recounting,
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack : twice then the trumpets sounded,
And there I left him tranc'd.

Alb. But who was this ?

Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent ; who in disguise
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
Improper for a slave.

² This would have seem'd a period] The folio 1623 has not this part of the scene until the Gentleman enters.

Enter a Gentleman hastily, with a bloody knife.

Gent. Help, help ! O help !

Edg. What kind of help ?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means that bloody knife ?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes ;

It came even from the heart of—O ! she's dead.

Alb. Who dead ? speak, man.

Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady ; and her sister
By her is poisoned : she hath confess'd it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both : all three
Now marry in an instant.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead.
This judgment of the heavens, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity. *[Exit Gentleman.]*

Enter KENT.

Edg. Here comes Kent.

Alb. O ! is this he ?

The time will not allow the compliment
Which very manners urges.

Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master aye good night :
Is he not here ?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot !—
Speak, Edmund, where's the king ? and where's Cor-
delia ?—

Seest thou this object, Kent ?

[The bodies of GONERIL and REGAN are brought in.]

Kent. Alack ! why thus ?

Edm. Yet Edmund was belov'd :

The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.

Alb. Even so.—Cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life :—some good I mean to do,
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,—
Be brief in it,—to the castle ; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia.—
Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run ! O, run !

Edg. To whom, my lord?—Who has the office ? send
Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on : take my sword,
Give it the captain.

Alb. Haste thee for thy life. [*Exit* EDGAR.]

Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid herself.

Alb. The gods defend her ! Bear him hence awhile.
[EDMUND *is borne out.*]

Enter LEAR, *with* CORDELIA *dead in his arms* ; EDGAR,
Officer, *and others following.*

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl !—O ! you are men of
stone ;
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack.—She's gone for ever.—
I know when one is dead, and when one lives ;
She's dead as earth.—Lend me a looking-glass ;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end?

Edg. Or image of that horror?

Alb. Fall, and cease!

Lear. This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O, my good master! [*Kneeling.*]

Lear. Pr'ythee, away.

Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
I might have sav'd her; now, she's gone for ever!—
Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little. Ha!
What is't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low—an excellent thing in woman.—
I kill'd the slave that was a-hanging thee.

Off. 'Tis true, my lords; he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?
I have seen the day, with my good biting faulchion
I would have made them skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o' the best:—I'll tell you straight.

Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull light³—are you not Kent?

³ This is a dull LIGHT.] Lear has just before said that his "eyes are not of the best", and here he complains of the want of *light* and does not mean to make the mere observation "This is a dull *sight*", as the word is misprinted in the folio: no such expression is found in any of the 4tos.; and the poor old king would hardly call the corpse of his darling daughter "a dull *sight*": he is looking at Kent, whom he hardly recognises, and complains of the bad *light*, which prevents his seeing clearly: the emendation is from the Corr. fol. 1632.

Kent.

The same,

Your servant Kent. Where is your servant Caius ?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that ;
He'll strike, and quickly too :—he's dead and rotten.*Kent.* No, my good lord ; I am the very man—*Lear.* I'll see that straight. [*Looking at him more closely.*]*Kent.* That from your first of difference and decay,
Have follow'd your sad steps.*Lear.*

You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else.—All's cheerless, dark, and
deadly :Your eldest daughters have fordone themselves,
And desperately are dead.*Lear.*

Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says ; and vain is it,
That we present us to him.*Edg.*

Very bootless.

*Enter an Officer.**Off.* Edmund is dead, my lord.*Alb.*

That's but a trifle here.—

You, lords and noble friends, know our intent.

What comfort to this great decay may come,

Shall be applied : for us, we will resign,

During the life of this old majesty,

To him our absolute power :—you, to your rights,

[*To EDGAR and KENT.*]

With boot, and such addition as your honours

Have more than merited.—All friends shall taste

The wages of their virtue, and all foes

The cup of their deservings.—O ! see, see !

Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd ! No, no, no life :
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all ? Thou 'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never !—

Pray you, undo this button :—thank you, sir.—

Do you see this ? Look on her,—look,—her lips,—

Look there, look there !— [He dies.

Edg. He faints !—My lord, my lord !—

Kent. Break, heart ; I pr'ythee, break !

Edg. Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost : O ! let him pass : he hates
him,

That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. He is gone, indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long :
He but usurp'd his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence. Our present business
Is general woe.—Friends of my soul, you twain

[To KENT and EDGAR.

Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go :
My master calls me ; I must not say *No*.⁴

Alb. The weight of this sad time we must obey ;

⁴ My master calls me, I must not say *No* :] The second folio here adds *Dies*, as a stage-direction in the margin, but there is nothing in the older editions to warrant its introduction : in fact the concluding scene of this noble tragedy is most imperfectly given in all impressions, whether 4to. or folio. Possibly, it was acted differently at different times and theatres ; but, of course, this is only conjecture.

SC. III.]

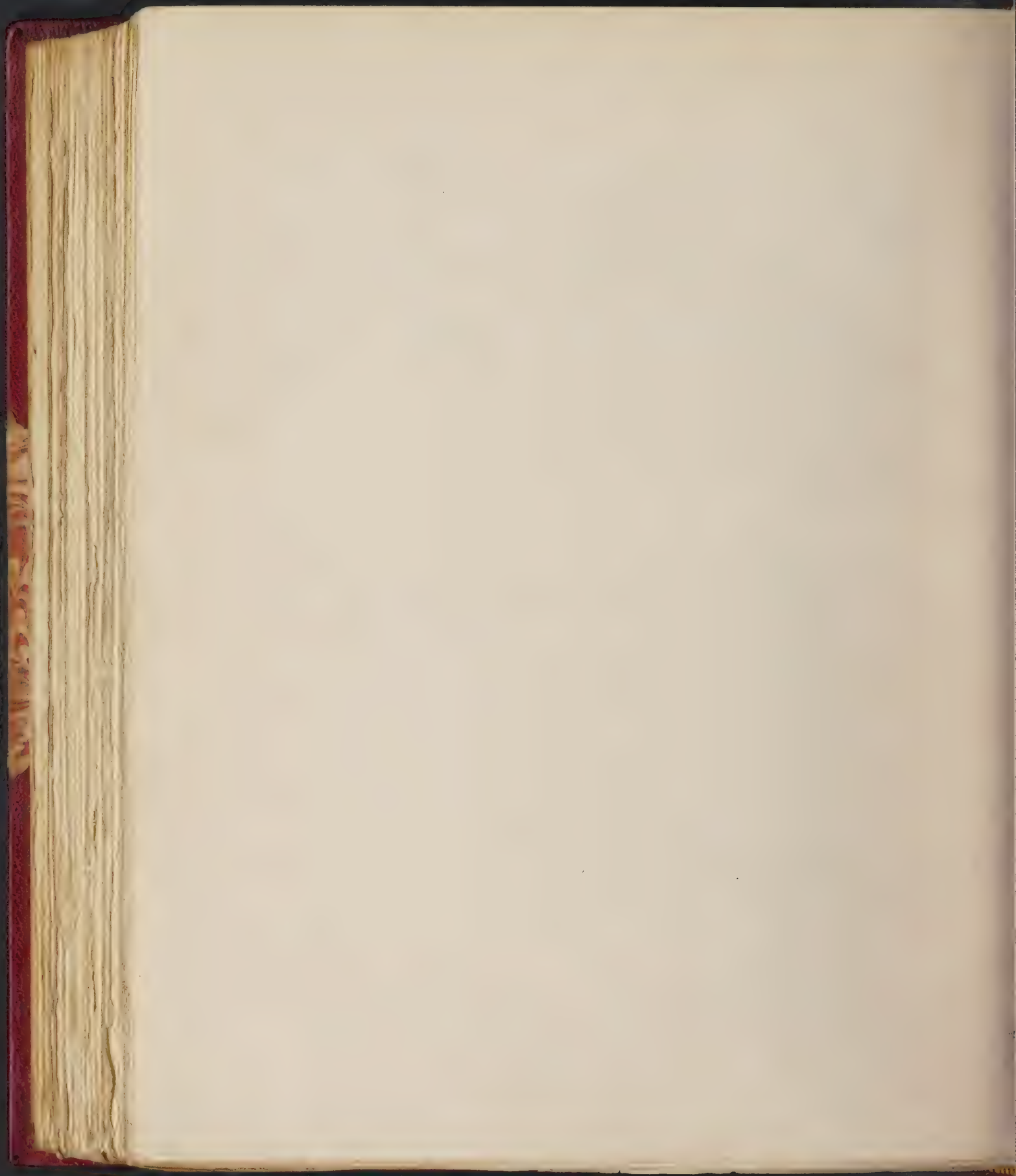
King Lear.

131

Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most : we, that are young,
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[Exeunt, with a dead march.⁵

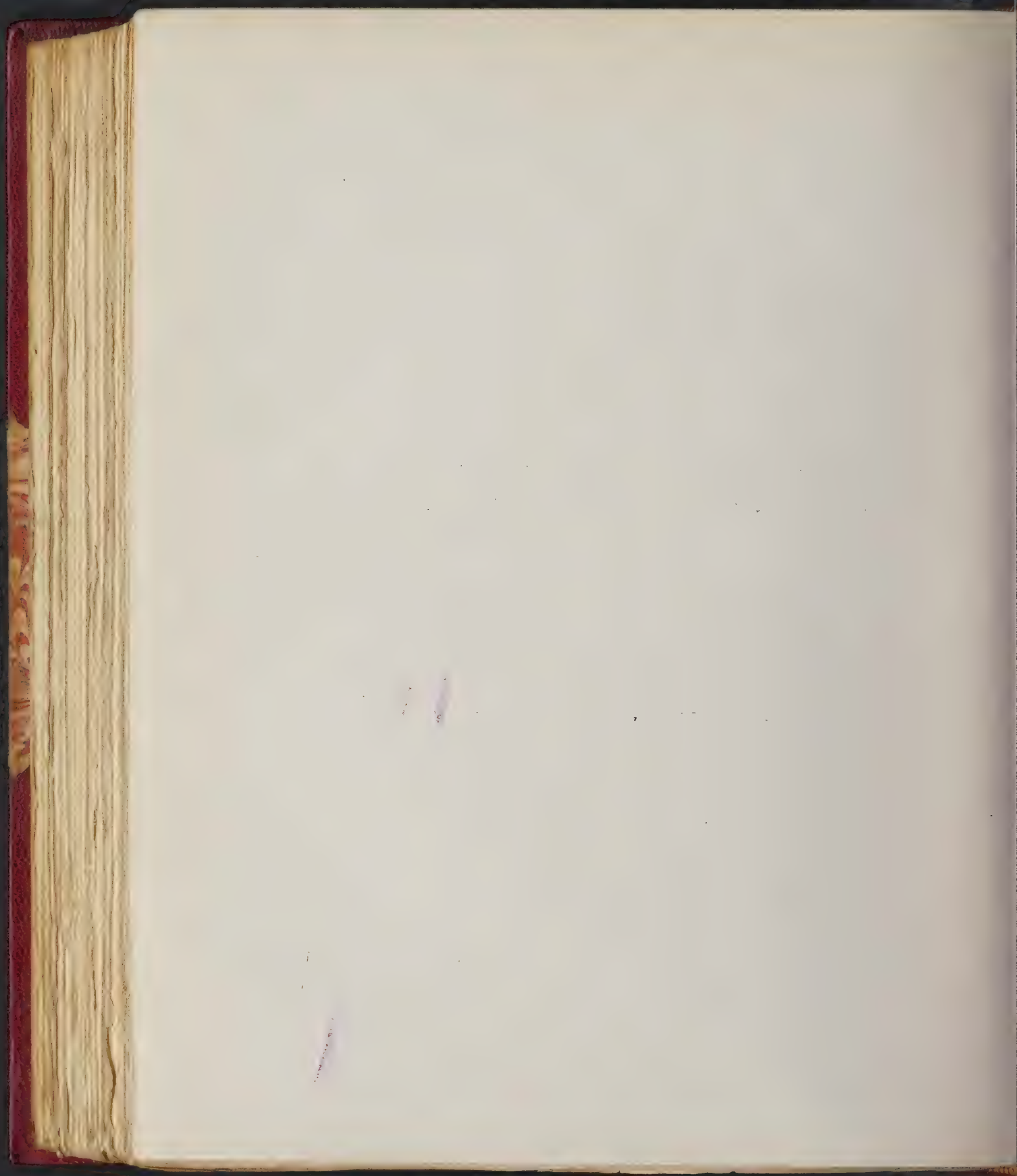
⁵ *Exeunt, with a dead march.*] So the folio 1623; but the 4tos. have no such direction; nor is any hint there given as to the fate of Kent.



Julius Cæsar.

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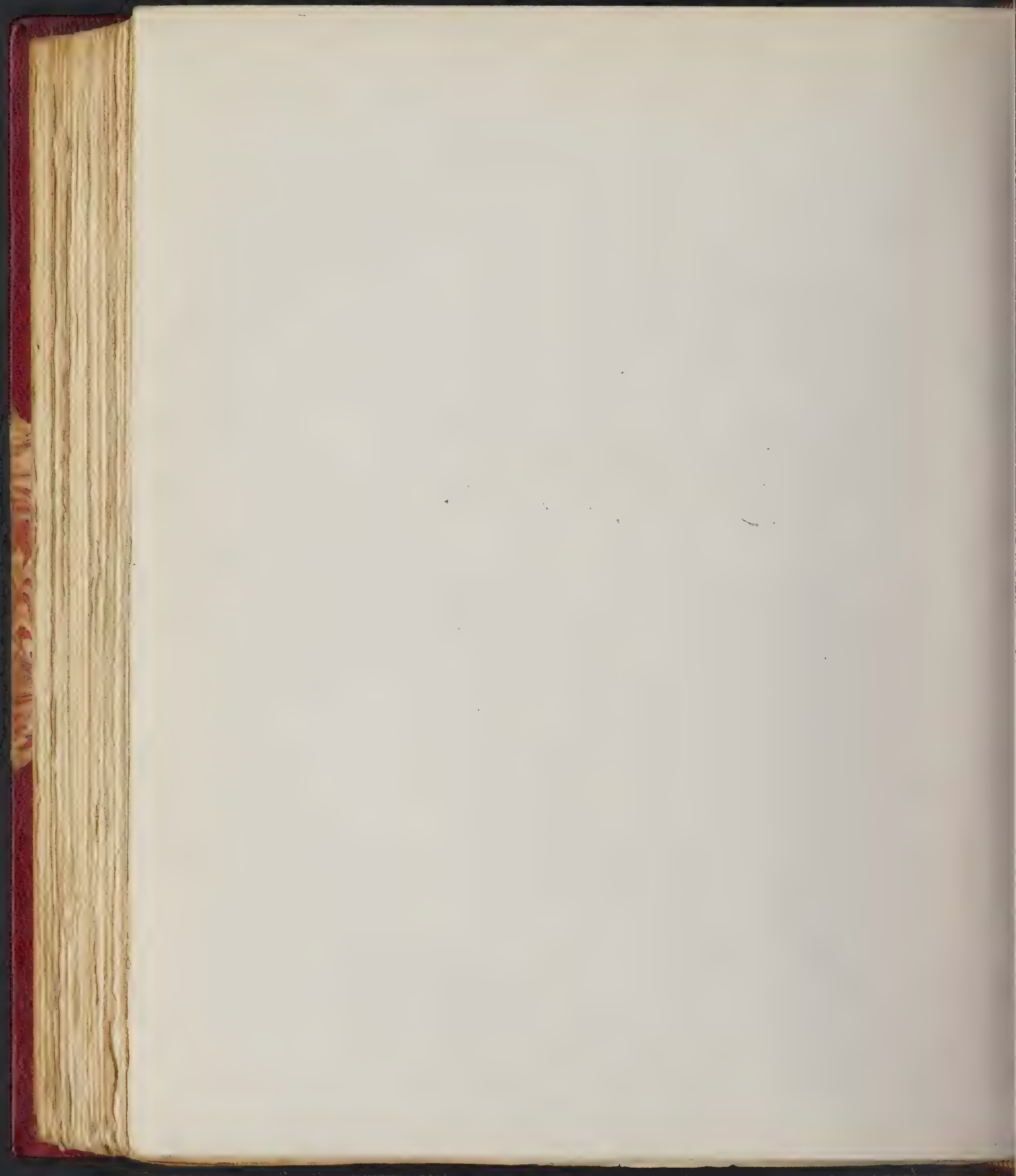
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Macbeth.

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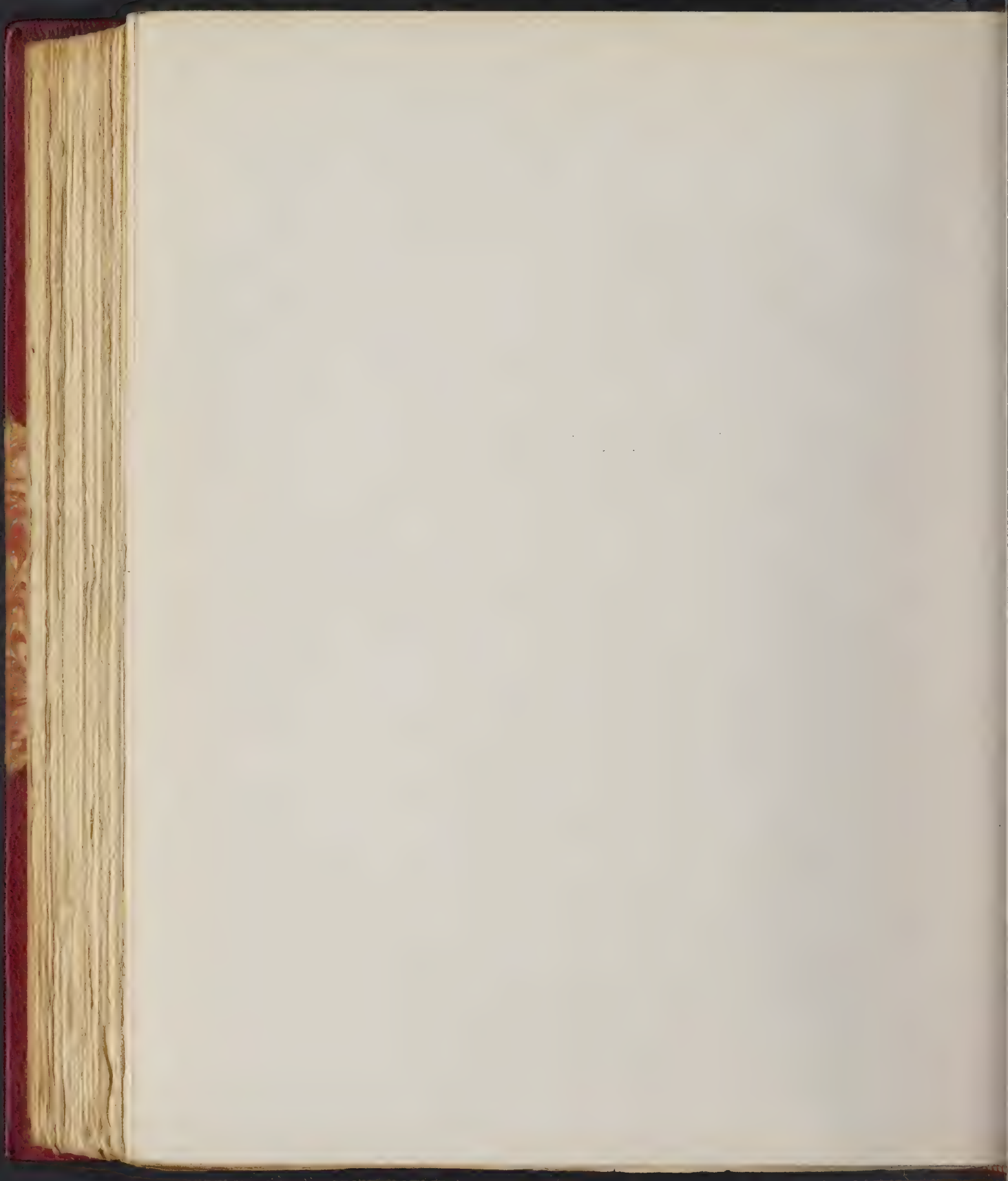
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